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By Benjamin Ellis Martin.

I.

SUCH is the legend which catches one's eye in many a London street, painted on boardings behind which the callous contractor, whose dreadful trade is thereon announced —"Old Houses Bought to be Pulled Down"—is pickaxing to pieces historic bricks which should be kept priceless and imperishable. Within a very few years I have had to see, among many so broken to bits and carted away to chaos, John Dryden's dwelling-place in Fetter Lane, Benjamin Franklin's and Washington Irving's lodgings in Little Britain, Byron's birthplace in Hollis Street, Milton's "pretty garden-house" in Petty France, Westminster. The great fireplace by which he sat in his fast-darkening days—losing in this house both his first wife and his eyesight—was knocked down at auction among other numbered lots to stolid builders; and the stone, "Sacred to Milton, the Prince of Poets"—placed in the wall facing on the garden by William Hazlitt, living here later; and beneath which Jeremy Bentham, occupant of the adjacent house was wont to make his guests fall on their knees—this stone has gone to "patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

To this house there used to come to call on Hazlitt a man of noticeable and attractive presence; small of stature, fragile of frame, clad in tight-fitting black, clerical as to cut and well-worn as to texture; the "almost immaterial legs," in Tom Hood's phrase, ending in gaiters and straps; his nearly black hair curling crisply about a noble head and brow—"a head worthy of Aristotle," Leigh Hunt said: "full of dumb eloquence," in Hazlitt's words: "such only may be seen

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in the finer portraits of Titian" is the way John Forster puts it :—"a long, melancholy face with keen, penetrating eyes," we learn from Barry Cornwall; brown eyes, kindly, quick, observant; his dark complexion and grave expression brightened by the frequent "sweet smile with a touch of sadness in it." This visitor, of such peculiar and piquant personality externally—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," to use his own words of the singer Braham—is Charles Lamb, a clerk in the East India House, living with his sister Mary in chambers in the Inner Temple. Let us walk with him as he returns to those peaceful precincts, still of supreme interest, despite the ruin wrought by recent improvements. Here, as in the day of Spenser, "studious lawyers have their bowers," and "have thriven;" here, on every hand, we see the shades of Evelyn, Congreve, Cowper, the younger Colman, Fielding, Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell; here, above all, the atmosphere is still redolent with sweet memories of the "best beloved of English writers," as Algernon Swinburne well calls Charles Lamb. Closer and more compact than elsewhere are his footprints in these grounds, for he was born within its walls, his happiest years were spent in its buildings, and outside of these we shall track his steps mainly through adjacent streets, nearly always along the City's streets; of which he was as fond as Samuel Johnson or Charles Dickens. He loved all through life, "enchanting London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn . . . O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry-cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter 'Change, Charing Cross, with the man *upon* a black horse! These are thy gods, O London!" He "couldn't care," he said, "for the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called;" and used to persist, with his pleasing perversity, that when he climbed Skiddaw he was thinking of the ham-and-beef shop in St. Martin's Lane! "Have I not enough without your mountains?" he wrote to Wordsworth. "I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends with anything"—even with scenery! It was a serious step which Lamb took in later life, out from his beloved streets into the country; a step which certainly saddened, and doubtless shortened, the last stage of his earthly journey.

By a happy chance—for they have a trick in London town of destroying just those buildings which I should select to save—Lamb's successive homes have nearly all been kept untouched for our reverent regard: "Cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure)"—in his own words—has been but partly rebuilt; and the end of the row in which his father lived stands nearly as when it was erected in 1737, and is called the "New Building, opposite the garden-wall." It was in No. 2, directly facing the garden-gate, on the ground-floor, looking into Inner Temple Lane, that Charles Lamb was born, on the 10th of February, 1775. Our view is taken from one of the upper windows, through which, perchance, he often looked down on—as he wrote of his first seven years spent in the Inner Temple—"its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?" In that same paper—"The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple"—he has given us a portrait of his father, under the well-chosen name of Lovel: "A man of an incorrigible and losing honesty—a good fellow withal;" "brimful of rogueries and inventions:" confidential servant and friend of Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers of the Temple, with whom he lived, to whom he was devoted, and who was a benefactor to him and to his children.* It was in

* Through the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Milton of the Treasurer's office of the Inner Temple, I have been allowed to search the books of Chambers and of Accounts, for the last century. Thus, I have been able to fix Lamb's birthplace; tracing Samuel Salt from his first residence in the Temple, in Ram Alley Building in 1746, through successive removals, until he finally settled in these chambers, wherein he died. The record reads: "13th May, 1768. At this Parliament; It is ordered that Samuel Salt, Esquire, a Barrister of this Society, aged about Fifty, be and is hereby admitted, for his own life, to the benefit of an Assignment in and to All that Ground Chamber, No. 2, opposite the Garden Walk in Crown Office Row: He, the said Samuel Salt having paid for the Purchase thereof into the Treasury of this Society, the sum of One Hundred and Fifty pounds."

A "parliament" means one of the fixed meetings in each term of the Benchers of the Temple for the purpose of transacting business, and of calling students to the bar.

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The Temple Gardens, from Crown Office Row.

his library that Charles and his sister Mary were "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage." These two had been taught their letters, and the humblest rudimentary knowledge, at a small school hard by the Temple in Fetter Lane—Charles attending by day, Mary by night: thus early already drawn together in kindred studies and tastes, as well as in their joint heritage of their father's mental malady. He describes this school in a pleasant letter to William Hone; it stood on the edge of "a discolored, dingy garden in the passage leading into Fetter Lane from Bartlett's Buildings. This was near to Holborn." Bartlett's

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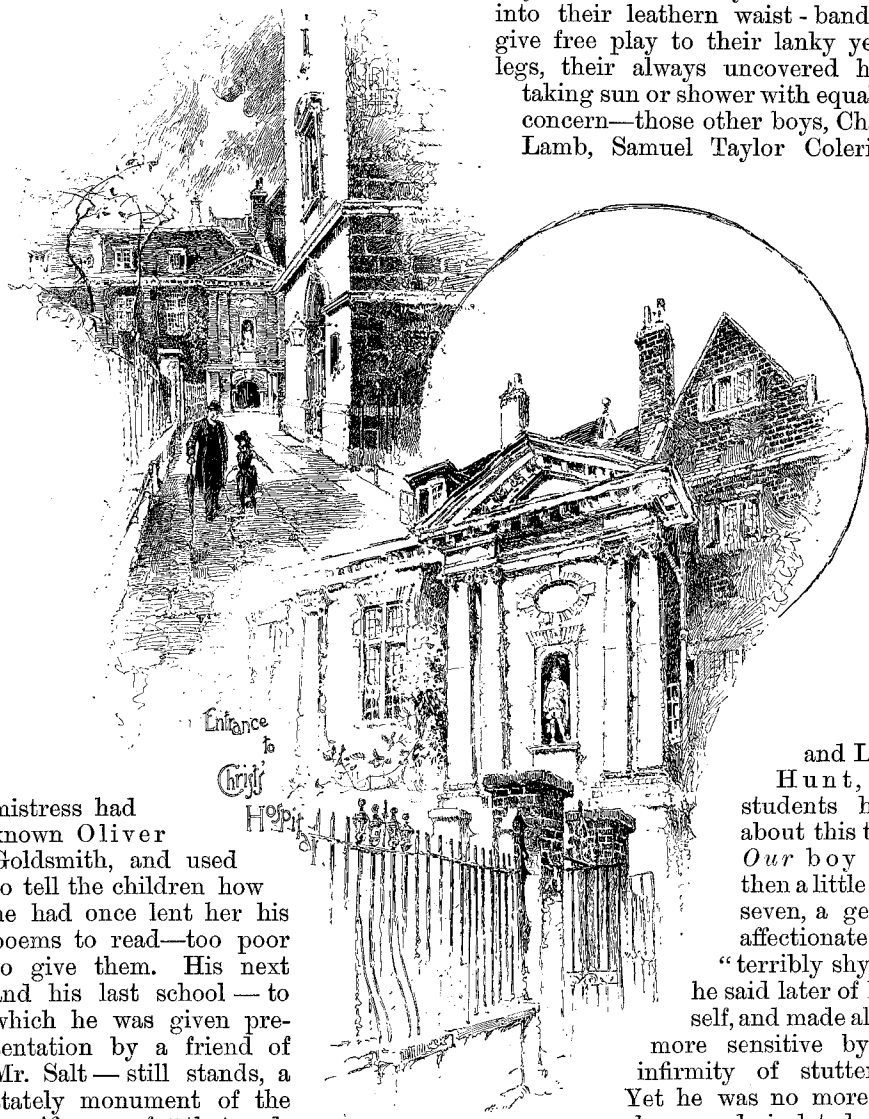
Passage is still there, but no stone of the school now stands; and the only crops of any garden in that busy thoroughfare now are pavement and mud and obscene urchins. The aged schoolmistress had known Oliver Goldsmith, and used to tell the children how he had once lent her his poems to read—too poor to give them. His next and his last school — to which he was given presentation by a friend of Mr. Salt — still stands, a stately monument of the munificence of "that godly and royal child, King Edward VI., the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropped, as it began to fill our land with its early odors—the boy patron of boys—the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley." To-day, as we stand under the tiny statue of the boy-king—founder of Christ's Hospital, known always now as the Blue Coat School, we seem to see among the boys playing beneath the walls of dingy red-brick with stone facings of the ancient edifice—boys with their silly skirts tucked into their leathern waist-bands to give free play to their lanky yellow legs, their always uncovered heads taking sun or shower with equal unconcern—those other boys, Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge,



and Leigh Hunt, all students here about this time. *Our* boy was then a little past seven, a gentle, affectionate lad, "terribly shy," as he said later of himself, and made all the more sensitive by his infirmity of stuttering. Yet he was no more left alone and isolated now than in after-life: the masters were fond of him, his school-fellows indulged him, and he was given special privileges not known to the others. His little complaints were listened to; he had tea and a hot roll o' mornings; his ancient aunt "used to toddle there to bring me good things,

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when I, school-boy-like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as we went into the old grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin, with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me." And he was allowed to go home to the Temple for short visits, from time to time, so passing his young days between "cloister and cloister." As he walks down the Old Bailey, or through Fleet Market—then in the full foul odor of its wickedness and nastiness—and so up Fleet Street, we may be sure that his eager eye catches all that is worth its while, and the young alchemist already puts to practice that process by which he transmuted the mud of street and pavement into pure gold, and so found all that was precious always to him in their stones. He asks: "Is any night walk comparable to a walk from St. Paul's to Charing Cross for lighting and paving, for crowds going and coming, without respite, the rattle of coaches, and the cheerfulness of shops?" He formed special friendships with a few select spirits, and in Coleridge—"the inspired charity-boy," who entered the school at the same time, though three years older—he found a life-long companion. He looked up to the older lad—dreamy, dejected, lonely—with an affection and a reverence which never failed all through life, though subject to the strain of Coleridge's alienation, absence, and silence, in after-years. "Bless you, old sophist," he wrote once to Coleridge, "who, next to human nature, taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing."

The two lads figure together in the fine group in silver—along with Middleton, then a Grecian in the school, afterward Bishop of Calcutta—which passes from ward to ward each year, according to desert. There is a Charles Lamb prize, too, given every year to the best English essayist among the Blue Coat boys: a silver medal, on one side a laurel wreath inwrapped about the hospital's arms; on the reverse, Lamb's profile, his hair something too curly, his aspect somewhat smug. It would be a solace to his kindly spirit to see his memory thus kept green in the school which he left with sorrow, and to which he always looked back fondly. He used to go to see the boys, and Leigh Hunt—who entered a little later—has left us a pleasant picture of one of these visits. He had been a good student, in the musty classical course of the school; not fonder of his hexameters than of his hockey, however; and when he left, in November, 1789, at the age of fifteen, as a deputy Grecian, he was a capital Latin scholar, and had read widely and well. Doubtless he was, even then, already familiar with the Elizabethan dramatists, always his "midnight darlings;" above all, with the plays of Shakespeare, which were "the strongest and sweetest food of his mind from infancy."

The somewhat sombre surroundings of his summer holidays, too, helped to form him into an "old-fashioned child." They were passed with his grandmother Field, the old and trusted housekeeper of the Plumer family at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire: an ancient mansion, topped by many turrets, gables, carved chimneys, guarded all about by a solid red-brick wall and heavy iron gates. In the tranquil park aged trees bent themselves in grotesque shapes; and a dark lake stretched silently, striking terror to the lad's imagination. Within, he would wander through the wainscoted halls, and the tapestried bed-rooms; gazing on the busts of the Twelve Cæsars, and studying the prints of Hogarth's *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*—"Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it," he says in the essay on "Blakesmoor in H——shire;" under which name he disguises the place. It is a delightful paper, finishing with that noble, most musical passage, "Mine too—whose else—," too long to quote here.

He used to go to church of a Sunday, with his grandmother—who lies in the little grave-yard — to Widford, near Ware, half a mile from Blakesware: known to many a transatlantic traveller, visiting it in memory of him.

Until within a few months, in this year 1889, when the fiend of Improvement and the rage for rent wiped it out, I could have shown you a queer bit of cobble wall, set in and so saved from ruin by the new wall of the Metal Exchange. These few square feet of wall were the

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sole remaining relic of Leadenhall House—built in with and forming part of old East India House, which stretched its stately and severe façade along Leadenhall Street just beyond Grace Church, and so around the corner into Lime Street. It was, withal, a gloomy pile, with its many-columned Ionic portico; its pediment containing a stone sovereign of Great Britain, who held an absurd umbrella-shaped shield over the sculptured figures of Eastern commerce; its front dominated by Britannia comfortably seated, and on her either hand Europe on a horse, Asia on a camel. Within were spacious halls and lofty rooms, statues and pictures, a museum of countless curiosities from the East. Beneath were vaults stored with a goodly share of the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, and dungeons wherein were found—on the downfall of John Company in 1860, and the destruction of his fortress a little later—chains and fetters, and a narrow passage leading to a concealed postern: all for the benefit of the victims of John's press-gang, entrapped, drugged, shipped secretly down the river, and so across water to serve Clive and Coote as food for powder. Upstairs, at an accountant's desk, sat Charles Lamb during "thirty-three years of slavery," as he phrased it; of devoted and faithful service to his employers, they thought. It was in April, 1792, when he was just seventeen, that he first sat down at this

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desk, having been in the employ of the South Sea Company since leaving Christ's; for the boy, not yet fifteen, was forced to go to work at once to help out their scanty income. Of the seven children, but two others were left: John, twelve years older, and Mary, ten years older, than Charles. The former was "broad, burly, jovial," wedded to his selfish bachelor ways; living an easy life apart from them all; "marching in quite an opposite direction," as his brother kindly puts it—speaking, as was his wont, "not without tenderness for him." John had a comfortable position in the South Sea House; which stood where now stands the Oriental Bank, at the end of Threadneedle Street, as you turn up into Bishopsgate Within:—"its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars." In "The South Sea House" Lamb has drawn the picture of the place within: the "stately porticos, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces; . . . the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors; . . . huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams; and soundings of the Bay of Panama!" All "long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE."

Here Charles was given a desk, and here he worked, but at what and with what wage we do not know: it was not for many months, however, for he soon received his appointment in the East India House through the kindness of Samuel Salt—his final one to the family, for the good man died in that very year. The new accountant received an annual salary of £70, to be slightly increased year by year. Here he produced what he used to call his "real works, in one thousand volumes, on the shelves in Leadenhall Street;" while his printed books were but the recreations and the solace of his out-of-office hours at home. That home was then at No. 7 Little Queen Street, where the family had taken lodgings some time during the year 1795. The site of this house, and of the adjoining numbers 6 and 8, is now occupied by Holy Trinity Church of Lincoln's Inn Fields: the first house of the old row yet standing is No. 9, the side entrance of the Holborn Restaurant is No. 5; so that, you see, the Lamb house stood exactly opposite the embouchure of Gate Street.

I pass in front of the ugly little church a score of times in a month, and each time I look with relief at it, glad that it has replaced the walls, within which was enacted that terrible tragedy of September, 1796. The family was in miserable case, straitened in means, the mother a helpless invalid, the father rapidly decaying in mind and body; an aged aunt, more of a burden than a help by the scanty board she paid; and the sister, suffering almost ceaselessly from attacks of her congenital gloom, submitting to the constant toil of household duties, of nursing and of dressmaking for their common support. And early in 1796 Charles writes to Coleridge: "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad house at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was!" This was his only attack, and there was no more such diversity in his life; and he was cured by the most heroic of remedies.

In the *London Times*, of Monday, September 26, 1796,—in which issue the editors "exult in the isolation and cutting off" of the various armies in Germany of the French Republic, and doubt the "alleged successes of the army in Italy reported to the Directory by General Buonaparte;" in which the Right Honorable John Earl of Chatham is named Lord President of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council; and in which "Mr. Knowles, nephew and pupil of the late Mr. Sheridan" advertises that he has "opened an English, French, and Latin preparatory school for a limited number of young gentlemen at No. 15 Brompton Crescent:"—appears the following:

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighborhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceding day. It appeared, by the evidence adduced, that,

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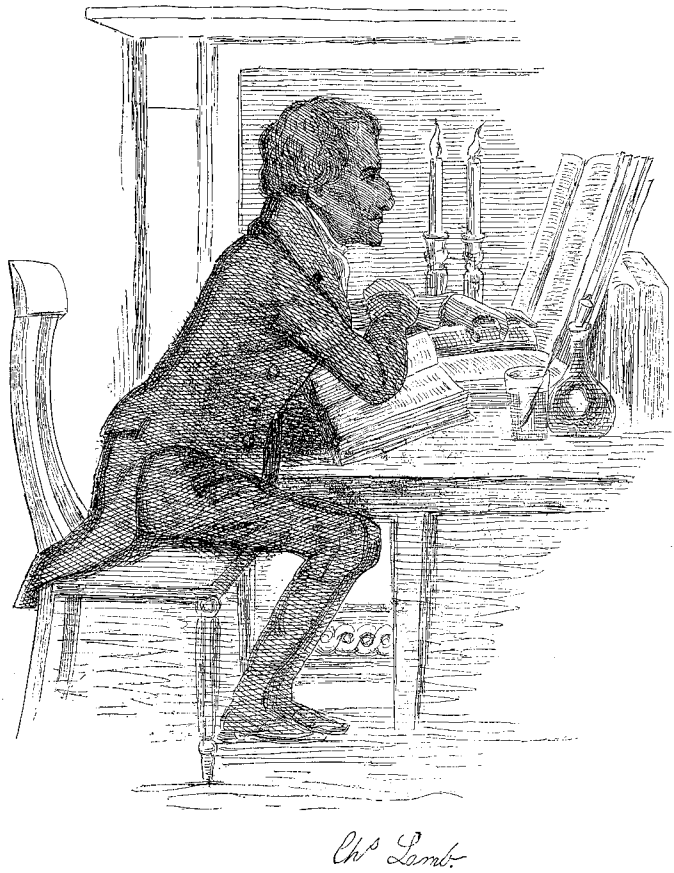
while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, around the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he had received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

"For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn; but that gentleman was not at home.

"It seems that the young lady had been once before deranged. The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—*Lunacy.*"

The *True Briton* said: "It appears that she had been before in the earlier part of her life deranged, from the harassing fatigues of too much business. As her carriage toward her mother had always been affectionate in the extreme, it is believed her increased attachment to her, as her infirmities called for it by day and by night, caused her loss of



Charles Lamb
"Scratched on Copper by his friend, Brook Pulham."

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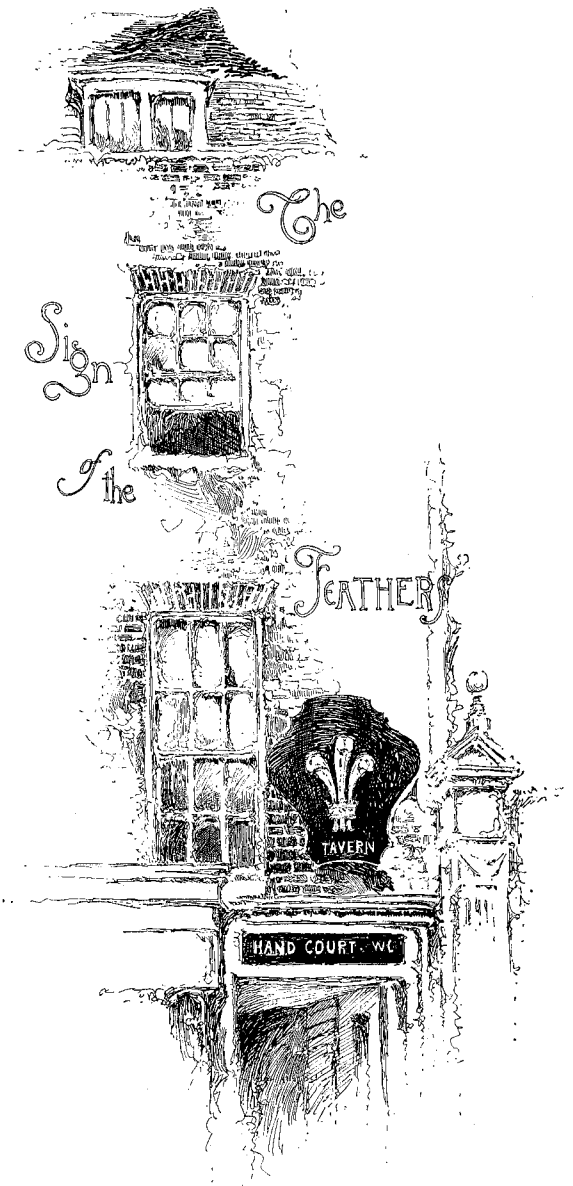
reason at this time. It has been stated in some of the morning papers, that she has an insane brother in confinement; but this is without foundation."

I ask you to notice with what a decent reticence, so far from and so foolish in the eyes of our modern journalistic shamelessness, all the names are suppressed.

It was not the landlord, but Charles, who came at the child's cries; luckily at hand just in time to disarm his sister, and so prevent further harm. So he was at hand from that day on, all through his life, holding her and helping her in the frequent successive relapses of her wretched malady. His gentle, loving, resolute soul proved its fine and firm fibre under the strain of more than forty years of undeviating devotion to which I know no parallel. He never for one hour relaxed his watch; he quietly gave up all other ties and cares and pleasures for this supreme duty; he never repined nor posed, nor even said to himself that he was doing something fine. And such is the potency of this tonic, unselfish self-sacrifice, that *his* tremulous nerves grew firmer under it, and no recurrence of his malady occurred ever any more. The poor guiltless murderess was sent away to the asylum at Hoxton, by the authorities. There John Lamb and their friends thought it best to isolate her safely and quietly for life, spite of her intervals of sanity; but Charles fought against this, offered his personal guardianship for life—this boy of twenty-two, with only £100 a year!—and at length succeeded in squeezing consent from the crown officials. He counts up, in a letter to Coleridge, the coin "Daddy and I" can spare for Mary and computes all the care she will bring: "I know John will make speeches about it, *but she shall not go into an hospital.*" So he meets her as she comes out, and they walk away through life hand in hand, even as they used to walk through the fields many a time in later years on the approach of one of her frequent relapses; he leading her to temporary retirement in the asylum, hand in hand, both silently crying!

The mother's body is laid in the graveyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the aunt sent to other relatives, and



when the father's wound is healed he and Charles move away to No. 45 Chapel Street, Pentonville: where now stands the Agricultural Hotel, on the corner of Liverpool Road, a blazing, brazen "pub," quite suited to the squalid street, its bar facing both ways, like that favorite one of Newman Noggs, that it may cope all around with the unquenchable thirst of that quarter. But the new home was even gloomier than the old,

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shadowed by the almost actual presence of the dead mother; the father "in his old age, and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—a remnant most forlorn of what he was;" released by death early in 1799, and Mary thus allowed to return home; the old aunt, "the kindest, goodest creature," coming back to die; their faithful servant sickening slowly to death; Mary breaking down under the care of nursing, and the shock of this new death, and forced to return to Hoxton. Then, for the one time in all his life, Charles gives way under these successive strokes, and makes his only moan in a letter to Coleridge early in 1800: "Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company.

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To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to these attacks is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. . . . I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow—I am completely shipwrecked."

Thus "marked," the little family was forced to find other quarters for a time; offered them in the house of one Gutch, a school-mate of Lamb's, then a law stationer in Southampton Buildings, Holborn: a house lately torn down, along with the one hard by in which lived Hazlitt, twenty years later.

It would be the dreariest of records of the young clerk's three years at Pentonville, and of his earlier life in Little Queen Street, if I could point to nothing brighter than his anxiety, loneliness, poverty—his dull days at his desk, his duller evenings with his almost imbecile father at cribbage. "I go home at night overwearied, quite faint, and then to cards with my father, who will not let me enjoy a meal in peace." He is not allowed even to write a letter, for the father says, "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all." "I go nowhere and have no acquaintance. . . . No one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone." But he found a solace for all his privations in his books, "browsing" in many fields. "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low." And he had begun to write, poetry mainly: his first appearance in print being in the *Morning Chronicle*, a sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, whom he now saw for the first time. For he got away to the theatre, infrequently, loving it as keenly as when a boy—not having been allowed to go while a scholar at Christ's. And his first bow to the public as an author was made in the spring of 1796, in four sonnets, his share of a small volume of poems by Coleridge, whose preface says: "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. C. L., of the India House. Independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." In the summer of 1797 appeared a second edition, "to which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd"—the former contributing about fifteen short poems. In 1798 he put forth "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret"—the best known of his works after his essays, and of which Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt, "What a lovely thing is his *Rosamund Gray!* How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it!" So we all think of this "miniature romance," as Talfourd calls it: yet surely most unreal and artificial, for all its charm.

Then, too, Lamb found great comfort in his few friends, above all, in Coleridge; with whom he had renewed his companionship, broken by Coleridge's visit to Germany, and by his six months' service in the Light Dragoons: and in Southey, whose healthy and wholesome common-sense was just then a timely tonic for Lamb. These three youthful dreamers used to sit and smoke and speculate of nights in a little den at the back of the "Salutation and Cat," 17 Newgate Street, nearly opposite the old school: two of them may haply have learned their way there while still scholars! "I image to myself that little smoky room at the *Salutation and Cat*, where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy," he wrote, later; and he refers more than once to "that nice little smoky room at the *Salutation*, which is even now continually presenting itself to my recollection, with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh-rabbit, metaphysics, and poetry." They say that the wary landlord, to whom Coleridge's rhapsodies were quite unintelligible, yet who fully understood their value in drawing a knot of listeners, offered the Talker free quarters for life, if he'd stay and talk! The old tavern—so old, that within its walls Sir Christopher Wren often sat with his pipe, coming in tired from the rebuilding of St. Paul's—has been rebuilt, the little smoky room is wiped out, the

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"Cat" has vanished, and the "Salutation" exists as a slap-bang City eating-house and bar. Before the destruction of the original tavern, an old fellow, who had been a Grecian in Lamb's time, used to hobble up the entrance-way, once a year, when he came to some great function of the Blue Coats, and look longingly into the room through the glass door. Invited once to enter, he stood in the smoking-room for awhile, his eyes wet and his voice husky; then he went away, never to reappear. Doubtless he had sat there during one of those "noctes cœnœque Deum! Anglice, Welsh rabbit, punch, and poesy," in Lamb's words.

Another favorite resort of these two was *The Feathers*, [p. 275] a dirty, dingy, delightful tavern, in Hand Court, Holborn, nearly opposite the Great Turnstile, leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and only two minutes from the home in Little Queen Street. It has been replaced by a modern something, and all that I have been able to rescue is the quaint sign which hung above the entrance of the court in Holborn, and looked down on our friend going in and out.

It was while living in Pentonville that Lamb went through his second, and his last, love-sickness. His first attack had been caused by exposure, while a boy, to the charms of the "Alice Winterton" of his later writings. It is believed that she was one Ann Simmons, and that he met her during his holidays with his grandmother, at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire; for, with all his delightful egotistic frankness in prattling about himself, he seems to have told no one ever anything of this boyish affair. He certainly refers to her in two of the four sonnets in the Coleridge poems, wherein he speaks of his "fancied wanderings with a fair-haired maid." He places the scene of "Rosamund Gray" in the cottage they still show you, near the village of Widford, not far from Blakesware, where lived Ann Simmons; and they claim that he drew her portrait in that of his heroine. He certainly hints at this affair in his letter to Coleridge, telling of his six weeks in the Hoxton asylum: "It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." And later he writes: "I am pleased and satisfied with myself that this weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father." This wedding to his sister *was* his life-long union, and saved him from any other; which would have sacrificed all his personality on the altar of the god Humdrum, would have harmed, rather than helped, him. His sanity asserted itself in his retaining no trace of this passing passion, and in his sober statement of the fact—true in so many cases—"if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues." As usual, however, he had a slight and superficial relapse of the malady later in life, when, in his daily walks in Islington, he used to meet, but never spoke with, the beautiful Quakeress, Hester, whose memory he afterward embalmed in his exquisite verses, "When maidens such as Hester die."

"I am going to change my lodgings, having received a hint that it would be agreeable, at our Lady's next feast. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tiptoe) over the Thames and Surrey Hills, at the upper end of King's Bench Walk in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out, as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind—for my present lodgings resemble a minister's levée, I have so increased my acquaintance (as they call 'em) since I have resided in town." Three significant points call for comment in this letter: the phrase "In town" shows how Islington was then in the country, and how the squalid houses of the foul Chapel Street of to-day were then pleasant cottages set in gardens with rural lanes cutting the fields; "having received a hint" to move, proves how cruelly they were "marked," as he had already put it; "so increased my acquaintance" gives us an idea of the growing attraction of this odd, original young man to all bright minds and sweet natures with whom he came in contact.

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And so, on Lady Day, March 25, 1801, he and Mary moved to the Temple, there to begin, near their childhood home, that life of "dual loneliness," never again broken in upon: consoled by their mutual affection, cheered by their common tastes, brightened by the companionship of congenial beings. In the Temple they remained for seventeen years, with a short residence meantime, in 1809, while they changed chambers, at 34 Southampton Buildings; a delightful old, square, solid brick-house, just in front of the tiny garden of Staple Inn. "I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself, but I have got others at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. . . . The rooms are delicious, and the best look back into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going. Just now it is dry. Hare Court trees come in at the window, so that it is like living in a garden! My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold with brandy, and not very insipid without. I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old." His only complaint was that there was another "Mr. Lamb" not far from him; "his duns and his girls frequently stumble up to me, and I am obliged to satisfy both in the best way I am able." You may drink from that pump to-day, you may see the trees still in that court, but his windows are gone, and his building replaced by an ugly new structure.

Talfourd and Proctor have left a vivid picture of the memorable Wednesday evenings in the Temple, the former contrasting them with the stately dinners of Holland House. "Like other great men, I have a public day," he wrote. Lamb loved men, he had a rare capacity for getting at the best in them, a real reverence for their abilities, a kindly sympathy with their diverse tastes, and a most friendly frankness for their foibles. "How *could* I hate him?" he asks of someone: "Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew." Above all, he understood "how mighty is the goddess of propinquity," in Goethe's words; and although he was so untiring and prolific and delightful in his letters to absent friends, he insisted that "one glimpse of the human face and one shake of the human hand is better than whole reams of this thin, cold correspondence; yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility from Madame Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone." So it came to pass that his little rooms in the Temple held a motley crowd; low-browed rooms set about with worn, homely, home-like furniture, his favorite books—his sole extravagance—in their shelves all about. "In my best room, a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humor"—in narrow, black frames; the sideboard spread by Mary with cold beef, porter, punch; tobacco and pipes at hand, and tables made ready for whist. This is his invitation: "Swipes exactly at nine, punch to commence at ten, *with argument;* difference of opinion expected to take place about eleven; perfect unanimity with some haziness and dimness before twelve!" He followed his programme. His old friends come, "friendly harpies," he named them: his "intimados were, to confess a truth, in the world's eye, a ragged regiment." But he never forsook a friend, and "the burrs stuck to him; but they were good and loving burrs, for all that." New friends came, too; never men of fame or fortune or fashion, but men of mark, you may be sure. And many with "some tincture of the absurd in their characters:" for, "I love a *Fool,*" he said, "as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him."

The capricious Coleridge is once more constant, after his refusal for two years to write, and his silly estrangement, which had called forth Lamb's lines, "I had a friend, a kinder friend had no man;" and of whom he yet was able after many years to say: "The more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him and believe him a very good man." There was Hazlitt—trying to paint when Lamb first met him, finding later his true calling as a critic—arrogant, intense, bitter, brooding always on the fall of Napoleon: the only male creature he reverenced except Cole-

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ridge; whom he nearly equalled in tireless fluency, under his sole stimulant then of strongest tea. Him Lamb finds to be, "in his natural state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." There was William Wordsworth, austere, self-centred, quite sure of himself; whose real powers and all that was genuine in his genius Lamb was one of the first to recognize. There was Godwin, so daring with his pen, so mild of voice, prattling on trivial topics until he fell asleep always after supper. "He's a very well-behaved, decent man . . . quite a tame creature, I assure you: a middle-sized man, both in stature and understanding," wrote his keen-eyed host. There were the Burneys, father and son: the old captain, who had been taught by Eugene Aram and who had sailed all around the globe with Captain Cook, still young in spirit: and his son, Martin, of whom Lamb said, "I have not found a whiter soul than thine;" Leigh Hunt, airy, sprightly, full of fine fancies; Charles Lloyd, poetic, intense, melancholy; Tom Hood, slight of figure, feeble of voice, face of a Methodist parson, clad in sombre black, silent but for his sudden puns; Manning, the Cambridge mathematical tutor, "a man of a thousand;" the quiet Cary, translator of Dante, librarian of the British Museum; stalwart Allan Cunningham; the painter Haydon, eager for controversy; the preacher Edward Irving, content to be silent and to listen here; Bernard Barton, Quaker poet, bank drudge; Talfourd himself; gentle Barry Cornwall; "the self-involved" De Quincey, not one of that brilliant band before him in his love for Lamb, whom he well styles "the noblest of human beings." There was among the rest one most curious character, hardly known now as one of these others: Wainewright, "Janus Weathercock" of the *London Magazine*, the flimsy, plausible scoundrel in whom Lamb good-naturedly found something to like; and whose thefts, poisonings, disgrace, penal servitude, and mad death our friend did not live to see.

And Lamb, central and dominating personality of all these strong characters, towers above them all, not only and not so much by the greatness of his gifts as of his character. Alone among them he was known by his first name; even as at school he had been called "Charles," as he best liked. "So Christians should call one another," he said. Reason revolts, and imagination cowers appalled before the forlorn and hopeless conception of Wordsworth addressed as "Willie," or Coleridge called "Sam!" Then, too, this man never poses, never parades himself, has no pettiness, nor petulance, nor jealousy. He was lucky in possessing that supreme antidote to the poison of conceit—an abiding sense of humor: "it is a genius in itself, and so defends from the insanities," in Emerson's apt words. No man with a keen perception of the ludicrous can take himself seriously. So when Coleridge addressed to Lamb those maudlin verses entitled, "This Lime-tree Bower my Prison"—during a visit to him at Nether Stowey of the brother and sister—in which he gushes over the "gentle-hearted Charles," this latter revolted. "For God's sake, don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, *or do it in better verse!* Substitute drunken dog, ragged-head,—seld-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering, and any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question." All the rest of these men would bore us, I fear, to constantly come in contact with in actual life; they do bore us as we have to listen to and look at them—Coleridge, with his rhetorical preachments and his melancholy, born of rheumatism, rum, and opium; Hazlitt, with his tea-inspired flux of words; Wordsworth, solemnly weighted with his colossal conviction of his mission: they, and all the lesser ones, seem petty and tiresome beside this spare, silent, stuttering little fellow, who loved them all, who gave them his reverence, and who yet found fun in their foibles, and laughed at them all with a loving adroitness. How delicate and direct was his gibe when Coleridge had been longer than usual in his metaphysical clouds: "Oh, you mustn't mind what Coleridge says, he's *so* full of his fun." I can see his twinkling eyes when Coleridge asked him: "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" And the theological theses sent him by Lamb, when

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he went to Germany—"to be defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen"—are deliciously sly and sharp in their stab at his own complacent superiority of lesser gifted mortals held by that "archangel a little damaged." I can hear the falsetto tone of his moralities growing shriller before these among the other questions: "Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?" "Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneer?*"

How deftly he punctured Wordsworth's sublime conceit, on his hinting that "other poets might have equalled Shakespeare if they cared." "Oh, here's Wordsworth says he could have written '*Hamlet*' *if he'd had the mind.* It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind!" Wordsworth got into a state of mind when Lamb, with friendly frankness, rated the "Lyrical Ballads" a little lower than did their author, and "wrote four sweating pages" to inspire Lamb with a "greater range of sensibility;" and the tormented critic bursts out: "After one's been reading Shakespeare for twenty of the best years of one's life, to have a fellow start up and prate about some unknown quality possessed by Shakespeare less than by Milton and William Wordsworth! . . . What am I to do with such people? I shall certainly write 'em a very merry letter." I wish we might read it.

Then there was Manning, with his slight sense of humor, and to him—then in China—Lamb loved to write the maddest inventions, and let loose his wildest whims about their friends. To Patmore, in Paris, he wrote, in an amazing letter: "If you go through Boulogne, inquire if old Godfrey is living and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man, now." To good odd Martin Burney, insatiable at whist: "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have." Burney quite approved of Shakespeare, "because he was so much of a gentleman;" and he said and did so many queer things that Lamb wrote: "Why does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one; maybe he has tired him out!" He revelled in the fun he got out of George Dyer, the near-sighted, absent-minded, queer scholar; who occasionally emptied his snuff-box into his tea-pot, and who kept his "neat library" in the seat of his easy-chair. Mary Lamb and Mrs. Hazlitt, going to his chambers one day in his absence, "tidied-up" the rooms and sewed up that out-of-repair easy-chair, with his books within; whereat he was greatly disconcerted! Lamb gives a ludicrous description of his visit to the same chambers in Clifford's Inn, where he found Dyer, in mid-winter, wearing "*nankeen* pantaloons four times too big for him, which the said heathen did pertinaciously affirm to be new. These were absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages, but he affirmed 'em to be clean. He was going to visit a lady who was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day!" It was to this credulous creature that Lamb confided that the secret author of "Waverley" was Lord Castlereagh! And he sent the guileless one to Primrose Hill at sunrise, to see the Persian Embassador perform his orisons! It was Dyer who thought that the assassin of the Ratcliffe Highway—painted so luridly by De Quincey in his "Three Memorable Murders"—"must have been rather an eccentric character!" Haydon the painter has told of one memorable evening in his studio, when Lamb was in marvellous vein, and met that immortal Comptroller of Stamps who had begged to be introduced to Wordsworth, and who insisted on having the latter's opinion as to whether Milton and Newton were not great geniuses. Lamb took a candle and walked over to the poor man, saying, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Haydon and Keats got him away, but he persisted in bursting in, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Edgar Poe's Imp of the Perverse took entire possession of him when thrown with uncongenial men, and forced him to give the impression of "something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon." Writing of himself after the imaginary death of Elia, he says, truly: "He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offences were sure to arise) he could not help it."

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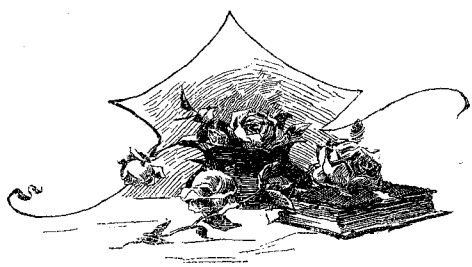
No, nor did he try to help it, and we love him all the more for this "antic disposition" he was wont to put on; nor do I grieve greatly that his vagaries were not always "within the limits of becoming mirth" when he had to deal with prigs, pedants, or poseurs. The toady Tom Moore looked down on him, doubtless for "value received;" the portentous Macready has left on record his unfavorable impression, which pains us only a little less than the ungentle judgment of Carlyle. *He* found Lamb's talk but "a ghastly make-believe of wit," "contemptibly small," "diluted insanity," and labelled the brother and sister, in his humane way, "two very sorry phenomena."

Our friend was as ready to laugh at himself as at others, and his hissing his own farce is historic. He had set great store by this "Mr. H.: A Farce in Two Acts," and wrote to Manning in boyish glee at the prospect of the first performance: "All China shall ring with it by and by." He sat with Mary and Crabb Robinson in the front of the pit (his favorite seat) and joined with the audience in encoring his own witty prologue, and then was louder than any of them in hissing and hooting the luckless farce! Hazlitt, who was there, dreamed of that dreadful damning every night for a month, but Lamb only wrote: "Dear Wordsworth—'Mr. H.' came out last night and failed. We didn't grieve much, but, after all, we would rather it should have succeeded." Yet he needed the money which its success would have brought.

He has been asked to stand as godfather to a friend's child, and fears he will disgrace himself at the very font. "I was at Hazlitt's wedding,* and had liked to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh; I misbehaved once at a funeral." It was the same depth of feeling which made Abraham Lincoln tell silly stories at the most solemn crises; which suggests a sob under the maddest mirth of Sterne, Molière, Cervantes; which let Lamb write a playful paper, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, and made him seize the kettle from the hob and hold it on his sister's head when his great heart was near breaking at seeing the symptoms of her coming mania. Acting conversely, it made him write, "I often shed tears in the motley Strand for fulness of joy of so much life." His greatness of soul was never shown in a finer way than in his noble letter to Robert Southey, on the latter attacking, in the *Quarterly Review*, his first collected "Essays of Elia"—"a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original." This from so old a friend hurt Lamb deeply, but he wrote to Bernard Barton: "But I love and respect Southey, and will not retort. I hate his review and his being a reviewer." This is not the place to dwell on Lamb's religious belief. Like that of many other unbelievers, it was too large to be packed within a church or cathedral, or to be defined and labelled by a set of dogmas. About these weighty, as about minor matters, we may say, in Hazlitt's words: "His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words;" or, as Haydon put it, "He stuttered out his quaintness in snatches, like the fool in 'Lear.'"

* He was married to Sarah Stoddart on May 1, 1808, at St. Andrew's, Holborn. In this church-yard, cut through and wiped out by the Holborn Viaduct, were buried the elder Lamb and wife.

(To be continued.)



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EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER VI.

FAIRFAX RUTHERFORD awoke from his delirium in the chamber which had been his as a little boy. In his ravings he was continually begging them to find Slick Mose; Slick Mose had the money. "That's all I can do for them now," he would add. "Don't let them know about me."

It was Adèle who had divined that there was something in this iteration of Slick Mose's presence. She sought Mose the instant that the idiot returned to the plantation, which he did on the day following, starved, dirty, and, after his brute fashion, perceptibly unhappy. She followed him into the swamp and brought back the money.

But there was little enough rejoicing over its recovery. Fairfax's frenzied sentences had evoked phantoms of dishonor to flit like carrion-crows before his father's eyes.

What was the money worth, if those dark misgivings were true?

Adèle wondered drearily how many lives the saving of the money had cost, and the taint of blood seemed in the air; while Mrs. Rutherford stood in such abject fear of the "graybacks" that she regarded the possession of so large a sum as simply inviting destruction.

The Colonel at first had been absorbed in his anxiety for Fairfax's life. He would not leave him day nor night; he was questioning everybody, watching every medicine. But lately, after one interview with Aunt Mollie, he had shrunk into a strange silence.

It was a sad house, truly enough; the very negroes were dejected. Aunt Hizzie cuffed and scolded her helpers in the kitchen, and bickered with Unk' Nels in the gallery whenever they met. The subject of dispute, usually, was no less than the efficacy of her "mixteries." Nels would not carry them upstairs. Being Aunt Hizzie's husband, he had a wide experience of her physic; and his was the tongue of the scoffer. Moreover, though nature had muffled his utterance, she had left the cutting edge to his wit.

Aunt Hizzie was not so agile of mind as her husband, but she could keep up a fight longer, whence, on the whole, they were pretty evenly matched. Aunt Hizzie's strong argument was her own robust health. "Look a' *you*"—this was a favorite taunt—"punyin' roun' de plumb w'ile. Look a' *me*, stout an' gayly! How came dat differ? You doesn't take my mixteries; I *does!*"

"I done take too many dem mixteries, *dat* whut make me puny," Unk' Nels would retort. Once he added: "Marse Fair nearly 'bout daid a'ready; reckon dey kill him off, sho."

"Is you seen 'im dis mawnin'?" Aunt Hizzie's real affection for the family called a truce to the squabble.

"Yaas, I has, Hizzie," Unk' Nels replied, with solemnity; "fever yent cooled a mite. An' he plumb outer his haid. Skreeches turrible."

"Heabenly goodnis! Whut he say, Nels?"

"Same like he done say ever' day. '*I will not! I will not! I will not!*' dat a way. Hollers hit *loud!* Den he talk 'bout li'le black cat ain't got nare haid, talk right smart 'bout dat 'ar. W'en I fotch 'im de wine, he look a' me pow'ful cu'ris way, an' he ax me, Is de Cunnel his fader? an' w'en I says, 'Yaas, sah,' he twurn his haid topper de pilly so he kin look a' de Cunnel, an' he say, 'Howdy, sah; does you know I is de onlies' Rutherford evah ben a cyoward?' Say, Hizzie, dat boy must a did sumfin *turrible!*"

Aunt Hizzie snorted contempt almost beyond words: "I'se p'intedly mortified at ye, Nelson, gwine on dat a way 'bout you' young marse, you ornery, pusillanimous, triflin', black nigger!"

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"Hizzie," interrupted Nels, calmly, "you minds me dem Chrismus pop-crackers like de 'postle describe—all soun' an' fury signifyin' nary! Cayn't *my* young marse ben a cyoward jes' much iz are torrer cullud pusson's young marse? *Somebuddy's* young marse got tuh be cyowards! Naw, Hizzie, gittin' mad doan' stop Marse Fair being a cyoward. I ain't cravin' tuh 'low he *done* ben sich iz dat, but looks like—looks like. He done some turrible meanness onyhow!"

Upstairs the wretched father heard every word. So did Adèle. The man's head fell. The girl lifted hers higher, as the color flamed in her cheek.

"Even my niggers know it," groaned Colonel Rutherford; "'I have lived a day too long.' Thank God my brave boys are dead!"

"You have one brave boy alive," said Adèle, steadily.

The Colonel, having a broken leg, could not jump up and pace the floor; he only shrunk lower into his chair, as if she had struck him a blow.

"What *can* I think, Della?" he said, miserably. "You know what Aunt Mollie tells. He—he says he killed him. He keeps accusing himself of—" the Colonel choked over the word—"you heard *them*," he said, jerking his hand downward to imply the dusky gossips below.

"If he is against himself," said Adèle, firmly, "all the more reason his own kin should stick to him. I *know* he isn't—that!"

The Colonel turned on his niece a face in which an agonizing dread was struggling with a timid hope; he bit his dry lips before he could say: "Della, did—did you—you were with him a good deal in his young days—did you observe any lack of spirit—the others were so high-spirited that the contrast might make him seem—ah—tame, like—but I don't mean that, you understand; I mean—if he had been a Yankee boy" (oh, what a comparison for a Southerner!) "would you of 'lowed there ben anything wrong 'bout him?"

Adèle, whose high color had faded, did not meet the old soldier's imploring eyes.

"He was always right delicate, Unk' Ralph," she said, hurriedly, "and Mammy would tell him the awfullest stories, they made him scared, like—" Somehow she could not get any more words out of her throat. The old man took his gray head into his hands, saying, huskily, "Mammy's fool talk didn't scare *you!*"

"Oh, but I was older."

"You were a *year* older. She didn't scare Jeff or Steve. But what's the use?"

Adèle persisted: "We really don't know anything. He's just crazy, like. Talking about killing Parson Collins! Why wasn't he somewhere 'round if he was killed? Dead men can't walk off. And—and I had Aunt Mollie, soon as she and the children went back to their cabin, I had them and two of our men look all over the ruins. And there wasn't a trace of any human body in those ashes. He couldn't be burnt up to *nothing!*"

"Adèle," said the Colonel, "what did Aunt Mollie tell you? Oh, you needn't tell me. I've seen her. She seen them torturing him. She seen him—give in." He turned his head away.

"She was too far off to tell anything," cried Adèle; "*somebody* shot a pistol, so she lays it on Fair. How could *she* tell? If he did fire that pistol he did it when he was crazy. They drove him crazy."

"How do you make that out?" said the Colonel. He did not look up or he would have seen how Fairfax had ceased his moaning of one phrase and was looking full at his father.

But Adèle saw.

In a second the wild, wide eyes closed, Fairfax lay quietly, as if asleep. Adèle motioned at him. She rose directly and arranged the coverings more smoothly, listening meanwhile. He lay so quietly that she smiled sorrowfully at her thought that he could be returning to his senses and have understood. "Fast asleep," she whispered, passing the Colonel; "I must go see to his soup."

Nevertheless, her first impression was the true one—Fairfax had heard and understood.

She wheeled the Colonel's chair near the bed in order that he might hand Fairfax his drink if he asked for it. Then her soft footstep passed through the hall, down the stair.

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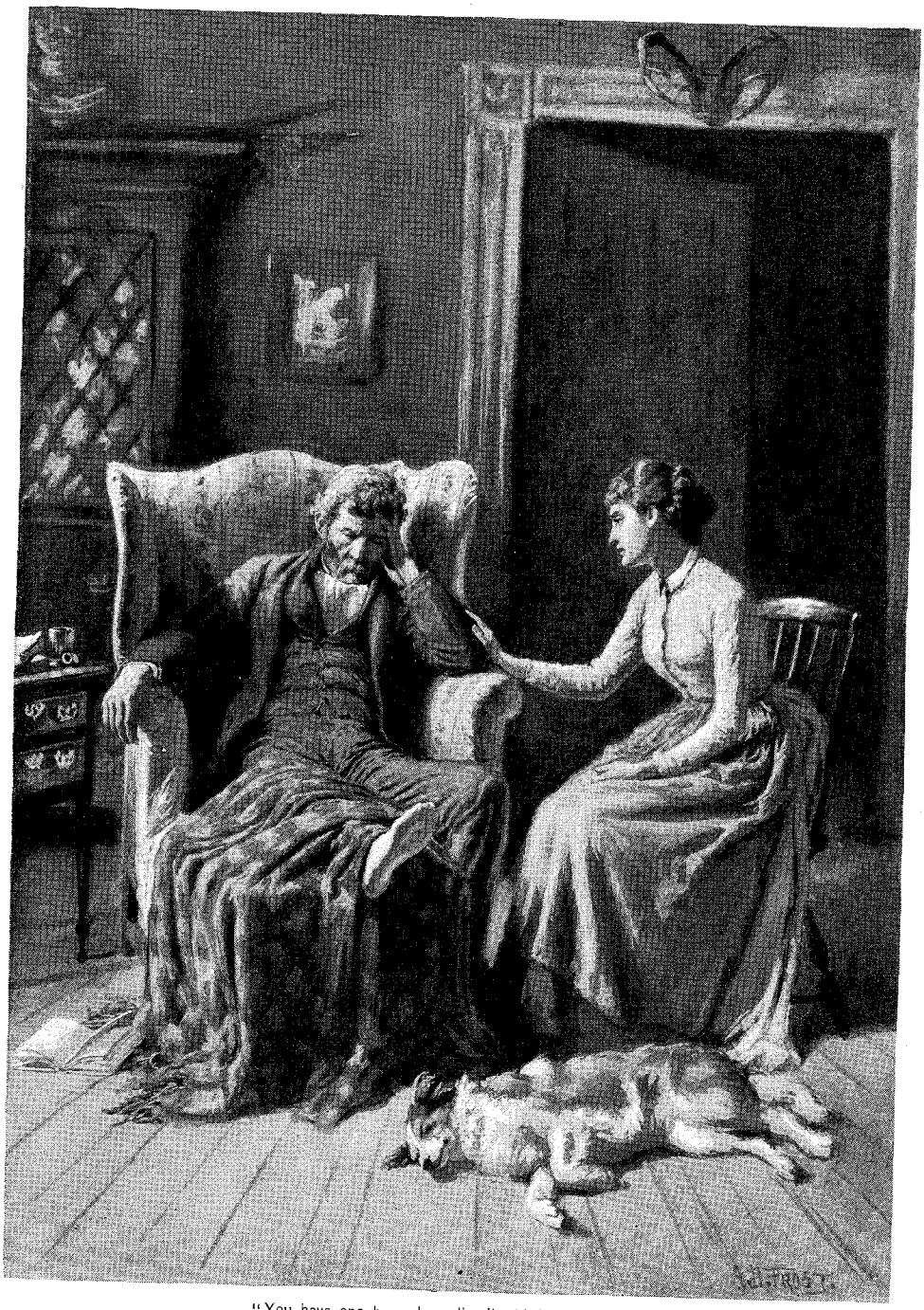

"You have one brave boy alive," said Adele, steadily.

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The Colonel sat looking at his boy, whose delicate beauty was so like his mother's. The brow did not frown nor the lips quiver; no muscle of the sensitive mask betrayed the ever-swelling tide of memory and despair breaking like a sea over the sleeper's heart. Unavailing pity for his father, unavailing gratitude to Adèle were stronger than remorse or shame. The bed gave a little creak and rustle. The Colonel was leaning one elbow on the mattress and bending over him; he felt a trembling light touch on his hair and a tear rolled down his cheek, a tear not from his own eyes; his father had kissed him.

He lay motionless as before, but something warm stole into his chilled heart.

He waited until his father should resume his former position, and enough time should elapse to make it appear that he had not been disturbed, for he had the Anglo-Saxon shrinking from a display of emotion; then he moved and opened his eyes.

"Good-morning, sir," said he.

"Good-morning, Fair," said the Colonel; "feeling pearter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's right, but you hadn't ought to talk."

That was all. The Colonel read "Montaigne," upside down. He always read "Montaigne" when he was in trouble; he would snatch up a volume at moments of special strain, open it anywhere, and read desperately for a few pages until he was sure of his composure.

But to-day he was past "Montaigne." His eyes saw nothing. His hands trembled so that he could not hold the book steady, and, at last, he laid it down.

Fairfax pretended to fall asleep again. Nothing further was said between the two. When Adèle came into the room, and the Colonel had gone, he beckoned to her to come nearer and said: "Slick Mose has the money."

"No, Cousin Fair, *we* have the money," she answered, as quietly as if this were not his first lucid speech. "When you were sick you told us, and we've got it."

"I am glad of that," said Fairfax. He turned to the wall and slept. When the doctor (who rode fifteen miles every other day to Montaigne) saw his patient, he pronounced the fever broken. In a few days it was quite gone. Yet Fairfax's condition did not seem to mend.

"He has no one but me," she prayed; "help me to help him."

One who had known the merry young fellow would hardly have recognized this changed, unsmiling man, who never complained, never was pleased, and spent most of his time furtively watching a melancholy elderly man seated by his window, book in hand, all day long and late into the night.

Colonel Rutherford seldom addressed his son; Fairfax never spoke to his father.

"Della, I'm worried to death about him," Mrs. Rutherford confessed; "he didn't take on like this when Jeff and Ralph were taken—he'd cry and talk about them, and he was all broken down with grieving; but now, Della, he won't talk to me. He cayn't seem to bear to speak a word to anybody—just sits and studies. He ain't reading that book; it's always open at the same place, and he never turns the leaves. And his eyes, Della, have you noticed how they look at you and don't seem to see you? It fairly gives me the all-overs. I wish to

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mercy Fair had never come; he never was good to him, like the dear boys, and now he has *killed* him." The speech, so unlike Mrs. Rutherford's gentle talk, ended in a burst of tears. Adèle did not answer a word. She soothed and caressed her mother, and made her a cup of their dwindling, precious tea, and put her to bed for a little time.

Then she went out into the woods, those same woods which had witnessed her bitter grief when Fair left her last. This time she did not weep. She leaned against a tree—for, indeed, she had need of support—while her hopeless eyes looked down the darkening river; and prayed. "He has no one but me," she prayed; "help me to help him!"

There are loves and loves; but of all loves what has more of that quality which our aspirations name celestial, than the love which may not look up to its object, yet will not look down, and under all the cruel mockery of failure sees the soul's divine struggle, and so forgives and loves and cherishes to the end? Such love contains more than protecting tenderness, like the affection of a mother for a deformed child; it not only pities, it comprehends and hopes.

Poor Adèle had been worshipping a magnificent cavalier; put to the test he seemed to have turned into a worthless craven and betrayer. But her faith did not desert him; she had all a Southern girl's contempt for cowardice in a man, and her own temperament was singularly fearless; nevertheless she clung to Fairfax. She remembered his childish days, going back to Fair's imaginary terrors, painfully piecing together half-forgotten circumstances to get a clear argument of the case. Fair, in fact, had the timidity of a delicate and imaginative child, just the timidity to be outgrown with years, sense, and health. She remembered instance after instance when he had overcome it. There was the time she pulled that trifling, onery Tick Robbins out of the river—Fair had been rooted to the bank panic-smitten; but when at the last, both Tick and she clinging to the branches of the willow, the branch had broken and they were drifting helplessly down the eddy, it was Fair who came trembling over the edge and crawled along the water-oak branch and pulled it down by his weight, so that they could hang on to his legs, and actually were rescued in that position.

How well she remembered the way the Colonel laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; but he took Fair on his knee and kissed him, and gave him a "truly silver watch" for his own because he had been a brave boy. And with a thrill she remembered, too, that Fair had dropped his eyes with a red face and in such a tremulous whisper replied, "But, paw, I wasn't brave, I was terribly scared up at first." The Colonel caught the boy to his breast and his own voice was a little husky as he said, "Boy, remember it ain't how you f-feel, it's what you d-do that counts."

It was long after this that Fair went on the annual wild-hog hunt. How white he looked as they sat on their horses before the gallery, at starting; but he came back jubilant, excited, eager to talk about the run and the sport. And there was the time with the rattlesnake. They came upon him in their walks and Fair took to his heels; but he came back and helped Adèle kill the snake. He said: "I thought you were running too, Adèle." When the snake was dead he shivered and sat down, pale and sick; she thought that he must be "chilling." But surely, surely he was not so easily startled the last time he visited the plantation; he no longer feared the dark, or ran from a tarantula, or crossed the fields to shun a bull, or looked askance at the cows; and he went to that hunt and rode with the rest if he did look pale at starting. Recapitulating and studying every incident Adèle made her own theory, her own apology (using the word in the sense of the early Christian theologists) for Fairfax.

But she did not dare to hope that he, least of all, would accept it for himself. She knew that his father would not; while her mother's attitude was hopeless. She could not stay long by herself. Half an hour later she was back by Fairfax's side.

Aunt Hizzie stalked about the gallery below in deepest gloom. "Look a' dat servah!" * she proclaimed, dismally, "he yent et a mite. Nev' does eat. An'

* Server—tray; African for salver, probably.

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he yent *ill*, least bit on yearth. He does be fixin' tuh die, sho!"

"How come ye don't be totin' him up some you' sut-tea,* den? Ye 'lows slipped from his fingers. For a while he had forgotten his troubles.

"Oh, I cayn't bear it," she said, and hid her face.

"Dress up now and stand steady, unless you all would like better to swing."—Page 294.

dat cure ever'ting," said Unk' Nels, the cynic.

"Ef he ben had dat tea studdy," returned she, "he ben better'n he am now. Law me, I cayn't git up nare burryin' dinner dese times—no sody, no flour, no raisins nur lemons, an' dem 'lasses nearly 'bout gone tew! An' who'll preach de fun'al, now Parson Collins done ben killed up? Tell me dat, will ye, ye fool nigger?"

Like most of the pair's dialogues this was distinctly audible above.

"Poor Aunt Hizzie," said Fairfax, "she takes such pride in her 'burryin' dinners,' and mine will be but a poor affair. I am a disgrace all around, you see, Adèle."

He looked up to meet Adèle's wet eyes. She flashed one glance at the Colonel; his head rested peacefully on the back of the chair—"Montaigne" had

*Soot-tea is a remedy in high esteem with the negroes. It is neither more nor less than chimney-soot and water.

The instinct of a gentleman made Fairfax rouse himself to comfort her.

"Oh, you know you mustn't," he said. "Adèle, dear Adèle, what is the matter?"

She was near enough for him to be trying to take her hands away. They fell, and he held them. A deep flush spread over her face. Their eyes met. Suddenly he dropped her hands with a kind of groan.

At once all the nurse in her awoke. "Does your shoulder hurt you?" she said, quickly.

"No," said he, "I had forgotten for a second what I am—and I remembered."

Adèle did not blush again; she looked at him steadily as she said, "Cousin Fair, you are *aiming* to die!"

"Why not?" said he.

"Cousin Fair," she said, slowly, "would it hurt you too much to tell me about it all? I don't know anything; I only guess at things."

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He only hesitated a moment; then the whole miserable story came—at first, with a bitter sort of self-control; but before he ended he was sobbing as uncontrollably as, when a terrified child, he used to be comforted back to courage in her arms.

"Poor Fair, poor Fair," she murmured, stretching out her hand and patting his as his mother might, "I'm sure you didn't *know* you were doing it. They drove you crazy with their wicked torments. And you were wounded and almost dead, too. You would have withstood them if you hadn't been wounded."

But he was too honest to accept her comfort.

"No, they didn't," he cried; "I knew perfectly. But I don't understand it, Adèle; I was horribly scared, and the pain drove me frantic; but I was resolved to *let* them kill me rather than yield. I was saying, 'I will not, I will not,' to myself. And even *while* I said it—I must have pulled the trigger!" He groaned again.

"Did the men hold your hand?"

"One held my arm and another one my wrist and part of my hand, so I couldn't drop the pistol; but I know he didn't pull the trigger, for I overheard him telling the other fellow that he wished Dick would let the old man off. No, I did it, Adèle, and now you see why it is better for everyone to have me die?"

"No, Cousin Fair, I don't," cried Adèle; "don't you think at all about us—about him?" moving her head in the Colonel's direction.

Fairfax's lips trembled into a dreary smile. "It is for his sake most that I want to die."

"Cousin Fair"—the passionate words were the more thrilling because spoken so low—"if you die now, how am I to convince him that you are *not* a coward? Yes, I say the word because I don't believe it. But he don't know you as I do—if you die now he never will; but if you live, if you are brave, as you always have been—you *have*, I say; you shan't interrupt me! Then, then, he will know he did you wrong, and be happy again. And there is Unk' Fair, too, who is so petted on you, and has had such disappointment already. Cousin Fair, you have no right to leave them alone and broken down like they would be!"

He only nodded toward his father, muttering for her to hush, she would wake him. She clasped her hands more tightly, trying to smother in herself an impetuous something that was making her heart beat faster. "Look a' here, Cousin Fair, I will suppose that you have done the very worst that you fear; and I am going to say to you what I believe he would—he *will*—say to you, for I know he is alive."

Fairfax caught her arm. "If—if he were, Adèle—what makes you think so?"

Briefly Adèle repeated her reasons for hope.

"Mollie," she said, "really knows nothing, for she became so terrified when she thought Parson Collins was killed that she ran fast as she could into the swamp, and the next thing she knew the mule had thrown you off close to her."

Fairfax drew a long breath. "If—if he isn't dead there is some hope for me. But, Adèle, my firing that pistol isn't all. I had no right, whatever those devils did to me, to betray Collins into their hands. It seemed to me I had a right to give up the money. I knew Uncle Fair would pay it twice over for me; but, don't you see, it wasn't a question of money, it was my giving up Collins. I knew he was a *man* and not a—Fancy, Adèle, I haven't the courage to name the thing I am."

Adèle seemed to be thinking; it was a long minute to Fairfax before she answered. "Yes, Fair, you had no right to give in; but I don't believe you would if you hadn't been half out of your head with the pain and the chill. God won't hold you guilty for that. And even say you were guilty, guilty of the worst—well, what then? Does repentance mean despair or expiation? 'Bring forth fruits,' the apostle says. God will not despise a broken and a contrite heart: but if such a heart doesn't lead us to *do* something, it isn't contrite. Do you think that there is any good in unhappiness of itself? Unless our unhappiness for sin makes us

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more merciful to other people when they do wrong, and more careful not to sin again, and anxious to repair the wrong, I don't see any good in it—not the least bit on earth. I'm sure unhappy people, who are *just* unhappy, are mighty disagreeable; they don't join in anything, they don't like anything, and you feel as if you were heartless if you laugh at a joke when they're 'round, or enjoy anything you eat." She made the little gesture with her hands which was almost the only thing about her to recall to Fairfax the eager and reckless little romp of his boyhood. But her soft voice never rose nor sharpened, though the tears of earnestness shone in her beautiful eyes.

"Fair, *please* try to understand what I mean, I've thought so *hard* what to say to you; it looks like I couldn't say it right, in the way to convince you, but I have to try. You think there isn't any more happiness left in life for you; I think surely there is. But if there isn't, there's *duty*. Not *only* to Unk' Ralph, Cousin Fair; I'm only a girl and I don't understand much about politics, but I know that everyone, man or woman, owes something to his country. Unk' Fairfax reckoned we all were wrong; he said he couldn't fight for the South and he wouldn't fight against her, so he stayed in Europe, and I expect you thought like him."

"Yes," said Fairfax.

"I don't; but that hasn't anything to do with it. Now I know as well as you, Cousin Fair, that we are beaten in Arkansas; but now if we are beaten, we have got to live. There is the land left and the poor people, and it's our own country, Cousin Fair; you haven't any right to desert it. And because it is ruined and miserable, that's the more reason you should try to help. If you want to make amends to Mr. Collins, to Unk' Ralph—they love this poor country—stay here and help them try to save it. Oh, you know, you know how Unk' Ralph has struggled to improve this place, to get better roads and better houses and some way civilize the people; and you know how Mr. Collins helped him. If you want to make amends—please, Cousin Fair, excuse the plain way I talk—then help to rid the country of the graybacks and get in provisions and keep peace now, and the rest will come in time. That—that will be expiation; but to lie here and die of shame—if you do, do you know what I say? I say, Cousin Fair, you weren't a coward, but you *are!*"

"I say that *is* a blast, Adèle," said Fairfax, but the ghost of a smile crept to his lips. He looked up at her wistfully. And perhaps for a moment there flashed over him a perception of the difference in his mental attitude from what it had been so short a time ago. He had felt for his people the half-compassionate toleration of the cosmopolite for the provincial. It may be that the hawk has a kindred feeling for the quail, a useful, virtuous enough bird, but with no breadth of experience, no distinction. He had found the details of Adèle's life as depicted in her letters petty and uncouth to a degree; he had winced over his father's lapses in etiquette and grammar, over his contented rusticity, over Mrs. Rutherford's preposterous landscapes, over the whole feudal medley of magnificence and shabbiness about the place; now he, the admired young man of the world, who had started to the rescue of his father's wrecked fortunes with such a foolhardy confidence, had failed ignominiously. He lacked even those primitive, basic virtues on which manhood depends, which knit society together—courage and fidelity. Why, the very poor whites, the renters on his father's plantation, the ragged farmers in the hills who knew nothing of the refinement of the senses, were *men* at least, brave and loyal, and had the right to despise him. He who should have been the honor of his father's house, was its everlasting reproach.

It was the boy's nature to shrink from suffering; he did not know how to be unhappy; and his soul clung to Adèle's strong tenderness with its old childish abandon. What would have jarred upon him once he did not even see; he went back to the love of his childhood, but with a humility which he never had known before. Her words opened a window of hope to his darkness; and in his prostration of remorse the denial, the self-mortification, the

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hardship and dangers of the expiation that she proffered him, were its poignant attraction. He experienced something of the dependence on pain, of the mediæval saint who pressed the spiked crucifix into his flesh. As not infrequently happens, the part of Adèle's little sermon which she herself felt most fervently may be said to have passed clean over Fairfax's head, and he was affected by an incidental and extraneous quality of thought.

But affected he was; dragged out of his apathy, to stand morally on his feet —a man, if a ruined and desperate one.

After a long pause he spoke:

"I don't suppose you have such things as clothes left in the store."

"We have mostly *shelves* in the store," said Adèle, hiding a thrill of hope under a light speech; "but I have been altering some of Unk' Ralph's clothes, and there's a pair of his boots, but"—dubiously—"they are pretty old."

Another long pause; the inventory of clothes did not seem to rouse Fair.

She waited; a little wind fluttered the leaves of the Essays, open on the floor. A line in italics, marked below in ink, stared out at her, hatefully plain: "*I have, therefore, lived a day too long!*" The Colonel's profile, laid back on the chair, had lost its fresh coloring, the eyes were sunken, there were new furrows cut in the forehead.

Fair's eyes followed hers from the book to the sleeping face.

"You see," said he, quietly, "he thinks so too. I have lived a day too long. But I am going to try again, Adèle." Inwardly he added, "I can't whine to her, but maybe I shall be lucky enough to get killed by the graybacks, and then the poor old governor will forgive me and be comforted."

Adèle had only said, "Thank you, Cousin Fair," in a tremulous voice. He stole another look at her; he felt so inexpressibly weak and wretched, worn out by his own passion, and she—she looked so gentle, yet, with the light in her eye, and the flush that was come to her cheek, and the erect, supple young figure, how strong!

"Adèle," he whispered, flushing to his hair, "do you—do you despise me too much to kiss me once?"

She bent her lovely neck and kissed his cheek, softly and very tenderly, as his sister might.

Then she rose and slipped out of the room. He imagined when he saw her again that there were traces of tears on her cheeks; but he had not the courage to ask her anything.

CHAPTER VII.

It is difficult for anyone not a Southerner to picture adequately the isolation of an Arkansas plantation during the last year of the war. Before the war Montaigne was a post-office, and three times a week the mail came. There were half a dozen plantations or wee settlements within riding distance. Four times a week, going or coming, the steam-boat dropped its gang-plank at the landing below the mill, to the accompaniment of a prodigious screaming of whistles, ringing of bells, hurly-burly of men, and an opulence of profanity.

Of a Saturday one might often see as many as twenty horses tied to the hitching-bar under the great willow-oak, before the store. The "big house" could entertain a dozen guests without pinching.

Strangers, whatever their degree, met a welcome of mediæval freedom. Horses, slaves, provisions abounded. There was a saying that any honest man might have a beeve or a pig from Colonel Rutherford, for the asking. Life on a plantation before the war, indeed, was a mediæval idyl.

We all know the conclusion of the idyl. Enter grim-visaged war with his visor down. There is a woful end to all the piping and dancing. The gay cavaliers ride away to battle-fields where all shall be lost save honor. The laughing dames fight a harder battle at home, in their black gowns, starving and contriving and toiling for their doomed cause and their unreturning knights.

Inevitably the war stopped all the pleasant, kindly interchange of neighborhood courtesies and visits. The cumbersome but, withal, pliable mechanism of society was crushed to atoms. The store-shelves emptied them-

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selves, and thereafter stood yawning in a way to make a Northern shopkeeper weep. Rarely did a rider venture across "the creek." When visitors did come, they rode armed to the teeth; the very women had revolvers stowed somewhere about their rusty cotton riding-skirts. Bands of pillagers wasted the country, and any man might be a hidden ally of the graybacks; hence distrust, the base-born brother of fear, harassed all honest men worse than fear itself.

As the brief, chill November sunshine grew briefer and chillier, and the cold mud of the swamps deepened with frost and rain, weeks would pass, perhaps, without a strange face being seen on the plantation. Walled in by its vast and sombre forests, Montaigne lay on the little river, as lonely as a Russian steppe. Such isolation could not but be an obstacle to discovering any trace of Parson Collins. There were no neighbors to bring in a clew. Even supposing anyone had found a clew, had seen the dead man alive and well, he was not likely to risk his horse, or, possibly, his life, carrying his news to Montaigne. The Colonel's parties scoured the country round the Parson's farm in vain. For any sign left behind, he might have sunk through the earth.

Fairfax Rutherford, Esq.

Meanwhile the loneliness and monotony of the life affected Fair in the worst way. His thoughts sagged forever on one theme, like a gate on a broken hinge. The canker-fret of disgrace was eating his heart. He could not believe, in spite of Adèle's assurances, that his father's precaution in sending Mollie Collins away had been successful, and that all the plantation did not consider him a craven murderer.

"As I am," thought Fair. "Even if Adèle is right and I didn't pull the trigger, I got the poor old man into the hole."

The very clothes which he was obliged to wear were like a convict's suit to him. He had a young Englishman's respect for himself physically; and here he was, washing with a nasty mess called soft-soap, and skulking about the plantation with his toes out of his boots, patches on his knees, and a battered old hat so large that he must needs tie it under his chin. He laughed at the grotesque figure he cut; but no lover chooses to cut a grotesque figure before his mistress, and his laugh hurt. As soon as he was able to crawl he occupied himself with incessant projects of forays against the guerillas, in which his best hope was to get killed, of course after performing prodigies of valor.

No sooner was he able to crawl downstairs than he proposed to the Colonel that he go to Memphis and buy supplies for the store. He could ride to Mrs. Crowder's, and from there to the Federal lines was but a short distance. The Colonel had listened as usual, with his eyes everywhere except on Fair. "I don't guess you better," he said; "you ain't stout enough." The words were kind, but Fair felt choked. "He won't trust me," he said to Adèle; "well, why should he? I was a fool to ask." It was not often that he spoke so freely, even to Adèle. Yet he depended on her, he felt her sympathy, and, what was a thousand times more bracing, her belief in him, every hour of the day.

It showed the real nobility of Fair's nature that, unable at first to gratify his longing for action, wherein, he conceived, lay his only chance of redemption, he should try in every humble way

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to be useful. There was nothing glorious in tuning the piano, or mending chairs (in a very bungling fashion, to the bargain), or painting the ceiling of Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room, or riding about the plantation to report the condition of fences; yet it took more resolution to push away his black moods and address himself to such trivial tasks than has carried many a man into battle.

An unexpected result of these efforts was the conquest of Mrs. Rutherford. She could not think hard long of such an amiable and ingenious young man who never found fault with his meals. The piano softened her; and his gratitude over the two shirts which she made for him convinced her entirely that he never *could* have shot Parson Collins. "And how Ralph Rutherford can go on the way he does to that poor boy," she said to Adèle, once a day at least, "I can't make out. I declare it's wicked. It is so."

The relations between father and son had grown no more familiar. When the Colonel was obliged to address Fair, he used a sort of studied gentleness; but he never spoke to his son of his own accord. Three times a day they met at the table, and talked to Mrs. Rutherford and Adèle. On Fairfax's part the restraint came from an intolerable sense of self-abasement. "*Écraser l'infame*," he would think, bitterly. His father's good opinion had grown into a prize, now that he judged it lost forever. He could see, now, the heroic qualities of the shabby old planter, his strong will, his clear head, his stainless honor, his noble patience.

On the Colonel's part the feeling was more complex. Uncouth, and even vulgar, as some aspects of his life may appear to a Northerner, he had all the patrician instincts. "Born and raised a gentleman," is the Southern title of nobility; and the Rutherfords had been gentlemen for centuries. Fair's flinching in the face of danger and his betrayal of Collins were unpardonable sins, according to his father's code. No Rutherford ever had been a coward; no Rutherford ever could have been a traitor. Had Fair been killed by the graybacks, bravely resisting to the last, the blow would have broken his father's heart, but the stanch old man would have exulted in his desolation because his son had been strong and quit him like a man. Fair, his best-beloved child, would have been dead, but not lost. Now, not being dead, he was lost. Ralph Rutherford could never hold up his head again. He was like a man struck a mortal blow, who staggers a few paces, not knowing what he does. To Mrs. Rutherford it seemed that Fair was dead to his father; but Adèle, whose eyes were keener, said, "Then, mamma, why does he always watch Fair and follow him wherever he goes?" and the elder woman had no answer.

She soon perceived that the Colonel shunned everyone. He said—with his eyes on his boots—that he should disturb her rest, he had such uneasy nights; and he went off to a bare room of his own. Often and often did his wife lie awake and listen, weeping, to his heavy, uncertain tread.

"And I know he'll make his leg bad again, walking on it so reckless!" she would reflect, wretchedly; "but it's no use on earth me saying a word!"

But it was hard for her, who had helped him to bear his other sorrows, to be shut out of this cruellest of all.

Were it any consolation (and women being what they are, very possibly it was), she might assure herself that no one else stood any nearer to him. He never so much as looked a negro in the face, if he could help it; the routine of the plantation seemed hateful to him; while he, the sweetest-tempered of men, was turned moody and irritable, fretted at trifles, and flew into a passion over the slightest contradiction. Frequently, however (and this was the more distressing to his wife), he would check his hasty speech with a painful sort of humility. It was as though he should say: "I am a ruined, disgraced old man; what right have I to be angry at anybody?"

The poor lady actually welcomed his plans for hunting down Dick Barnabas, since in them, at least, he showed a feverish interest.

Bud Fowler really started the first expedition. After the Colonel refused Fair permission to ride to Crowder's,

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Bud, who had brought his family to the plantation, quietly rode over there without mentioning his intentions.

It was as he suspected; Mrs. Crowder had written the note. Not half an hour after Jim Fowler left the tavern Betty Ward had galloped back, and they saw smears of blood on her bridle.

"The minnit I seen that," said worthy Mrs. Crowder, "I putt it up suthin' had happened to Jim. So Tobe and me jes' taken the hoss back, an' he was layin' on the grass. Mymy! mymy! when I seen him I sot right daown and bellered, I felt so bad. I hadn't no more wits in me iz a fittified sheep. But says Tobe, 'Maw, whar's the money?' An' says I, 'Willy Crowder, if Jim done kep' that ar money, ye got t' git it back!' So we done accordin'. We uns histed you' paw on the hoss, best we cud make out, and Tobe writ the note; an' we pinted her haid an' sent her ayfter Mist' Rutherford. Looked like the critter knowed, she went off so slick."

Mrs. Crowder felt sure that Dick had a spy in Jacksonport, and that he knew of the money's being sent. He knew about young Rutherford's coming, also; but she could not decide whether he supposed that Jim was to carry the money.

Bud's own theory was to the effect that Dick was *not* sure, and that therefore he had stationed assassins along the road to kill both.

"That a way he 'lowed t' make the wiggle, no matter *how* the cat jumped," said Bud; "now, question is, *Who* writes them letters? But more of a question are, *Whut's* in 'em? Mis' Crowder, we got t' fine aout. An' it's easy. Jes' peek in the letters."

Thanks to the unscrupulous child who put the notion into her head, Mrs. Crowder from that day forth, opened every letter which came to her office, lest by any chance she should miss one for Dick's confederate. I believe that she had the grace to keep her tampering with the mails to herself; but it does not appear that she ever felt any compunction. Like most women, she was a bit of a Jesuit, and held that the end must look out for the means. I even fear that she was interested in the other letters.

Owing to her information, Colonel Rutherford presently was able to foil an attack of the graybacks on a "cross-roads" store. A little force of old soldiers was collected, authority was easily obtained from the Federal general in command of the district, and finally they were mounted, armed, and mustered before the house. The Colonel limped out and climbed into the saddle. Fair came out of the house to help him. "I can make out," said the Colonel, not lifting his eyes from the horse's mane. But Fair did not move away. He was white, like a piece of chalk, Unk' Nels told Hizzie.

"May I go with you, sir?" said he. The Colonel would not look at him. "You're too sick," he answered, in a gruff way.

"I am quite well again, sir."

"You ain't got nothing to ride."

"There's Laughing Johnny."

Laughing Johnny was a mule.

"Did you know Betty Ward came back last night? Lord knows from where; you better take *her*."

"Thank you, sir."

No more words were exchanged, nor did the Colonel pay his son further attention, but when the troop clattered down the avenue, Fairfax, on Betty Ward, rode in the front rank.

They overtook the guerillas at the cross-roads store, which they were looting. There was a short, sharp combat before the outlaws broke and ran. Colonel Rutherford's men were the better mounted, and Fairfax's horse outstripped the others. During the pursuit, his spirits almost rose to their old boyish level. With actual gayety he plunged in among the bullets. When the leader of the graybacks (it was not Dick) swung around in his saddle to fire at him, Fairfax saw him roll off under his return fire, with a throb of stern exultation. But, afterward, it was different. Five haggard, muddy, scared-looking men, some of them wounded, bareheaded, and their hands tied behind their backs, forced into a line to look into the muzzles of levelled guns and to hear the grizzled lieutenant's command: "Dress up now and stand steady, unless you all would like better to swing!"—there was no sight to brace a man's anger or fire his courage!

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Fairfax shut his eyes because he was ashamed to turn his head.

"One moment, lieutenant," said Colonel Rutherford. "Mr. Rutherford!" Fairfax started like a girl, and then cursed himself for his nervousness, as he saluted.

"Mr. Rutherford, you will take three men and ride as fast as possible to Montaigne with the news. Tell them to get a good supper ready for us immediately."

Fairfax saluted again, took his men, and galloped away. The group in the woods was left behind, the victors with their prospect of a good supper, the doomed vanquished men casting their last glances at the sun.

In a moment a volley of musketry crashed behind them. All they could see (for every man turned in his saddle) was a little ragged cloud of smoke staining the sky.

"I seen Jim Fowler's coat on one ur 'em," one man said.

"Dessay," said the other; "wall, they got thar desarvin's. Have a pull, sir?" producing a whiskey-bottle and addressing Fairfax. "You does look p'int blank gashly. 'Tain't no joke seein' them tricks, fust time; but laws! ye'll git over hit. They're a bloody gang er thieves."

"Thanks, no," said Fairfax.

"You' paw's health then"—the flask went to the speaker's mouth, as he winked pleasantly over Fairfax's back at his comrade.

Fair rode on, raging at himself. His father would despise him for flinching; even these fellows had noticed it. "And I needn't call it humanity," he thought, angrily. "I knew they richly deserved hanging. If somebody had told me they were to be hung, supposing that I were somewhere out of sight and hearing, I daresay I shouldn't have cared a pin. It was simply my cursed cowardice; I hadn't the nerve to look at them being killed. No doubt *he* was afraid I should go to pieces entirely and make a fool of myself, so he sent me away. Might as well never have come, for any use I have been."

So the poor lad mentally scourged himself all the way home.

But that night, for the first time, Colonel Rutherford looked at him when he asked a question; and the next morning at breakfast he said:

"Say, Fairfax, when are you 'lowing to get off on that foraging party of yours—stock for the store, you know?"

Fairfax brightened up. "I am at your service any time, sir," said he.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fairfax did go. More than that, he plucked up courage to propose to his father a plan for entrapping the graybacks "in a flock," as the Colonel phrased it, "instead of hunting them down in coveys."

His idea was to use Dick's spy for Dick's own undoing, to buy his provisions, load a boat, secure a guard of Federal soldiers, and let all his plans leak out in time for Dick to use them. A boat loaded with provisions (including quinine, tobacco, and whiskey), with arms, ammunition, saddles, clothes, and the like, as well as a store of greenbacks in small bills, was a treasure-ship to tempt any graybacks. The guard of soldiers would insure bringing out the full strength of Dick's band. Let them once attack the boat, Colonel Rutherford could raise enough of a force to descend on the fight and capture most of the graybacks. Of course, his men were to be gathered with great secrecy, in order that Dick might suppose that his only foe was on the boat. The Colonel listened in silence to Fair's explanations, and so grimly that Fair gave his hopes up for lost; but when he made an end, confused and reddening, his father said: "Maybe we could make out; I'll cipher it out a little to myself and tell you my notion later." He got up (rather stiffly, as he always moved nowadays), took the cane which Fair handed him, and, presently, was walking among the peach-trees in the orchard. When he returned he told Fair, curtly enough, that he had decided "to risk it."

The arrangements were quickly made. Fair was to ride to the Federal lines, and, thence, get as quickly as possible to Memphis. Half a dozen men would ride with him as far as Mrs. Crowder's, where he was to meet a company of Federal soldiers marching south. His time of

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departure was arranged to correspond with their arrival.

The morning before he started Aunt Hizzie ran into the library. For Aunt Hizzie to run was an unprecedented event. She said herself that "she hadn't the figger fo' runnin', bress de Lawd! an' she didn't 'low t' traipse all over creation. Ef folkses didn't want tuh come when dey ben called, dey jes' cud stay way!" Consequently her habit was to stand still, wherever she might happen to be, and cry aloud for whomsoever she desired to see, equally regardless of the whereabout of the person addressed. Mrs. Rutherford declared that Aunt Hizzie used to call on the Colonel when he was away to the wars. Yet now, behold Aunt Hizzie running, crying, as she runs: "Miss Della! Miss Della! It's Slick Mose! He done come. He know suthin' 'baout Passon Collins, fo' sho!"

Adèle hurried out of the room. She had sent Slick Mose on one of his quests for the minister, three weeks ago; and he had not returned. Fair and Colonel Rutherford were left together. The Colonel jumped up and restlessly paced the floor; but Fair sat like a statue at the window. His only change of attitude was to drop the sword which he was cleaning, lay both his elbows on the window-sill, and look out at the leafless branches swaying in the wind.

"Della keeps Mose on the path, don't she?" said the Colonel, yet he said it so much more like a man talking to himself than addressing another that Fair made no reply. "She sets a heap by his notions in things. Well, there's no telling 'bout these half-witted creatures. And more people are half-witted than is suspected. I reckon we don't any of us rightly know when we have committed a great folly till the consequences come projicking round to kick us. It is like Montaigne says, somewhere: 'The justest dividend nature has given us of her favors is that of sense; for there is no one that ain't satisfied with his share.' No doubt Slick Mose thinks he's a mighty scheemy feller. I've made as bad breaks as Mose, I reckon. Maybe I made one 'bout you, Fairfax——"

But Fairfax was never to hear the end of that sentence; Adèle's swift footsteps sounded in the hall, she came in with an eager, agitated manner, and flung her arms about the Colonel's neck.

"I told you he was alive, and he *is* alive!" she cried.

"Brother Collins?" said the Colonel. "My Lord!" He sat down, looking very pale.

"You know you can't make *very* much out of Mose," said Adèle, "but he declares and repeats that he has seen him, been with him. It must have been going from him that he got shot. Oh, Uncle Ralph, those cowards shot the poor fellow—in the leg! It must have been two weeks ago; the wound is almost healed. That's why he stayed so long. He went to his mother—the poor crazy fellow knew enough to do that."

"We have only Slick Mose's word for it," said Fair.

Adèle was quite composed again. "*I'd* be satisfied with that," said she, "but I don't reckon you all will. There is one thing else; some darky told Aunt Hizzie that there was a sick man at Aunt Tennie Marlow's cabin. Mose talked about Aunt Tennie too; he is so disconnected it is hard to understand; but I am sure he said she was nursing Mr. Collins."

"I'll ride over to-morrow and see," the Colonel said.

Fairfax sprang to his feet like one sitting on hot coals; he took a step toward his father, whose face changed to meet the white eagerness in the son's; then, without speaking a word, he turned on his heel and stood staring out of the window again, too absorbed in his own tumult of soul to be conscious how the elder man's burning eyes followed every motion. Neither did he look up when he spoke.

"Could you send me a letter to Memphis, sir, telling what you have found out?"

The Colonel straightened himself, drawing a deep breath. "I'll let you know," said he. He glanced from Fairfax's slim figure, the curly brown head and the oval of one smooth cheek, which was all that he could see, up to Fairfax's mother's face smiling on the wall.

Fairfax held his head, Adèle thought, like that painted lady. Did some arrow out of the past, when the son who had disgraced him, was only his own dear

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little baby, fly straight to the proud, tender old heart? Adèle saw him wince and a quiver run across his mouth before he limped stiffly, and with his head on his breast, out of the room to the garden, and so back to the orchard.

"Oh, Fair," said Adèle, "I am so sorry. Sha'n't I beg Uncle Ralph to let you stay *one* day longer?"

"Not one hour, Adèle," Fair answered, forcing a smile. "A pretty soldier you think me."

"You could ride at night," persisted Adèle, "and catch the Yankees if they had left——"

"And if I didn't catch them? No, the governor is right. He wouldn't want me to run any risk of failing, and I sha'n't. Should *you* want me to, Adèle?"

"No, Cousin Fair," said she.

"Thank you, dear," said Fair, and went away; but his heart was sitting more lightly in his breast than it had for many a day, because of the look in her soft eyes. Before he was half-way to the quarters he had returned in triumph from his expedition, received a glorious wound somewhere (he was not particular at all where), beheld Parson Collins, been assured by him of forgiveness, built the worthy man a church, ridden about in a decent suit of clothes, and was offering himself to Adèle with amazing eloquence.

"What an ass I am, to be sure!" cried he to himself; "bad as the fellow father tells about, who offered a nigger a dime to kick him because he was such a fool; he was sure it must be catching, and he didn't want to give it to any white man!"

But Fair's exhilaration did not last. While he was jeering at himself for dallying with such day-dreams, dismissing them, yet summoning them again (all the time going at a great pace through the quarters), he was accosted by Bud Fowler.

"Say, Mist' Rutherford!"

"Well?" Fairfax stopped to listen. Bud, who was wearing a pair of Confederate gray trousers, formerly his father's, and adapted to his shorter legs by the simple device of cutting them off at the bottom, stretched his finger-tips down to the pockets, hitched the pockets up into his clutch (they were about level with his knees), and, finally, produced a letter from the depths. It was in an old, yellow envelope, written on a page torn from a ledger, and purported to be from one Tennie Marlow to Mrs. Crowder, telling the latter that she (Tennie) could not come to help her cook because she was "waitin' on Mr. Barnabas' sprained leader* in his lef' lag."

Aunt Tennie Marlow was well enough known to Fair. She was an old and very black negress who enjoyed a great name as a bone-setter, knew "a heap 'baout beastis," ushered all the babies of the neighborhood into the world, and on the strength of these gifts and of living alone was suspected to be a "conjure woman." She lived on the edge of the plantation.

"Hit whar Ma'y Jane done hit," pursued Bud, with a grin; "she rid him up agin a fence an' mashed his laig. He swars he'll conquer her yet. I does hope he'll try it; Ma'y Jane's powerful scheemy, powerful. His black hoss shoulder riz. They all split it, an' put in a silver dime Dick paid a greenback dollar for tuh Aunt Tennie. By the light er the moon, tew, but didn't do no good; an' Dick, he aims tuh ride Ma'y Jane."

"How ever did you find out all this, Bud?"

"Waal, sir, ole Tennie, she did come to Mistress Crowder, an' so I fotched her a 'possum. I aimed t' fine out whar Dick ben, but she wudn't let on she knowed. I 'lowed to go an' shoot a shoot at him, if thar warn't *tew* big a crowd 'raoun'."

The boy was as unconcerned as possible; he was not bragging, he was merely stating a fact.

"You wouldn't shoot a wounded man, would you?" said Fairfax.

"I'd kill a snake however ways I f'und him," said Bud; "wudn't *you?*"

"No," said Fairfax, grimly, "I would drag him out and hang him!"

With that he walked away, bitterly disappointed, sure that Dick must be the sick man, not Parson Collins. As he passed, Colonel Rutherford came down one of the little lanes or streets between the corners at right angles to that down which Fair took his way. He didn't see his father.

* Leader is a muscle or tendon.

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"Fair," said the Colonel, huskily.

Fair slunk by, not hearing.

The Colonel made a motion as if to follow, but instantly resuming his former demeanor he walked rapidly away in another direction. He muttered to himself as he went: "Hates terribly to go; but he had ought to. Yes, sir. And the only chance for the lad to get righted is to do his duty."

CHAPTER IX.

"Say, Miss Della, they all done it; they swallered the bait hull." It was Bud Fowler who spoke, his solemn, peaked little face alight with something shrewd and fierce at once. He had just returned from Mis' Crowder's, and was talking to Adèle in the gallery. "Dick's ole man ben up thar an' got the letter," said he. "I seen the letter. Mymy! mymy! but they all are scheemy. The ole 'possum, he writ iz Mist' Rutherford ben thar an' got a boat plumb full er supplies fur the store, an' he *'oped* graybacks wudn't meet up with him when he landed daown by the big eddy fur t' let Lum Marzin git the goods fur *his* store; but *did* look resky like t' *him*—an' all sich truck like that. We cudn't prove nary 'gin 'im by that letter, nur nare letter he writ, neether. But I 'low he won't be sutler for the Yanks *long*."

"Do you reckon Barnabas will fight, Bud?" said Adèle.

"Shore. Them graybacks is a ra'rin' on we uns now; wud of attacktid Montaigne a spell back, hadn't Dick ben laid by with his laig. Yaas, ma'am, they'll fight. An' it's they uns or we uns cleaned off the earth—one!"

He emphasized what he felt was a manly sentiment, in his own notion of a manly manner, by spitting, with a determined air, on one side. Thus he happened to look down the avenue. "Hi!" he exclaimed, "look a' thar, Miss Della!"

Down the broad roadway the silhouettes of two horsemen and a crowd on foot, stretched before the real figures. "Two graybacks, shore's you born," Bud cried, excitedly, "ain't got thar hands tied nur nary shucks! They're comin' to guv 'emseffs up," he concluded, in a disappointed tone. "I lay thar won't be nare hangin', dad burn 'em! Look a' them a grinnin', an' big Jim, tew."

Big Jim, a gigantic negro, armed with an axe, showed his teeth from ear to ear. So did all the black faces behind him, and Mr. Rawlins, the clerk at the store, smiled in an excited way like one well pleased. He took off his hat to Adèle:

"Cunnel here, Miss Della?"

Adèle said that he was in the library. It seemed to her a strange and alarming circumstance that the three white men should enter the library unaccompanied, especially considering that the two strangers carried their guns.

"Reckon I know them two men," said Bud; "they don't be sich turrible wicked men. They call 'em Lige Rosser and Sam Martin. Expect they sorter sickened er Dick Barnabas's ways." Adèle was straining her ears for some sound from the library. It came, at last—a loud exclamation interrupting what seemed a low monotony of narration, then a staccato exchange of question and answer, finally the buzz of several voices.

"You see, Miss Della," whispered Bud, "that's hit." His face sharpened with his own brooding thoughts. He stood digging his heel into the gravel, his ridiculous trousers blowing about him, as absurd and inadequate a figure of retribution as the fancy could conceive; yet Dick Barnabas's Nemesis waited in his person. "Hit's acomin'," he muttered; "Dick Barnabas are a goin' ter git his desarvin's, shore; 'tain't on'y the ole Cunnel ayfter 'im, an' 'is own men afallin' frum 'im. Ghostis be ayfter *him*. That's what."

"Why do you think that, Bud?" said Adèle, listlessly; she was still listening and vainly trying to distinguish words out of the low murmur into which the voices had dwindled.

"'Cause why?" said Bud. "'Cause thar's ben smoke seen an' buzzards sailin' an' sailin' over yon', ye know—" Bud tilted his head backward—"Mist' Leruge's place. Unk' Nels seen it, an' big Jim, and Aunt Hizzie she 'lows Mist' Leruge goin' t' go that a way till Dick Barnabas gits killed up! An' thar's more tew it, Miss Della. Slick Mose ben aknockin' raoun' dretful oneasy like,

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nickerin' like a hoss an' runnin'—ye know the way he does. An' he wudn't res' till he tolled me off 'longer him. But when I seen whar he ben aimin' tuh cyar me—that er same place, ye know—I got skeered up, kase I didn't never have no dealin's with ghostis, an' I didn't crave t' seek 'em. So I lit out fer home. But I ben studyin' 'baout it. Fust, looked like tew me' that ar ghostis ben jes' like the painters what wags thar tails fur tew toll on the sheep; but then I considered iz how Mist' Leruge didn't had nare grudge agin *me*, not the least bit on earth, so how come he'd seek t' do *me* mean? Same way 'baout Mose; but him and me both got a grudge agin the graybacks, an' I putt it up that ar ghostis are jes' sendin' Mose fur t' fotch me; an' he are goin' show me *some* way t' hurt Dick Barnabas. An' next time Mose axes me go thar, I are goin'. Yaas, ma'am," said Bud, resolutely, though the superstitious heart of him was quaking. He jumped to his feet, having caught a glimpse of Slick Mose dodging through the garden. "By gum," he muttered, "he does be signalling now." With that he nodded to Della, and was off like a gunshot.

Della stood a second, then reflecting that she had no right to listen, she entered the house. Thus it occurred that she neither saw Bud racing after Slick Mose toward the swamp, nor could watch the group which presently plunged out of the library window in mad haste; but she, like everyone else, heard, for the first time in many months, the forest flinging back the echoes of a boat whistle. She ran to the river shore. The low afternoon sun silvered the rippling water, and lay along the withered grass of the bank, and pierced far back into the forest cloisters. Rifts of smoke curled lazily through a still atmosphere. Children were playing by some humble doors. In the dim vistas of the woods the infinite softness of leafless tracery against the sky took on hues of purple and carmine. Across the river the silver sycamore masts rose out of a haze of underbrush, where one could see a few negroes driving cattle, which moved slowly, lowing and tinkling their bells, out from the green sea of cane. Winter in the upper South has an austere yet not ungentle beauty, following the splendor of the other seasons like a meek sister of charity in the train of a queen. It is a loveliness (for it is soft enough for that name) which does not appeal to the senses; but it touches the heart.

How peaceful, how safe the scene looked to the beholder, who had loved it all her life. Yet the scream tearing from that iron throat was at once alarum and rallying-cry; it meant all the savagery of battle, it might mean havoc and despair. For a second her firm head played her false enough to picture flames leaping from those low roofs, and the poor earthtillers lying stark and stiff among the cotton-stalks, and little children under the merciless hoofs, and all the awful tumult of flight for life. That was no more than they had to expect should the graybacks win. "But they won't win!" said Adèle, and directly she lifted a brave smile to her uncle, mounted now at the head of his troop.

Her mother ran out and kissed him before them all, and then ran swiftly back to the house. Adèle's turn for his farewells was next. He patted her on the back, and even in the stress of the moment's emotions she remarked his altered manner—a sparkle in his eye, an erect carriage, and the old look of alert confidence on his face, as he whispered: "Tell Fair to chirk up, Collins is alive and kicking. Give him my love, tell him I know he'll look out for your maw and you. Give him the Montaigne too. Will's in the little black box. You're a good girl, Della. God bless you. *You* look ayfter Fair."

Then his glance fell on the little crowd of slaves who had hurried, by this time, to "de big house."

"Boys," said he, "and all of you, I'm going this evening to give every man and woman in Lawrence County the right to sleep nights. And those thieves and murderers that have been hounding us, we'll give them a sleep that'll last till the day of judgment."

The men set up a cheer. Adèle heard the order to march. They were going; their flying hoofs beat a cloud along the road, they reached the brow of the hill, the shadow of the cypresses received them; they were gone.

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Aunt Hizzie, centre of the black group in the gallery, relieved her own pent-up feeling by cuffing the nearest wailer and sending the rest right and left "tuh make ready a big supper."

"Yent no call you'n," she declaimed to Nels, who would have reproached her for studying bout eating an' drinking when most like 'ole mars or somebuddy would get killed up, and it would be a house of mourning.

"Yent no call er you'n ef folkses does git killed up. Dem dat doan' be killed up got t'eat, doan' dey? Doan' ye take on, nigger, dar be nuff leff!"

"An' how ef Mist' Dick Barnabas licks we uns, an' cums a rampin' an' a ragin' daown yere? Hay, Hizzie!" said Nels, with acrimony. "Whar you' big supper den?"

But he could not daunt his consort. She retorted: "Yent Mist' Dick Barnabas got a stommick like de restis er men persons? I lay he be a heap apter not t' kill we all ayfter a plumb good supper. You heah me! You, Solomon Izril, shet up you' mouf, de sun gwine warp you' teef. Make haste, kill dem banty chickens. You, Judy, look in de nestes fo' aigs. You, Charley, git de po'k. Keep a runnin', keep a runnin'! Cayn't work agin a cole collar,* nare un er yer, trifflin' ornery—ye jes' does w'ar me tuh a frazzle!"

Aunt Hizzie disappeared into the gallery, driving her flock before her, leaving Nels to gloomily demand of the world in general what we were all coming to when wives berated and ra'red on their husbands, so scandilus like? Maybe Hizzie would feel bad when the graybacks killed him plumb dead. She wouldn't find it so easy to get another husband to be patient with her, like him.

A loud snort of contempt from the gallery betrayed that Hizzie had heard. "Huh!" she bawled, "you yent gwine get killed up, not long's ye kin *run!* An' ef ye *ben*, dars plenty mo' like yer leff. Weeds is a sho' crap!" And (whether with or without malice) she lifted her voice in song:

"Jestice settin' on de sprangles er de sun;
Jestice done plumb de line!
Cries hypocrite, hypocrite, I despise,
Wings is craptid, kin not rise.
Jestice done plumb de line!"

Meanwhile, upstairs, Adèle made what preparations for an impromptu hospital their means allowed. Soon these were completed, and there was nothing left her but to wait.

Her mother was shut up in her room. She had come out to help, but, finding all done, was gone back to her Bible and her prayers.

Adèle climbed to the roof of the house. She had a companion, the old lieutenant left in charge, because his arm had been injured in the last skirmish. A paroled soldier, like most of Colonel Rutherford's men, he was fuming over his own inaction. "I have got scouts out all over," he explained, "and if the rascals make a show against us I can send word mighty quick to the Colonel. The niggers will fight for their own necks, and they hate Barnabas like the devil. Besides, we've got three or four white men, crippled up like me, and some likely boys. Where's Bud Fowler at? I wanted to make him a sort of aide-de-camp; but Nels tells me he went off with that crazy fellow, what's his name?"

Adèle's reply was interrupted by a sharp crackling noise, then another similar sound, and another. The firing had begun. Her cheek paled, but the old soldier eagerly adjusted his field-glass. "I can see the smoke-stack of the boat," he shouted. "As sure as you're born they are at it! Say, does Dick ride a white mule?"

"He *had* a white mule, Mr. Collins's white mule. Oh, Mr. Lemew, did uncle hear that Mr. Collins wasn't dead?"

"Parson Collins? Yes, ma'am. That's what they all were saying!" He held the glass in his hand, standing recklessly on the peak of the roof, and becoming more excited every moment. What would not Adèle have given for one peep though the black tubes! Oblivious of her presence, he stood on tiptoe, twisting and craning his head in a futile effort to bring the combat into his field of vision. He ran from one portion of the roof-tree to another. All in vain. I've got to be higher," said he.

* A horse, in Arkansas, is said not to work with a cold collar when he must be heated before he will run or work.

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"Say, Miss Della, if I get up on one of those chimneys, do you reckon you can hold me steady?"

Adèle felt the situation to be a galling travesty of the manner in which Rebecca reports the storming of the castle to Ivanhoe. But she had no right to snatch the glass; she was the inferior officer; she could only help her portly commander up on the brick ledge, where he balanced himself as best he might, while she served as prop below, burning with impatience. It was insupportable to watch him focusing the glasses, elevating them, depressing them, shaking his head or nodding it, all the while muttering his ridiculous compliments and apologies.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear young lady, that does right well, ma'am. I trust I am not making you too uncomfortable. If I had got two legs—but the bullet I got at Helena has left one of them powerful weak. You are a mighty brave young lady, you are so. Ah-h—Yes. There they are, for a fact. Humph!"

From his new post, he could look over the trees down to the river bank by the eddy. The boat was plainly visible. And an incessant rattle of gunshots was quite audible, since they were barely two miles away. The battle-ground had been chosen thus near the houses on purpose, because being within easy reach, should occasion for defence occur, therefore they might spare the more men for attack.

"Can you see, Captain Lemew?" asked Adèle. The quiver in her patient voice touched the soldier. He answered hastily: "You want to see too, I reckon. Well, I'll tell you all I can. I can see the boat, and the graybacks trying to board, and the boat fellows fighting. Cursed few of the blue coats. D—— their suspicions! Heap of smoke everywhere. Cayn't make out much. Our folks ain't got there."

"Can you make out any—any person?"

"Well, I don't know; I reckon I can young Rutherford. The young fellow isn't in command, I expect, but he is a fighter. Knows how to obey orders, too. I liked the looks of him in the little brush we all had with the graybacks."

His eyes were glued to his glass, and he could not see the color dyeing his listener's pale cheeks. He continued, half to himself: "Most young fellows think all they have got to do to make soldiers is to rush ahead like a mad bull. Don't know whether it is Shakespeare or some other poet author says, 'Discretion is the better part of valor;' but he has hit it, hurra! that's the old man on 'em! Now—they're charging! Parson Collins, sure's you're born!"

"What is it? Please tell me, Captain Lemew. Have the others come?"

The old soldier was prancing about in a truly perilous manner; but for her clutching his skirts and steadying him he had more than once plunged bodily down the chimney.

"Oh, my Lord, to be tied up here! Go it! Go it! At 'em again?" screamed Lemew, wildly. "Good for you, grayback! That's one of the fellows came this morning. Saved Parson Collins. Will you look at the Parson? They all reckon he's dead, they're 'lowing he's a ghost. By gum, they're breaking! Now, now, why 'in —— don't you try that horn on Ma'y Jane?"

"They are, they are!" cried Adèle, "hark to it!"

Thin and clear, both the listeners heard the far-away notes of a horn.

Lemew, in wild exultation, unable to spare a hand from the glass, nearly sprawled astride the chimney because he must needs kick triumphantly with one leg.

"She's a coming!" he yelled, "she knows the old horn. Look at her burn the wind! Dick cayn't hold 'er in! Ha! ha! Whoop-ee! Good Lord" (with a sudden drop of the voice to a groan), "that devil would conquer everything, he's faced her round. Hi!"

"What is it, please, what is it, sir?" Adèle pleaded.

"You cayn't see, for a fact. Wisht we had two glasses. I *have* to look, you understand; obliged. Why, what I was hollering at was Dick turned plum on young Rutherford, and if that grayback, Lige, hadn't caught the blow, you'd had one cousin the less, and a brave one too."

"But he *did!*"

"Yes, ma'am, and got a bullet for his

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pains, I reckon. Anyway and anyhow he's dropped. Now they're in the smoke again. No use, Dick, you cayn't rally them."

It was indeed vain. The guerillas were flying in every direction, and at last the captain triumphantly flourished his glass in the air.

"We'll bag the whole gang most, Miss Della. The Colonel has got them on two sides, and the river's on the other. They're making for the swamp, all broke up. Well, ain't that like Ralph Rutherford?"

"Please what, Captain Lemew?"

"Oh, you can't see." (The captain had the glass at his eyes again.) "Why, the old man, if you please, jist jumped off his horse and gave her to the young feller. Let him run after Dick. He's loped a loose horse himself. He's ayfter 'em too; but he cayn't keep up. No, sir."

"That was Betty Ward. She's our best horse."

The captain danced anew while he looked. "There he runs, the precious murdering cutthroat," he yelled, "they're ayfter him like a pack of dogs ayfter a wild hog! Oh, dad gum your ornery hide! That fool mule is jest splitting the mud. Four fellers ayfter him—Shaw! One of 'em's down. Dick's firing. Three left. Young Rutherford's gaining. Dear, dear, dear, ain't that too bad!"

"What—what——"

"One of the horses made a blunder, throwed his rider. Only two more. Thunder! his horse is played out! What a stumble! Dick will get off. No, maybe he won't. Young Rutherford's gaining — no — yes — cuss the trees! Cayn't see them now; they're in the slash."

"Won't they come out?"

"Gone the wrong way. But take the glass yourself. It's my turn now with the wagons, and after the stragglers."

He scrambled down as he spoke. The wagons stood ready, fitted up roughly with cotton seed, and blankets above, for ambulances. The few white men were mounted, and negroes sat in the wagons.

But Adèle lingered on the roof, vainly searching the darkening belt of forest against the horizon. Minute after minute passed, one fright-blurred glance after another peered down the forest aisles—useless trouble, he was gone to his unknown peril! No one to help him, and Dick Barnabas was cruel and wily as a tiger, and knew the swamp by heart.

"At least, at least, I can always be proud of him," she thought.

It was a comfort to a sore heart; and she repeated it like a talisman as she worked, afterward.

(To be continued.)

THE VANISHED YEAR.

By John Vance Cheney.

With supple limbs and heart of fire
  Runs youth along his shining way;
Over the ashes of desire
  Bides musing age the waning day.

Oh, it is not that shadows near,
  No, it is not that night draws on:
The sigh is for the vanished year—
  Not for what is, but what is gone.

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A FORGOTTEN REMNANT.

By Kirk Munroe.

"THERE are a few Seminoles, supposed to number about three hundred, still residing in Florida; being those, or the descendants of those, who refused to accompany the tribe when it removed to the West many years ago. But little is known of their condition or temper."

Thus wrote Helen Hunt Jackson, in her "Century of Dishonor," nearly ten years ago, and she might have written the same to-day, for but little more is known, concerning this most interesting remnant of a once powerful tribe, now than then. The average Florida tourist who visits Jacksonville and St. Augustine, ascends the St. John to the head of steam-boat navigation, makes a fishing trip down the west coast, or even passes over the entire length of the Indian River, the name of which at least suggests the presence of aborigines, sees no Indians. He merely hears of them through vague rumor, and leaves the State convinced that they exist only in the imagination of romancers or sensation-mongers. Despite his belief to the contrary, there are nearly four hundred Seminoles living in Florida, and they occupy the unique position of being the only inhabitants of the United States who have no legal existence, and no shadow of a right that a white man is legally bound to respect. When, in 1842, General Harney declared that the Seminole War had been ended by the removal of the tribe to the Indian Territory, the Government accepted his statement literally, and thenceforth the scattered remnant who had found refuge in the wellnigh inaccessible fastnesses of the great Southern swamps ceased to exist save for themselves.

In spite of being thus let alone and left to their own devices in a country where the same number of white men, thrown absolutely upon their own resources, would have perished, these Indians seem to have thrived and to have lived comfortably, contentedly, and peaceably, neither asking nor receiving outside aid or favor. They have nearly doubled in numbers, have cultivated fields, planted and raised groves of fruit-trees, accumulated live-stock, utilized the commercial resources of their country in the shape of plumes, furs, and skins, and, above all, have engaged in the manufacture of a marketable commodity of which more will be said hereafter.

In personal appearance the Florida Seminole is as fine a specimen of the American Indian as can be found. He is of a bright copper color, tall, straight, and clean-limbed. His carriage is that of a thoroughly independent, self-reliant son of the forest, and his every attitude, save when he trammels his limbs with the habiliments of a rude civilization, is full of grace and suggestive of supple strength. His jet-black hair is clipped as short as possible except at the crown of the head, where, gathered in the traditional scalp-lock, it is allowed to grow to its full length. This lock, carefully braided and ornamented with bits of bright finery, is seldom noticed, as it is generally concealed beneath an immense turban, which is the universal masculine

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head-dress and the distinguishing badge of the tribe. This turban is composed of fold upon fold of small shawls, or gayly colored handkerchiefs, in which red is the predominant color, wound round and round until the structure projects ten or twelve inches from the head. It does not cover the top of the head, and is apt to be set off by a single graceful plume of the white heron. The remainder of the costume is simplicity itself, and consists mainly of a gay calico shirt that reaches nearly to the knees. This shirt is beautifully made, all the Seminole squaws being expert needlewomen, and is by no means an unbecoming garment. The legs and feet are left bare, save when occasion demands covering, at which time they are protected by leggings and moccasins of smoke-tanned deerskin. The shirt is ornamented by the insertion, along the seams, of strips of calico of bright contrasting colors, and a gaudy handkerchief is always knotted loosely about the neck. The Seminole weapons are a hunting-knife and rifle. The latter is invariably of the best make and latest pattern of which its owner has knowledge, and he is rarely seen without it. The bow and arrow is the weapon of childhood, and it is only after he has proved himself an expert marksman with it that the Seminole boy is intrusted with anything more deadly. The manly state is, however, attained at an early age among these Seminoles, and I have seen boys of ten or twelve years armed with light rifles, and accompanying their elders upon hunting expeditions.

The dress of the women is of one uniform pattern, and exhibits variety only in its trimmings, which are of so simple a nature that their application can consume but little of time or thought. The universal feminine dress is a long calico skirt that hides the bare feet, and a ridiculously little, long-sleeved waist, or loose-fitting jacket, that has no connection with the skirt, and fails to meet it within an inch or more. The breast of this jacket is more or less ornamented, according to the means of the wearer's husband or father, with silver coins, beaten thin, and cut in various shapes. The chief glory of a Seminole woman is her necklace, or rather collar, of green, blue, and white glass beads. At least one row of these is placed about her neck at birth, and row upon row is added as she grows in years and stature, until at maturity she proudly bears a burden of several pounds weight. With the advent of old age the bulk of this finery is gradually reduced, until the skinny throats of the very old women are left bare and beadless. The women wear no head-covering, and their hair, cut short across the forehead, is coiled in a simple knot behind. The majority of the girls and young women are of pleasing appearance, while some of them are extremely attractive in both face and figure. All of them, being better fed, better cared for, and less exposed to hardships than their sisters of colder climates, preserve their comeliness to an age far beyond that of most Indian women. In addition to their calico dresses they are provided with robes of neutral-tinted cloth, in which they envelop themselves from head to foot during wet or cool weather, and in the upper folds of which, on their backs, the mothers carry their babies.

A regard for decency among these people is extended to the youngest of their children, so that the smallest male toddler has his calico shirt, and the merest mite of femininity her funny little long-skirted dress and her bead necklace. The children are a happy, good-natured lot of youngsters, who rarely cry, and who are taught from earliest infancy to obey the slightest word or nod of their elders.

The aged and helpless among the Seminoles are treated with distinguished care and consideration, and he who is so unfortunate as to have outlived his kin and his usefulness lacks no comfort with which younger members of the tribe can supply him. He lives for a term of months with one family, and is then transferred to the kindly care of another, being in each treated as an honored guest rather than as a burden. This care of the aged is compulsory among the young men of the tribe, and each is obliged to contribute his full share to their support.

The present home of the Florida Seminoles is in the extreme southern portion of the State, in the little-known re-

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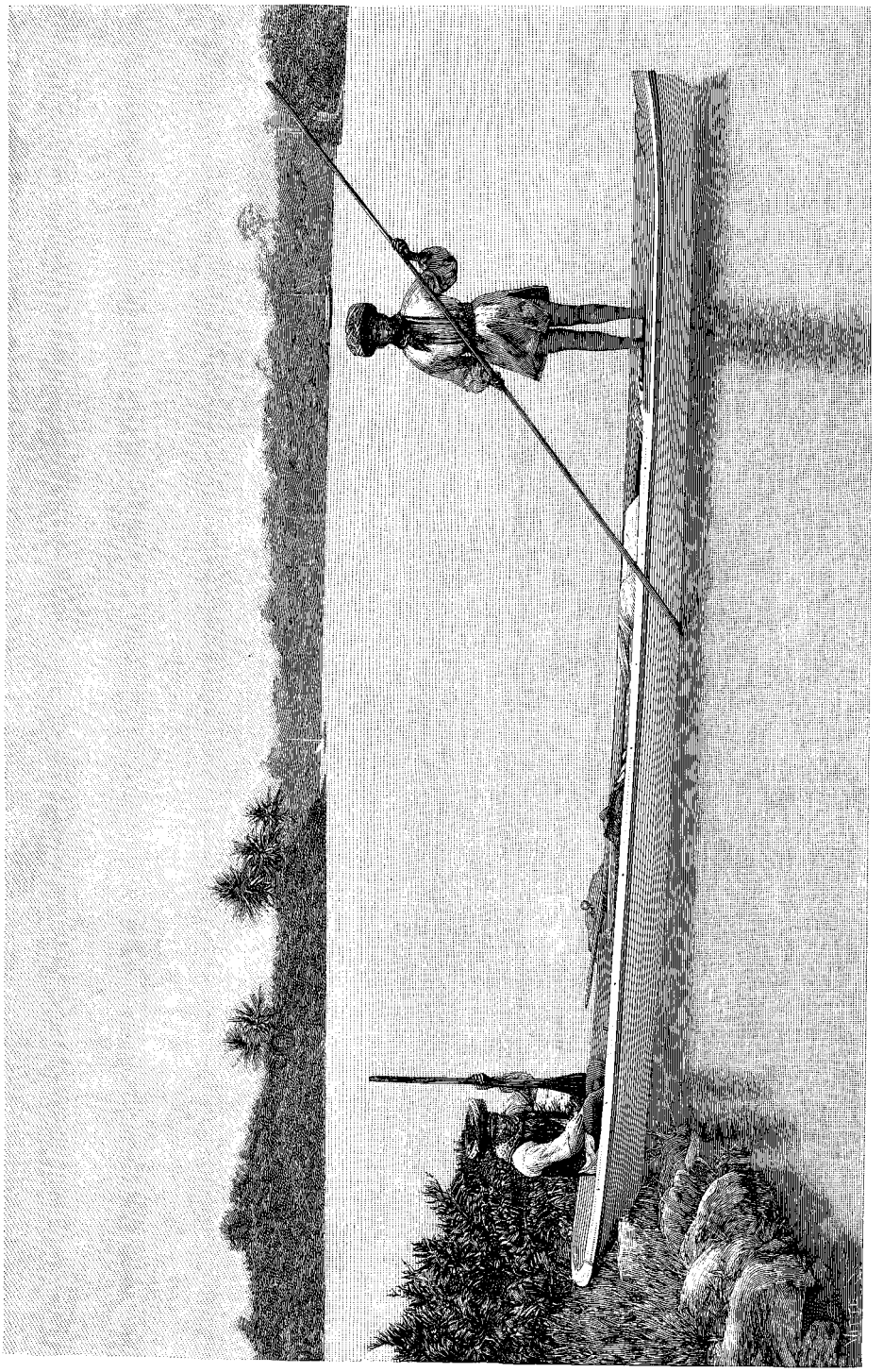

A Seminole Dugout, Made from a Cypress Log.

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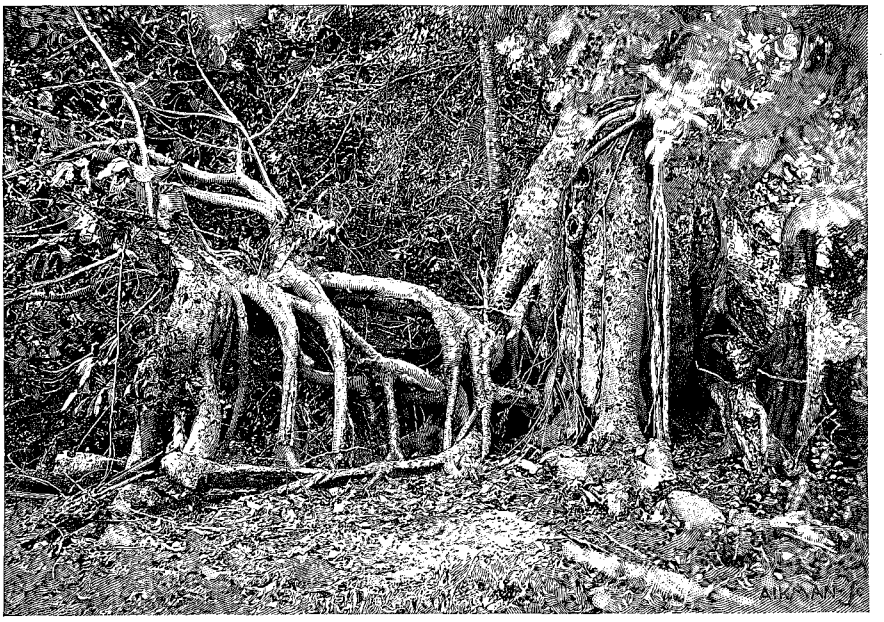
gions bordering on the Everglades and the great Lake Okeechobee. The former is a vast level tract of old coral rock, covered with fresh water, in which grows luxuriantly the coarse, almost impenetrable saw-grass. The level monotony of surface is broken here and there by islands bearing dense growths of cypress, bay, custard-apple, Spanish laurel, swamp myrtle, and other heat-and-moisture-loving trees. Some of these islands are of considerable extent, and hold a good depth of soil. On these the Indians cultivate fields and raise live-stock; but their preferred dwelling-places are along the streams that flow from this vast inland reservoir into the Atlantic and the Gulf. Thus their little camps or villages are to be found along the Shark River, that flows through the Big Cypress swamp on the west coast,



Wild Fig-tree or Banyan of Southern Florida.

on the several streams emptying into Charlotte Harbor and Lake Okeechobee, and on those flowing into Biscayne Bay on the east coast. Their existing form of tribal organization is weak and imperfect, and they have had no recognized head-chief since the death of old Tiger Tail, who was killed by a stroke of lightning some five years ago. There are several petty chiefs and medicine-men whose age and experience give them the right to be regarded as counsellors, and whose commands are very generally obeyed, and the tribe is strictly governed by a code of unwritten laws that each individual assists in enforcing.

Should a Seminole maiden unwisely bestow her affections upon any man outside of the tribe, her life would be forfeited. So certain are they of this that no one of the women under fifty years of age will speak to a white man, save in the presence of her male relatives, and then as curtly as possible. She will, in fact, hardly look at him, so fearful is she of arousing suspicion, and in consequence of this law there are no half-breeds among the Florida Seminoles. So jealous are these Indians of the purity of their blood that I can learn of but one family among them in which there is any admixture. In this case the man took as his wife a comely young negro woman who was captured by the Indians during the Seminole

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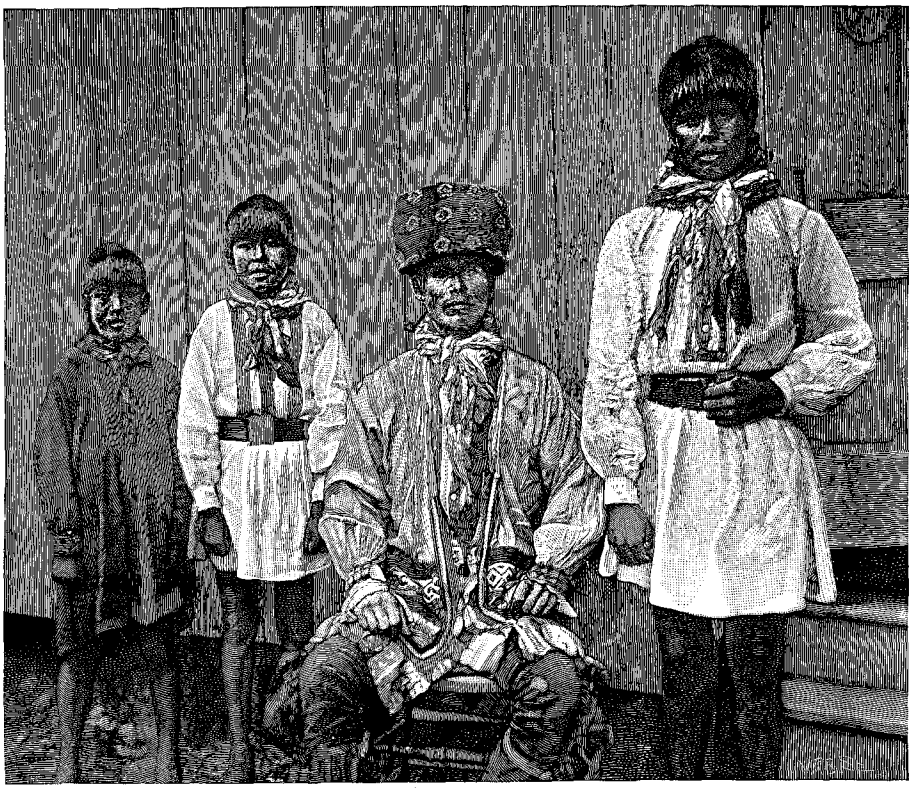

Biscayne Bay Seminoles—Little Tiger and his Boys.

War; but their children are so far from being regarded as equals by other members of the tribe that no full-blooded Indian will break bread with them. There are two young men in this family, and should a young full-blood of their own age visit their camp, he will eat with the father; but the young half-breeds must wait until he is through.

So much for this article of their moral code, and in other directions it is equally strict. The Seminole who lies to another has his nose slit; while he who steals from a fellow-tribesman loses an ear.

Having heard it asserted that the Florida Seminoles were more than half of negro blood, I have taken particular pains to find out if such were the case; upon one occasion I pressed the question closely to a young Indian with whom I was hunting. He looked at me steadily for a moment without answering, and then holding up one finger, then a second, a third, and a fourth, he said, "Iste-hatke" (white man), "Iste-chatte" (red man)—"*E-pah*" (dog), with a decided emphasis, and "Iste-lustee" (black man); there was certainly no need to question him further upon the subject. It is said that the Florida Seminoles still hold negro slaves to the number of about eighty; but there are many reasons for doubting the truth of this statement. I have never seen a slave, nor yet a free negro, in any of the camps that I have visited, and I have passed weeks at a time in company with these Indians.

They will drink whiskey (and what Indian will not?); but even in this they observe a method and a degree of decency that white topers would do well to imitate. When a band or family decide to get drunk, they send to the nearest market for one or more gallons of liquor. In spite of the law forbidding the sale of intoxicants to Indians, they have no difficulty in finding white agents willing to procure the stuff for them.

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It is indeed stuff, and that of the vilest character, though for it the Indians are made to pay at least double the price of the best quality; but what frontier trader regards it as anything but meritorious to cheat a redskin?

On the Edge of the Everglades.

With the liquor in their possession the Indians retire to some remote spot where their orgies will not be witnessed by any save themselves, and deliberately prepare for their spree. They first set aside a share of the "fire-water" for the squaws, who will not touch a drop of it until their lords have finished their debauch. All guns, knives, and other weapons are then placed in charge of the squaws, or, if there are no women in the party, they are delivered to one of the men, for whom a certain amount of liquor is reserved. While the rest are drunk this guardian of the peace must remain sober, and keenly watchful of the actions of his companions. Should he prove unfaithful to his trust, he will be exiled from the tribe, and no Indian will hold communication with him for the term of months or years during which his exile is enforced. While the debauch of his companions lasts he is absolute master of the situation, and is at liberty to use any amount of force, even to the taking of life, to repel an attempt to regain possession of the weapons. If these are left with squaws, the same rule holds good for them.

The preparations being thus completed, the Indians, using one small tin cup, which is impartially handed from one to another, proceed to get solemnly, funnily, furiously, and stupidly drunk. The next day it is the turn of the squaws or of the man who has stood guard, and they, too, taste the joys and sorrows of complete intoxication. Fortunately for them, as well as for their neighbors, such orgies are of rare occurrence among the Indians. They generally take place at the time of the Green Corn Dance, their great annual festival, which is held late in June or early in July. At this time the Seminoles indulge in games, dances, feasting, purification by means of "sweats" or vapor-baths, and, above all, in drunkenness. An Indian once described the festival to me as: "Plenty dance, plenty eat, plenty whisk, plenty drunk, all same white man's Kismas."

At the Green Corn Dance, too, the courtships of the year culminate in marriage, and an important feature of the

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games is the racing for wives. For this a level course is laid off, and at one end of it the prospective groom toes the scratch. His would-be bride is allowed such a handicap that by the full exercise of her running powers she can if she chooses reach the goal without being caught. If she allows herself to be overtaken the marriage ceremony is complete; but if she wins the race, she is no further molested nor importuned by that particular suitor. Polygamy is allowed to a certain extent, and I know of a good-natured young fellow who married both of two sisters because the younger cried at the prospect of separation from the elder, who was the only one he really wanted. A man must, however, prove beyond a doubt his ability to more than provide for the support of one wife, before he is permitted to take a second.

Marriage among these Indians is an honorable institution; infidelity is unknown, and though the wife obeys her husband implicitly, and shares in his labors and hardships, she is in no sense his slave. She works, and works hard; but so does he. They labor side by side in preparing fields for cultivation. He hunts, while she gathers coontie-roots and makes starch. He builds canoes, while she makes the family clothing. Together they erect the simple palmetto huts in which they live, and while he makes or repairs his sails, nets, push-poles, or cleans his rifle, she prepares his meals. She has her own purse, and may

Poling up the Miami River.

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expend as she pleases the income derived from the sale of her chickens or their eggs, the baskets she has made, or from any other source recognized as being especially hers. At the same time, she can only invest her money through her husband; for, when they visit the trader's store together, he stands up at the counter examining and selecting goods, while she, sitting on the floor in a remote corner, keeping the children quiet, and gazing wistfully at the wealth of desirable articles about her, indicates her choice by gestures or in low tones to him. He is generous to her, and, if she has no money or credit of her own, rarely refuses to gratify her modest desires in the way of calico, beads, or sewing materials.

Although ignorant of arithmetical rules the Seminole fully appreciates the value of a dollar, and of all its fractional parts. He can calculate to a certainty the amount of change due him, and is quick to detect a mistake. At the same time, he rarely handles money, being furnished in its stead, by the trader, with a slip of paper on which he is credited with the value of the alligator-skins, plumes, venison, starch, or other commodity that he has brought in to exchange for goods. As he selects one article after another its price is deducted from his credit, until the two amounts balance, when the trader announces, "All gone! good-by!" and the Indians depart in their canoes for the distant camps on the edge of the Everglades. Here they examine and gloat over their newly acquired bits of civilization with the zest of children, and what they have seen and done on their shopping expedition forms a fruitful topic of conversation for many days.

The Seminoles are industrious Indians, and are rarely idle. The men hunt assiduously, as a matter of course, for the spoils of the chase represent their chief source of income; but their efforts at self-support are by no means confined to this pursuit. With only axe, fire, and hatchet, supplemented by infinite labor, they transform huge cypress-logs into shapely and admirably designed canoes. These have flaring bows and broad sterns, both of which are decked over for a short distance in order to afford platforms on which the push-pole men may stand. These canoes are provided with sails; but in them paddles are only used for steering. Besides sails, their sole means of propulsion is a long, slender push-pole which is well adapted for use in the shoal waters of the coast, the swift currents of the streams, or the grassy shallows of the Everglades.

In the small, almost inaccesible, but rich hammocks of the 'Glades, the Indians cultivate fields that would do credit to a market-gardener. Here they raise corn, melons, squashes, beans, sugar-cane, and sweet potatoes in abundance. Upon the children devolves the task of watching these fields while their crops are maturing, and of protecting them from the ravages of beast and bird.

All the time that the women can spare from domestic duties is devoted to the manufacture of coontie-katke, or starch, prepared from a species of wild cassava that is only found in the extreme southern part of Florida. It grows luxuriantly in the piny woods and among the old coral rocks with which that part of the country is covered, and is the most valuable food-plant indigenous to the region. The available portion of the coontie-plant is its root, which is large, coarse, and covered with a rough brown skin. The squaws dig these roots with heavy grub-hoes, and "tote" them into camp on their backs in large baskets or sacks. Here they are washed, pared, and grated on coarse graters made from the copper sheathing of wrecked vessels cut into broad strips, punched full of nail-holes, and fastened to bits of board. The grated pulp, mixed with water, is strained through fine sieves into wooden troughs, or more often old and unseaworthy canoes drawn up on the bank of the nearest stream. The refuse-pulp, which is now of a bright red color, is saved as a fertilizer, while the strained material in the troughs gradually separates itself into red water, and a deposit of fine white starch. The former is drawn off, while the sedimentary deposit is washed, rewashed, and finally dried in the sun. It is now a pure starch, of a quality much sought after in Key West for both table and laundry

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Seminole Squaws.

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use. There it commands from six to ten cents per pound, though the Indians receive but three cents from the trader, and are forced to accept goods at his own price in payment for it.

The white settlers along the coast of southeastern Florida have learned from the Indians how to make this starch, and, Anglicizing its name into "cumpty," have engaged in its manufacture to such an extent that, aided by machinery, they are slowly but surely monopolizing the business, greatly to the dismay of their instructors. As no pains is taken to cultivate or protect the coontie-plant, and as new starch-mills are constantly being established in the region of its growth, the supply of roots must in the course of time become exhausted, and this important branch of Seminole industry will disappear.

A Seminole village rarely contains more than two or three families, who dwell in airy structures of poles and palmetto thatch. In each of these the floor of split logs is raised two feet above the ground, and beneath it numbers of chickens and small black pigs find comfortable abiding-places. The upper side of the logs, hewn smooth, is covered with the skins of deer, bear, or panther, and on these, protected from gnats and other stinging insects by canopies of cheese-cloth, the Seminole lays himself down with a degree of comfort unknown to many a white man. His food is varied and well cooked, for in the preparation of certain dishes the women of these camps are unexcelled by any *chefs* of civilization. Never have I tasted sweet potatoes equal to those grown in Seminole fields, and cooked over Seminole camp-fires, while their sofkee, or stew of meat and vegetables, is a dish to make a hungry man thankful for his appetite. These Indians have no table-manners to speak of, nor yet any tables; but eat while sitting on the ground beside their camp-fires. Their sofkee is served in its native kettle, and absorbed from one huge wooden spoon passed from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth. It does not seem nice; but then, if that is the way to which one has been brought up, what does it matter? When one of my Seminole friends visits me and sits down at my table, his manners are neither more nor less fine than my own, for they are an exact copy of mine. He watches my every motion, and, like the redoubtable Mr. Crockett, assures himself that he is right before going ahead.

When I visit a Seminole camp I eat with the men, while the women and children wait patiently until we are through and have lighted our pipes; but when they are alone no such distinction is made, and the entire family sits down comfortably together, only the dogs being forced to wait.

The Seminoles have no written nor pictured language, and even that spoken by them presents a confusion of tongues; for in this Florida remnant three tribes are represented: Seminoles, Miccosoukies, and Tallahassees. It is bewildering to a student of their speech to be told by one Indian that the word for boy is *che-paw-ne*, and by another that it is *hu-nah-nu*. It is only when he discovers his first instructor to be a Miccosoukie, and the other a Seminole, that he understands the apparent contradiction. Their numerals follow a simple rule of decimal notation, and can be readily learned. They have no words to express months of the year, or days of the week; but they have named and located the principal stars and constellations, and exhibit great interest in the study of "astronomy through an opera-glass." They do not seem to be either very religious or very superstitious; but are inclined toward fatalism. "Big sleep (death) p'raps come, p'r'aps not come. All same, Injun can't help um," is a favorite expression. In speaking of a child who, in spite of all efforts to save its life, had just died, a Seminole father said to me:

"Pickaninny gone big sleep. Me fix um, fix um plenty. No good. Mus' go big sleep when time come."

When Aleck, the oldest of all the Indians, died, I asked my friend Doctor Jimmy where he had gone, and for answer the Indian pointed straight upward.

"Is Aleck an old man now?" I asked.

"No, young man. Heap strong; hunt plenty," was the answer, which certainly indicated a belief in a future and beatified state.

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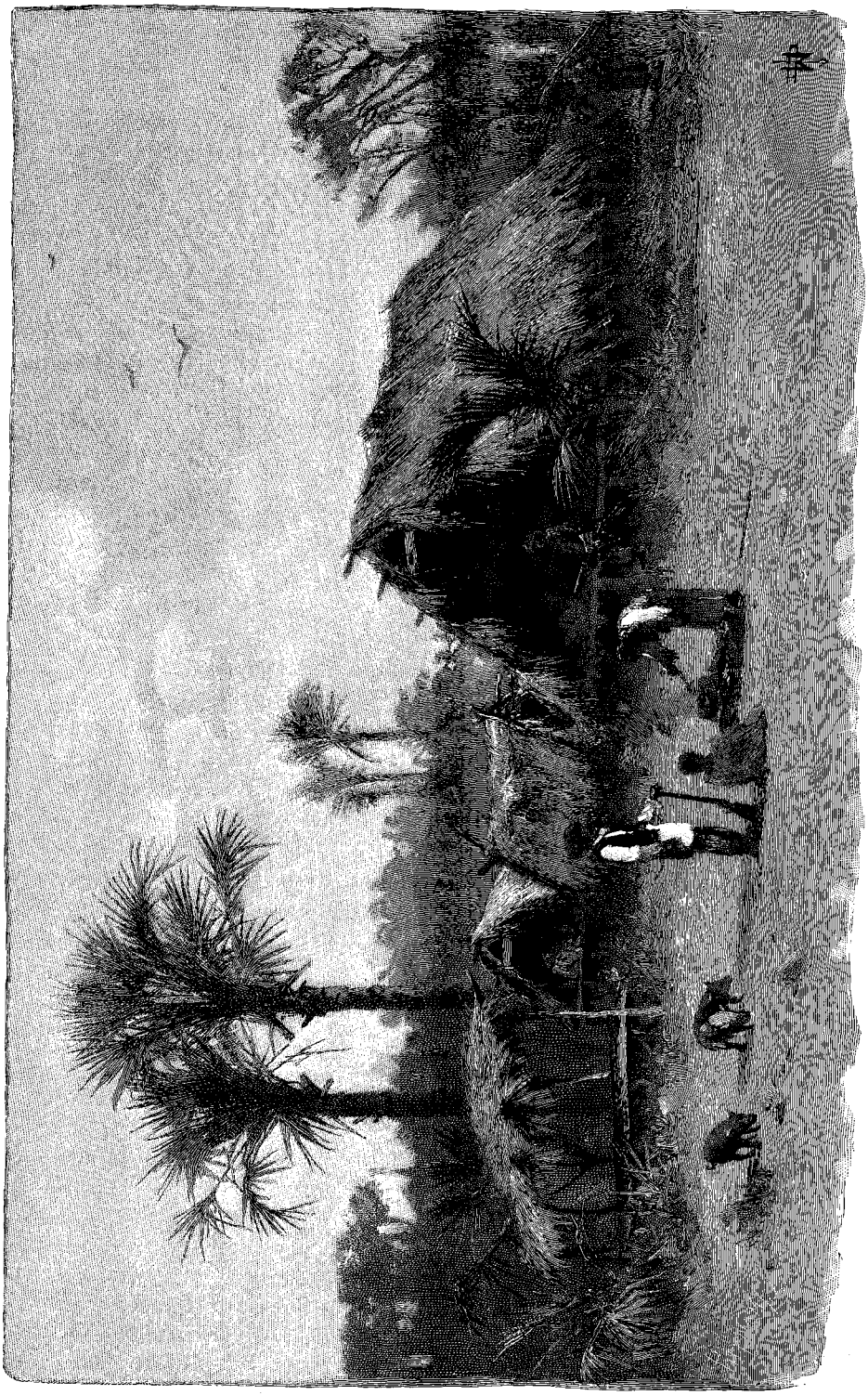

A Seminole Village in the Everglades.

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Head of New River, Southern Florida.

I notice that whenever a Seminole breaks camp he carries away a small brand from the old fire. Hours afterward, when it has long since become cold, this is used as the nucleus of the next camp-fire. Whether this is done in obedience to a superstition, or whether it is a traditional custom antedating the introduction of matches, I have not been able to discover.

My Seminole friends have implicit faith in the white man's ability to do many things which they cannot. One of them, for instance, brought in a dilapidated rifle with the request that I would mend it. "But I can't mend it; I don't know how," I said.

"White man make um, white man fix um," was the logical reply.

"Very well," I said, "leave it here. Come again, one moon. Me try to fix um." I sent it to the nearest gunsmith, four hundred miles away, and when, in one moon, the Indian promptly appeared, I was able to return him his rifle in a serviceable condition. Since then half the rifles in the tribe have been brought to me with the request, "White man fix um."

Another Indian brought an orguinette that he had acquired from the trader, and some old brown-paper bags, neatly smoothed, with the demand that I make him some new music for the instrument. I could not, of course; but he believes to this day that I would not.

Still again, two anxious parents brought their sick child, saying: "Pickaninny heap bad. Medicine-man no fix um. Tell white man fix um." Fortunately a simple dose of castor-oil "fixed um," and the pickaninny flourishes to this day.

The Seminole is a grateful Indian, who rarely accepts a favor without attempting to repay it, and he finds as much pleasure in making gifts to those whom he esteems as in receiving them. Upon one occasion, when on a long trip in the 'Glades, and with supplies running low, I met an Indian whom I knew and who began to beg, saying: "Tobac, you got um?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't any; but wish I had."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Me got um," and displaying a plug he forced me to accept half of it. It evidently afforded him great satisfaction to be able to play the part of a benefactor to a white man, though at the same time he would readily have accepted some of my tobacco, and said nothing about his own, if I had had any to give him.

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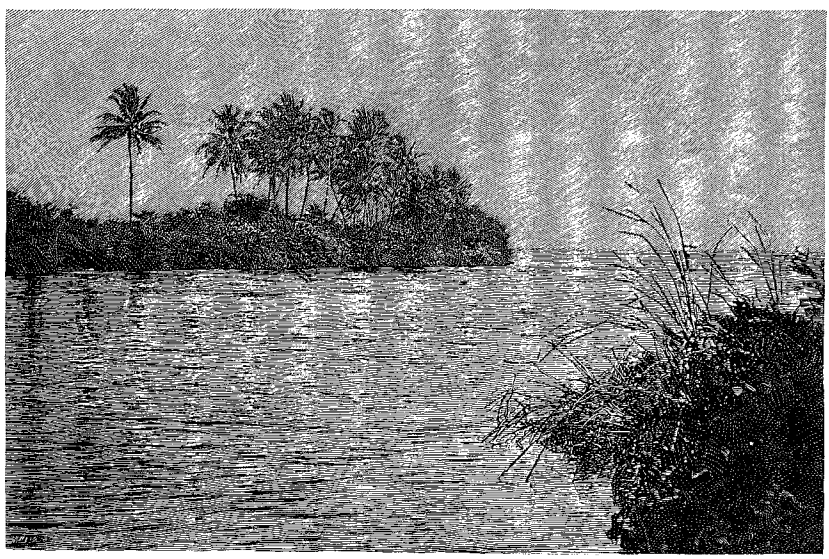
The Seminoles, in common with many other Indian tribes, transmit intelligence speedily, and over long distances, by means of smoke telegraphy; but the meaning of their signals is carefully concealed from white men. Besides this, they manage to gain information concerning events of interest to them, that occur far beyond their range, with astonishing promptness, though by what means they will not divulge. Thus when, several years ago, a number of Apaches were confined in the old fort at St. Augustine, three hundred miles from the Everglades, the Seminoles knew of it before the tardy mails brought definite information upon the subject, and questioned me as to "Injun, St Augustine—you know um."

Their ever-present fear is that an attempt will be made to remove them to the Indian Territory; and so strong is their attachment to their warm, sunny, Everglade homes, that they declare they will fight rather than submit to expatriation. This fear renders them shy of all white men, and especially of those whom they suspect of being in any way connected with Government. The land-grabbers and cowboys of south Florida are making constant efforts to promote a cause for such removal or extermination, and probably, in course of time, they will be successful. These efforts often take the form of insults or open aggression; but are generally confined to the concocting of tales of threatened Seminole outbreaks or outrages, that always find a ready circulation through the newspaper press of both South and North.

The Indians themselves are rapidly killing off the deer and alligators from their hunting-grounds, while the plume-birds are disappearing like morning dew before the white bird-butchers, who, in the employ of Northern millinery houses, infest the coasts of south Florida, and ruthlessly destroy old birds and young, eggs and nests, wherever they find them. White settlers are crowding the Seminoles away from their old-time haunts; their choicest lands are being seized upon by speculators. Their future offers no brighter prospect than that of many another tribe long since blotted from existence, and, unless some attention is given to their condition, another chapter of our Indian history will be sealed with injustice and murder. Some of the Indian fields, upon which they are most dependent for their food-supplies, have already been homesteaded by white land-grabbers, who, when asked to show proofs of occupation and improvement, point to the work of the Ind-



The Mouth of the Miami River.

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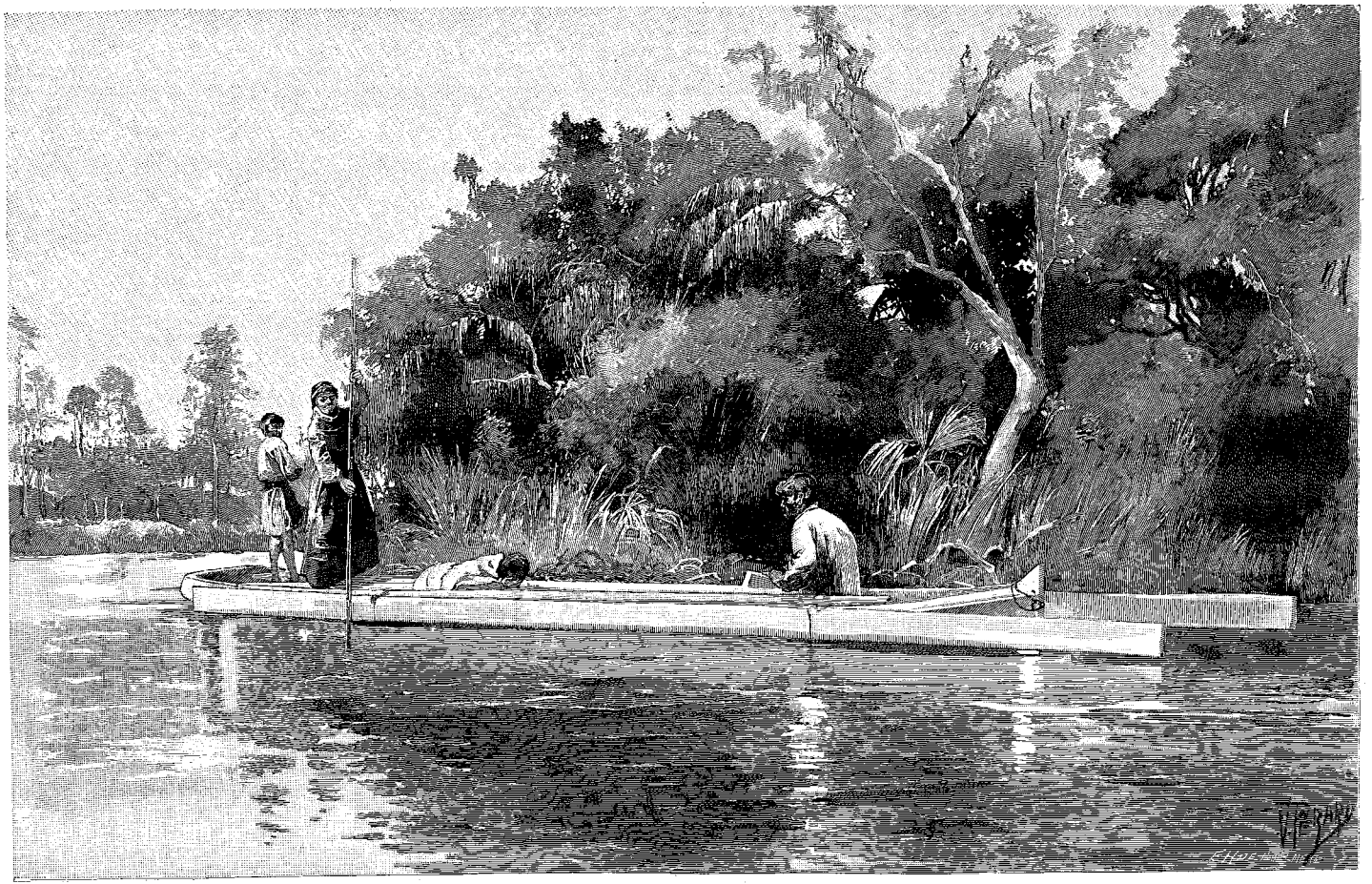

Seminoles Transporting Wrecked Lumber from the Beach into the Evergiades.

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ians and claim it as their own. President Cleveland became much interested in these Seminoles, and declared that, as he could discover no substantial reason for their removal from the country they now occupy, they should not be molested during his term of office.

To remove them from their tropical home to the comparatively cold latitude of the Indian Territory would not only be an act of cruelty, but of unnecessary and costly cruelty. The lands they now hold belong to the Government, and can never be of great value to white settlers. It would cost the Government nothing to reserve them forever for the use of their present occupants, nor would it entail any hardship upon the whites, to whom they would thus be made a forbidden territory. On the other hand, if the crowding and persecution of the Florida Seminoles, already begun, is continued, they will ultimately be driven to desperation, and will choose to die fighting rather than be killed by slower but equally certain methods. Feeble remnant as they are, they could, in their swamps and watery fastnesses, maintain for an indefinite period a contest that would entail the loss of hundreds of precious lives and millions of dollars.

To-day these Florida Seminoles are peaceful, industrious, and self-supporting. Civilization has already gained a hold upon them, and each successive year finds them living more and more as white men live. If they could only be assured the inalienable rights guaranteed by our Constitution—the possession of life and property, and the pursuit of happiness—they would soon work out their own salvation, and prove themselves as worthy members of society as many a white community that enjoys these privileges without question. The mere recognition by the Government of these Indians as human beings possessed of human rights, as well as of human failings, would be the taking of one step toward the creation of a century of honor that should, in some measure, efface the memory of the "Century of Dishonor" just closed.

INSCIENS.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

While parchèd pines are dying
  Thy hair is wet with dew;
While hearts are faint with crying
  And sharp swords piercing through,
Thou standest all unknowing
  Of chains and prison bars,
Thy hair behind thee flowing,
  Thine eyes upon the stars.

Thou hast no need to borrow,
  Yet all men give thee alms;
What knowest thou of sorrow,
  Fierce storms, and sudden calms?
And what of nights that follow
  Hard after blazing noons,
Wan stars in Heaven's hollow,
  And lights of waning moons?

With eager eyes unfailing,
  Thou lookest out to sea,
To where thy ships are sailing
  With precious gifts to thee.
And down full fathoms seven
  A diver, in the swirl,
Falls back with strong heart riven,
  And in his hand a pearl.

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTAINING OTHER NEWS BESIDES THAT FROM BUNKER HILL.

TO pass from October, 1774, to mid-June of 1775—from the moonlit streets of sleeping Albany to the broad noonday of open revolt in the Mohawk Valley—is for the reader but the turning of a page with his fingers. To us, in those trying times, these eight months were a painfully long-drawn-out period of anxiety and growing excitement.

War was coming surely upon us—and war under strange and sinister conditions. Dull horse-racing, dog-fighting noblemen were comforting themselves in Parliament at London, by declaring that the Americans were cowards, and would not fight. We boasted little, but we knew ourselves better. There was as yet small talk of independence, of separation. Another year was to elapse before Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" should flash a flood of light as from some new sun upon men's minds, and show us both our real goal and the way to attain it. But about fighting, we had resolved our purpose.

We should have been slaves otherwise.

Turn and turn about, titled imbecile had succeeded distinguished incapable at London in the task of humiliating and bullying us into subjection. Now it was Granville, now Townshend, now Bedford, now North—all tediously alike in their refusal to understand us, and their slow obstinacy of determination to rule us in their way, not in ours. To get justice, or even an intelligent hearing, from these people was hopeless. They listened to their own little clique in the colonies—a coterie of officials, land-owners, dependents of the Crown, often men of too worthless a character to be tolerated longer in England—who lied us impudently and unblushingly out of court. To please these gentry, the musty statutes of Tudor despotism were ransacked for a law by which we were to be haled over the seas for trial by an English jury for sedition; the port of Boston was closed to traffic, and troops crowded into the town to overawe and crush its citizens; a fleet of war-ships was despatched under Lord Howe to enforce by broadsides, if needs be, the wicked and stupid trade and impost laws which we resented; everywhere the Crown authorities existed to harass our local government, affront such honest men as we selected to honor, fetter or destroy our business, and eat up our substance in wanton taxations.

There had been a chance that the new Parliament, meeting for the first time in the January of this 1775, would show more sense, and strive to honestly set matters right. We had appealed from Crown and Commons to the English people; for a little we fancied the result might be favorable. But the hope speedily fell to the ground. The English, with that strange rushing of blood to the head which, from age to age, on occasion blinds their vision, confuses their judgment, and impels them to rude and brutal courses, decreed in their choler that we should be flogged at the cart-tail.

To this we said no!

In Albany, on this day in the latter part of June when the thread of the story is again resumed, there were notable, but distressingly vague, tidings. Following upon the blow struck at Concord in April, a host of armed patriots, roughly organized into something like military form, were investing Boston, and day by day closing in the cordon around the beleaguered British General Gates. A great battle had been fought near the town—this only we knew, and not its result or character. But it meant War, and the quiet burgh for the nonce buzzed with the hum of excited comment.

The windows of my upper room were open, and along with the streaming sun-

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light came snatches of echoing words from the street below. Men had gone across the river, and horses were to be posted farther on upon the Berkshire turnpike, to catch the earliest whisper from across the mountains of how the fight had gone. No one talked of anything else. Assuredly I too would have been on the street outside, eager to learn and discuss the news from Boston, but that my old friend Major Jelles Fonda had come down from Caughnawaga, bearing to me almost as grave intelligence from the Mohawk Valley.

How well I remember him still, the good, square-set, solid merchant-soldier, with his bold broad face, resolute mouth, and calm, resourceful, masterful air! He sat in his woollen shirt-sleeves, for the day was hot, and slowly unfolded to me his story between meditative and deliberate whiffs of his pipe. I listened with growing interest, until at last I forgot to keep even one ear upon the sounds from the street, which before had so absorbed me. He had much to tell.

More than a month before, the two contending factions had come to fisticuffs, during a meeting held by the Whigs in and in front of John Veeder's house, at Caughnawaga. They were to raise a liberty pole there, and the crowd must have numbered two hundred or more. While they were deliberating, up rides Guy Johnson, his short, pursy figure waddling in the saddle, his arrogant, high-featured face redder than ever with rage. Back of him rode a whole company of the Hall cabal—Sir John Johnson, Philip Cross, the Butlers, and so on—all resolved upon breaking up the meeting, and supported by a host of servants and dependents, well armed. Many of these were drunk. Colonel Guy pushed his horse into the crowd, and began a violent harangue, imputing the basest motives to those who had summoned them thither. Young Jake Sammons, with the characteristic boldness of his family, stood up to the Indian Superintendent and answered him as he deserved, whereat some half-dozen of the Johnson men fell upon Jake, knocked him down, and pummelled him sorely. Some insisted that it was peppery Guy himself who felled the youngster with his loaded riding-whip, but on this point Major Jelles was not clear.

"But what were our people about, to let this happen?" I asked, with some heat.

"To tell the truth," he answered, regretfully, "they mostly walked away. Only a few of us held our place. Our men were unarmed, for one thing. Moreover, they are in awe of the power of the Hall. The magistrates, the sheriff, the constables, the assessors—everybody, in fact, who has office in Tryon County—take orders from the Hall. You can't get people to forget that. Besides, if they had resisted, they would have been shot down."

Major Jelles went on to tell me that, despite this preponderance of armed force on the side of the Johnsons, they were visibly alarmed at the temper of the people, and were making preparations to act on the defensive. Sir John had set up cannon on the eminence crowned by the Hall, and his Roman Catholic Highlanders were drilling night and day to perfect themselves as a military body. All sorts of stories came down from Johnstown and up from Guy Park, as to the desperate intentions of the aristocrats and their retainers. Peculiarly conspicuous in the bandying of these threats were Philip Cross and Walter Butler, who had eagerly identified themselves with the most violent party of the Tories. To them, indeed, was directly traceable the terrible rumor that, if the Valley tribes proved to have been too much spoiled by the missionaries, the wilder Indians were to be called down from the head-waters of the Three Rivers, and from the Lake plains beyond, to coerce the settlements in their well-known fashion, if rebellion was persisted in.

"But they would never dare do that!" I cried, rising to my feet.

"Why not?" asked Jelles, imperturbably sucking at his pipe. "After all, that is their chief strength. Make no mistake! They are at work with the redskins, poisoning them against us. Guy Johnson is savage at the mealy-mouthed way in which they talked at his last council, at Guy Park, and he has already

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procured orders from London to remove Dominie Kirkland, the missionary who has kept the Oneidas heretofore friendly to us. That means—you can see as well as the rest of us what it means."

"It means war in the Valley—fighting for your lives."

"Well, let it! My customers owe me three thousand pounds and more. I will give every penny of that, and as much besides, and fight with my gun from the windows of my house, sooner than tolerate this Johnson nonsense any longer. And my old father and my brothers say it with me. My brother Adam, he thinks of nothing but war these days; he can hardly attend to his work, his head is so full of storing powder, and collecting cherry and red maple for gun-stocks, and making bullets. That reminds me—Guy Johnson took all the lead weights out of the windows at Guy Park, and hid them, to keep them from our bullet-moulds, before he ran away."

"Before he ran away! Who ran away?"

"Why, Guy, of course," was the calm reply.

I stared at the man in open-mouthed astonishment. "You never mentioned this!" I managed to say at last.

"I hadn't got to it yet," the Dutchman answered, filling his pipe slowly. "You young people hurry one so."

By degrees I obtained the whole story from him—the story which he had purposely come down, I believe, to tell me. As he progressed, my fancy ran before him, and pictured the conclave of desperate plotters in the great Hall on the hill which I knew so well.

I needed not his assurances to believe that Molly Brant, who had come down from the upper Mohawk Castle to attend this consultation, led and spurred on all the rest into malevolent resolves.

I could conceive her, tall, swart, severely beautiful still, seated at the table where, in Sir William's time, she had been mistress, and now was but a visitor, yet now as then every inch a queen. I could see her watching with silent intentness—first the wigged and powdered gentlemen, Sir John, Colonel Guy, the Butlers, Cross, and Claus, and then her own brother Joseph, tall like herself, and darkly handsome, but, unlike her, engrafting upon his full wolf-totem Mohawk blood the restraints of tongue and of thought learned in the schools of white youth. No one of the males, Caucasian or aboriginal, spoke out clearly what was in their minds. Each in turn befogged his suggestions by deference to what the world—which to them meant London—would think of their acts. No one, not even Joseph Brant, uttered bluntly the one idea which lay covert in their hearts—*to wit: that the recalcitrant Valley should be swept as with a besom of fire and steel, in the hands of the savage horde at their command.* This, when it came her time, the Indian woman said for them frankly, and with scornful words on their own faint stomachs for bloodshed. I could fancy her darkling glances around the board, and their regards shrinking away from her, as she called them cowards for hesitating to use in his interest the powers with which the King had intrusted them.

It was not hard, either, to imagine young Walter Butler and Philip Cross rising with enthusiasm to approve her words, or how these, speaking hot and fast upon the echo of Mistress Molly's contemptuous rebuke, should have swept away the last restraining fears of the others, and committed all to the use of the Indians.

So that day, just a week since, it had been settled that Colonel Guy and the two Butlers, father and son, should go West, ostensibly to hold a Council near Fort Schuyler, but really to organize the tribes against their neighbors; and promptly thereafter, with a body of retainers, they had departed. Guy had taken his wife, because, as a daughter of the great Sir William, she would be of use in the work; but Mrs. John Butler had gone to the Hall—a refuge which she later was to exchange for the lower Indian Castle.

The two houses thus deserted—Guy Park and the Butler's home on Switzer's Hill—had been in a single night almost despoiled by their owners of their contents; some of which, the least bulky, had been taken with them in their flight, the residue given into safe keeping in the vicinity, or hidden.

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"My brother Adam went to look for the lead in the windows," honest Jelles Fonda concluded, "but it was all gone. So their thoughts were on bullets as well as his. He has his eye now on the church roof at home."

Here was news indeed! There could be no pretence that the clandestine flight of these men was from fear for their personal safety. To the contrary, Colonel Guy, as Indian Superintendent, had fully five hundred fighting men, Indian and otherwise, about his fortified residence. They had clearly gone to enlist further aid, to bring down fresh forces to assist Sir John, Sheriff White, and their Tory minions to hold Tryon County in terror, and, if need be, to flood it with our blood.

We sat silent for a time, as befitted men confronting so grave a situation. At last I said:

"Can I do anything? You all must know up there that I am with you, heart and soul."

Major Jelles looked meditatively at me, through his fog of smoke.

"Yes, we never doubted that. But we are not agreed how you can best serve us. You are our best schooled young man; you know how to write well, and to speak English like an Englishman. Some think you can be of most use here, standing between us and the Albany Committee; others say that things would go better if we had you among us. Matters are very bad. John Johnson is stopping travellers on the highways and searching them; we are trying to watch the river as closely as he does the roads, but he has the Courts and the Sheriff, and that makes it hard for us. I don't know what to advise you. What do you think?"

While we were still debating the question thus raised by Major Fonda—although I have written it in an English which the worthy soul never attained—my cousin Teunis Van Hoorn burst into the room with tidings from Boston which had just arrived by courier. Almost before he could speak, the sound of cheering in the streets told me the burden of his story. It was the tale of Bunker Hill which he shouted out to us—that story still so splendid in our ears, but then, with all its freshness of vigor and meaning upon us, nothing less than soul-thrilling!

An hour later, Major Jelles rose, put on his coat, and said he must be off. He would sleep that night at Mabie's, so as to have all the Tryon County part of his ride by daylight next day, when the roads would be safer.

It was only when we were shaking hands with him at the door that I found how the secretive Dutchman had kept his greatest, to me most vital, tidings for the last.

"Oh, yes!" he said, as he stood in the door-way; "perhaps I did not mention it. Young Cross has left his home, and gone to join Guy Johnson and the Butlers. They say he had angry words with his wife—your Daisy—before he deserted her. She has come back to The Cedars again to live!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MASTER AND MISTRESS OF CAIRNCROSS.

THERE is the less need to apologize for now essaying to portray sundry scenes of which I was not an actual witness, in that the reader must by this time be heartily disposed to welcome an escape from my wearisome *ego*, at any expense whatsoever of historical accuracy. Nor is it essential to set forth in this place the means by which I later came to be familiar with the events now to be described—means which will be apparent enough as the tale unfolds.

Dusk is gathering in the great room to the right and rear of the wide hall at Cairncross, and a black servant has just brought in candles, to be placed on the broad marble mantel, and on the oaken table in the centre of the room. The soft light mellows the shadows creeping over the white and gold panelling of the walls, and twinkles faintly in reflection back from the gilt threads in the heavy curtains, but it cannot dispel the gloom which, like an atmosphere, pervades the chamber. Although it is June, and warm of mid-days, a fire burns on the hearth, slowly and spiritlessly, as if the task of imparting cheerfulness to the room were beyond its strength.

Close by the fireplace, holding over it,

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in fact, his thin, wrinkled hands, sits an old man. At first glance, one would need to be told that it was Mr. Stewart, so heavily has Time laid his weight upon him in these last four years. There are few enough external suggestions now of the erect, soldierly gentleman, swift of perception, authoritative of tone, the prince of courtiers in bearing, whom we used to know. The white hair is still politely queued, and the close-shaven cheeks glisten with the neat polish of the razor's edge, but, alas! it is scarcely the same face. The luminous glow of the clear blue eyes has faded; the corners of the mouth, eloquently resolute no longer, depend in weakness. As he turns now to speak to his companion, there is a moment's relief; the voice is still calm and full, with perhaps just a thought of change toward the querulous in tone.

"I heard something like the sound of hoofs," he says; "doubtless it is Philip."

"Perhaps, father; but he is wont to be late, nowadays."

Here the change *is* in the voice, if little else be altered. It is Daisy who speaks, standing by his chair, with one hand upon his shoulder, the other hanging listlessly at her side. Like him she looks at the smouldering fire, preferring the silence of her own thoughts to empty efforts at talk. The formal, unsympathetic walls and hangings seem to take up the sad sound of her murmured words and return it to her, as if to emphasize her loneliness.

"The rooms are so large—so cold," she says again, after a long pause, in comment upon a little shiver which shakes the old man's bent shoulders. "If we heaped the fireplace to the top, it could not make them seem homelike."

The last words sink with a sigh into the silence of the great room, and no more are spoken. Both feel, perhaps, that if more were spoken there must be tears as well. Only the poor girl presses her hand upon his arm with a mute caress, and draws closer to his side. There is nothing of novelty to them in this tacitly shared sense of gloom. This Thursday is as Monday was, as any day last year was, as, seemingly, all days to come will be.

The misery of this marriage has never been discussed between these two. The girl is too fond to impute blame, the old gentleman too proud to accept it; in both minds there is the silent consciousness that into this calamity they walked with eyes open, and must needs bear the results without repining. And more, though there is true sympathy between the two up to a certain point, even Daisy and Mr. Stewart have drifted apart beyond it. Both view Philip within the house with the same eyes; the Philip of the outer world—the little Valley-world of hot passions, strong ambitions, fierce intolerances, growing strife and rancor—they see differently. And this was the saddest thing of all.

Philip Cross entered abruptly, his spurs clanking with a sharp ring at his boot-heels, and nodded with little enough graciousness of manner to the two before the fire.

"I have not ordered supper to be laid," said Daisy; "your coming was so uncertain. Shall I ring for it now?"

"I have eaten at the Hall," said the young man, unlocking an escritoire at the farther end of the room as he spoke, and taking from it some papers. He presently advanced toward the fire, holding these in his hand. He walked steadily enough, but there was the evil flush upon his temples and neck—a deep suffusion of color against which his flaxen, powdered hair showed almost white—which both knew too well.

"Who is at the Hall?" asked Mr. Stewart.

"There were good men there to-day—and a woman, too, who topped them all in spirit and worth. We call the Indians an inferior race, but, by God! they at least have not lost the trick of breeding women who do not whine—who would rather show us blood than tears!"

Thus young Mr. Cross spoke, with a sulky inference in his tone, as he held up his papers to the candle, and scanned the writings by its light.

"Ah," Mr. Stewart made answer, dissembling what pique he might have felt, and putting real interest into his words. "Is Molly Brant, then, come down from the Castle? What does she at the Hall? I thought Lady Johnson would have none of her."

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"Yes, she is at the Hall—or was when I left. She was sorely needed, too—to put something like resolution into the chicken-hearts there. Things will move now—nay, are moving! As for Lady Johnson, she is too dutiful and wise a woman to have any wishes that are not her husband's. I would to God there were others half so obedient and loyal as Polly Watts!"

Again there was the obvious double meaning in his sullen tone. A swift glance flashed back and forth between Mr. Stewart and the pale-faced young wife, and again Mr. Stewart avoided the subject at which Cross hinted. Instead he turned his chair toward the young man, and said:

"Things are moving, you say. What is new?"

"Why, this is new," answered Cross, lowering the papers for the moment, and looking down upon his questioner: "Blood runs now at last instead of milk in the veins of the King's men. We will know where we stand. We will master and punish disloyalty; we will brook not another syllable of rebellion!"

"Yes, it has been let to run overlong," said Mr. Stewart. "Often enough, since Sir William died, have I wished that I were a score of years younger. Perhaps I might have served in unravelling this unhappy tangle of misunderstandings. The new fingers that are picking at the knot are honest enough, but they have small cunning."

"That as you will; but there is to be no more fumbling at the knot. We will cut it now at a blow—cut it clean and sharp with the tomahawk!"

An almost splendid animation glowed in the young man's eyes as he spoke, and for the nonce lit up the dogged hardness of his face. So might the stolid purple visage of some ancestral Cross have become illumined, over his heavy beef and tubs of ale, at the stray thought of spearing a boar at bay, or roasting ducats out of a Jew. The thick rank blood of centuries of gluttonous, hunting, marauding progenitors, men whose sum of delights lay in working the violent death of some creature—wild beast or human, it mattered little which—warmed in the veins of the young man, now, at the prospect of slaughter. The varnish of civilization melted from his surface; one saw in him only the historic fierce, bloodletting islander, true son of the men who for thirty years murdered one another by tens of thousands all over England, nominally for a York or a Lancaster, but truly from the utter wantonness of the butcher's instinct, the while we Dutch were discovering oil-painting and perfecting the noble craft of printing with types.

"Yes!" he repeated, with a stormy smile. "We will cut the knot with the tomahawk!"

The quicker wit of the young woman first scented his meaning.

"You are going to bring down the savages?" she asked, with dilated eyes, and in her emotion forgetting that it was not her recent habit to interrogate her husband.

He vouchsafed her no answer, but made a pretence of again being engrossed with his papers.

After a moment or two of silence the old gentleman rose to his feet, walked over to Philip, and put his hand on the young man's arm.

"I will take my leave now," he said, in a low voice; "Eli is here waiting for me, and the evenings grow cold."

"Nay, do not hasten your going, Mr. Stewart," said Philip, with a perfunctory return to the usages of politeness. "You are ever welcome here."

"Yes, I know," replied Mr. Stewart, not in a tone of complete conviction. "But old bones are best couched at home."

There was another pause, the old gentleman still resting his hand affectionately, almost deprecatingly, on the other's sleeve.

"I would speak plainly to you before I go, Philip," he said at last. "I pray you, listen to the honest advice of an old man, who speaks to you, God knows, from the very fulness of his heart. I mislike this adventure at which you hint. It has an evil source of inspiration. It is a gloomy day for us here, and for the Colony, and for the cause of order, when the counsels of commonsense and civilization are tossed aside, and the words of that red She-Devil regarded instead. No good will come out

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of it—no good, believe me! Be warned in time! I doubt you were born when I first came into this Valley. I have known it for decades, almost, where you have known it for years. I have watched its settlements grow, its fields push steadily, season after season, upon the heels of the forest. I understand its people as you cannot possibly do. Much there is that I do not like. Many things I would change, as you would change them. But those err cruelly, criminally, who would work this change by the use of the savages."

"All other means have been tried, short of crawling on our bellies to these Dutch hinds!" muttered the young man.

"You do not know what the coming of the tribes in hostility means!" continued Mr. Stewart, with increasing solemnity of earnestness. "You were too young to realize what little you saw, as a child here in the Valley, of Bellêtre's raid. Sir John and Guy know scarcely more of it than you. Twenty years, almost, have passed since the Valley last heard the Mohawk yell rise through the night-air above the rifle's crack, and woke in terror to see the sky red with the blaze of roof-trees. All over the world men shudder still at hearing of the things done then. Will you be a willing party to bringing these horrors again upon us? Think what it is that you would do!"

"It is not I alone," Philip replied, in sullen defence. "I but cast my lot on the King's side, as you yourself do. Only you are not called upon to fit your action to your words; I am! Besides," he went on, sulkily, "I have already chosen not to go with Guy and the Butlers. Doubtless they deem me a coward for my resolution. That ought to please you."

"Go with them? Where are they going?"

"Up the river; perhaps only to the Upper Castle; perhaps to Oswego; perhaps to Montreal—at all events, to get the tribes well in hand, and hold them ready to strike. That is," he added, as an afterthought, "if it really becomes necessary to strike at all. It may not come to that, you know!"

"And this flight is actually resolved upon?"

"If you call it a flight, yes! The Indian Superintendent goes to see the Indians; some friends go with him — that is all. What more natural? They have in truth started by this time, well on their way. I was sorely pressed to accompany them; for hours Walter Butler urged all the pleas at his command to shake my will."

"Of course you could not go; that would have been madness!" said Mr. Stewart, testily. Both men looked toward the young wife, with instinctive concert of thought.

She sat by the fire, with her fair head bent forward in meditation; if she had heard the conversation, or knew now that they were thinking of her, she signified it not by glance or gesture.

"No, of course!" said Philip, with a faltering disclaimer. "Yet they urged me strenuously. Even now they are to wait two days at Thompson's, on Cosby's Manor, for my final word—they choosing still to regard my coming as possible."

"Fools!" broke in the old gentleman. "It is not enough to force war upon their neighbors, but they must strive to destroy what little happiness I have remaining to me!" His tone softened to one of sadness, and again he glanced toward Daisy. "Alas, Philip," he said, mournfully, "that it *should* be so little!"

The young man shifted his attitude impatiently, and began scanning his papers once more. A moment later he remarked, from behind the manuscripts:

"It is not we who begin this trouble. These committees of the rebel scoundrels have been active for months, all about us. Lying accounts to our prejudice are ceaselessly sent down to the committees at Schenectady and Albany —and from these towns comes back constant encouragement to disorder and bad blood. If they will have it so, are we to blame? You yourself spoke often to me, formerly, of the dangerous opinions held by the Dutch here and the Palatines up the river, and, worst of all, by those canting Scotch-Irish Presbyterians over Cherry Valley way. Yet now that we must meet this thing, you draw back, and would tie my hands as well. But doubtless you are unaware

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of the lengths to which the Albany conspirators are pushing their schemes."

"I am not without information," replied Mr. Stewart, perhaps in his desire to repudiate the imputation of ignorance, revealing things which upon reflection he would have reserved. "I have letters from my boy Douw regularly, and of late he has told me much of the doings of the Albany Committee."

Young Cross put his papers down from before his face with a swift gesture. Whether he had laid a trap for Mr. Stewart or not is doubtful; we who knew him best have ever differed on that point. But it is certain that his manner and tone had changed utterly in the instant before he spoke.

"Yes!" he said, with a hard, sharp inflection; "it is known that you hold regular correspondence with this peculiarly offensive young sneak and spy. Let me tell you frankly, Mr. Stewart, that this thing is not liked overmuch. These are times when men — even old men—must choose their side and stand to it. People who talk in one camp and write to the other subject themselves to uncomfortable suspicions. Men are beginning to recall that you were in arms against His Majesty King George the Second, and to hint that perhaps you are not precisely overflowing with loyalty to his grandson, though you give him lip-service readily enough. As you were pleased to say to me a few minutes ago, 'Be warned in time,' Mr. Stewart!"

The old gentleman had started back as if struck by a whip at the first haughty word's inflection. Gradually, as the impertinent sentences followed, he had drawn up his bent slender frame until he stood now erect, his hooked nose in the air, and his blue eyes flashing. Only the shrunken lips quivered with the weakness of years, as he looked tall young Mr. Cross full in the face.

"Death of my life!" he stammered. "*You* are saying these things to *me!* It is Tony Cross's son whom I listen to —and *her* son—the young man to whom I gave my soul's treasure!"

Then he stopped, and while his eyes still glowed fiery wrath, the trembling lips became piteous in their inability to form words. For a full minute the fine old soldier stood, squared and quivering with indignation. What he would have said, had he spoken, we can only guess. But no utterance came. He half-raised his hand to his head with a startled movement; then, seeming to recover himself, walked over to where Daisy sat, ceremoniously stooped to kiss her forehead, and, with a painfully obvious effort to keep his gait from tottering, moved proudly out of the room.

When Philip, who had dumbly watched the effect of his words, turned about, he found himself confronted with a woman whom he scarcely knew to be his wife, so deadly pale and drawn was her face, so novel and startling were the glance and gesture with which she reared herself before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW PHILIP IN WRATH, DAISY IN ANGUISH, FLY THEIR HOME.

"You are, then, not even a gentleman!"

The ungracious words came almost unbidden from Daisy's pallid lips, as husband and wife for the first time faced each other in anger. She could not help it. Passive, patient, long-suffering she had been, the while the mortifications and slights were for herself. But it was beyond the strength of her control to sit quietly by when Mr. Stewart was also affronted.

Through all the years of her life she had been either so happy in her first home, or so silently loyal to duty in her second, that no one had discovered in Daisy the existence of a strong spirit. Sweet-tempered, acquiescent, gentle, everyone had known her alike in joy or under the burden of disappointment and disillusion. "As docile as Daisy," might have been a proverb in the neighborhood, so general was this view of her nature. Least of all did the selfish, surly-tempered, wilful young Englishman who was her husband, and who had ridden rough-shod over her tender thoughts and dreams these two years, suspect that she had in her the capabilities of flaming, wrathful resistance.

He stared at her now, at first in utter bewilderment, then with the instinct of combat in his scowl.

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"Be careful what you say!" he answered, sharply. "I am in no mood for folly."

"Nay, mood or no mood, I shall speak. Too long have I held my peace. You should be ashamed in every recess of your heart for what you have said and done this day!" She spoke with a vibrant fervency of feeling which for the moment pierced even his thick skin.

"He was over-hasty," he muttered, in half-apology. "What I said was for his interest. I intended no offence."

"Will you follow him—and say so?"

"Certainly not! If he chooses to take umbrage, let him. It's no affair of mine."

"Then *I* will go—and not return until he comes with me, invited by you!"

The woman's figure, scornfully erect, trembled with the excitement of the position she had on the moment assumed, but her beautiful face, refined and spiritualized of late by the imprint of womanhood's saddening wisdom, was coldly resolute. By contrast with the burly form and red, rough countenance of the man she confronted, she seemed made of another clay.

"Yes, I will go!" she went on, hurriedly. "This last is too much! It is not fit that I should keep up the pretence longer!"

The husband burst out with a rude and somewhat hollow laugh. "Pretence, you say! Nay, madame, you miscall it. A pretence is a thing that deceives—and I have never been deceived. Do not flatter yourself. I have read you like a page of large print, these twenty months. Like the old gaffer whose feathers I ruffled here a while ago with a few words of truth, your tongue has been here, but your thoughts have been with the Dutchman in Albany!"

The poor girl flushed and recoiled under the coarse insult, and the words did not come readily with which to repel it.

"I know not how to answer insolence of this kind," she said at last. "I have been badly reared for such purposes."

She felt her calmness deserting her as she spoke; her eyes began to burn with the starting tears. This crisis in her life had sprung into being with such terrible swiftness, and yawned before her now, as reflection came, with such blackness of unknown consequences, that her woman's strength quaked and wavered. The tears found their way to her cheeks, now—and through them she saw, not the heavy, half-drunken young husband, but the handsome, slender, soft-voiced younger lover of three years ago. And then the softness came to her voice, too.

"How *can* you be so cruel and coarse, Philip, so unworthy of your real self?" She spoke despairingly, not able wholly to believe that the old self was the true self, yet clinging, woman-like, to the hope that she was mistaken.

"Ha! So my lady has thought better of going, has she?"

"Why should you find pleasure in seeking to make this home impossible for me, Philip?" she asked, in grave gentleness of appeal.

"I thought you would change your tune," he sneered back at her, throwing himself into a chair. "I have a bit of counsel for you: Do not venture upon that tone with me again. It serves with Dutch husbands, no doubt; but I am not Dutch, and I don't like it."

She stood for what seemed to be a long time, unoccupied and irresolute in the centre of the room. It was almost impossible for her to think clearly or to see what she ought to do. She had spoken in haste about leaving the house—and felt now that that would be an unwise and wrongful step to take. Yet her husband had deliberately insulted her, and had coldly interpreted as weak withdrawals her conciliatory words—and it was very hard to let this state of affairs stand without some attempt at its improvement. Her pride tugged bitterly against the notion of addressing him again, yet was it not right that she should do so?

The idea occurred to her of ringing for a servant, and directing him to take off his master's boots. The slave-boy who came in was informed by a motion of her finger, and, kneeling to the task, essayed to lift one of the heavy boots from the tiled hearth. The amiable Mr. Cross allowed the foot to be raised into the boy's lap. Then he kicked the lad backward, head over heels, with it, and snapped out angrily:

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"Get away! When I want you, I'll call!"

The slave scrambled to his feet and slunk out of the room. The master sat in silence, moodily sprawled out before the fire. At last the wife approached him, and stood at the back of his chair.

"You are no happier than I am, Philip," she said. "Surely there must be some better way to live than this. Can we not find it, and spare ourselves all this misery?"

"What misery?" he growled. "There is none that I know, save the misery of having a wife who hates everything her husband does? The weathercock on the roof has more sympathy with my purposes and aims than you have. At least once in a while he points my way."

"Wherein have I failed? When have you ever temperately tried to set me aright, seeing my errors?"

"There it is—the plausible tongue always! 'When have I done this, or that, or the other?' It is not one thing that has been done, madam, but ten thousand left undone! What did I need —having lands, money, position — to make me the chief gentleman of Tryon County, and this house of mine the foremost mansion west of Albany, once Sir William was dead? Naught but a wife who should share my ambitions, enter into my plans, gladly help to further my ends! I choose for this a wife with a pretty face, a pretty manner, a tidy figure which carries borrowed satins gracefully enough — as I fancy, a wife who will bring sympathy and distinction as well as beauty. Well, I was a fool! This precious wife of mine is a Puritan ghost who gazes gloomily at me when we are alone, and chills my friends to the marrow when they are ill-advised enough to visit me. She looks at the wine I lift to my lips, and it sours in the glass. She looks into my kennels, and it is as if turpentine had been rubbed on the hounds' snouts. This great house of mine, which ought of right to be the gallant centre of Valley life and gayety, stands up here, by God! like a deserted church-yard. Men avoid it as if a regicide had died here. I might have been Sir Philip before this, and had His Majesty's Commission in my pocket, but for this petticoated skeleton which warns off pleasure and promotion. And then she whines, 'What have I done?'"

"You are clever enough, Philip, to have been anything you wanted to be, if only you had started with more heart, and less appetite for pleasure. It is not your wife, but your wine, that you should blame."

"Ay! there it comes! And even if it were true—as it is not, for I am as temperate as another—it would be you who had driven me to it!"

"What folly!"

"Folly, madam? By heaven, I will not——"

"Nay, listen to me, Philip, for the once. We may not speak thus frankly again; it would have been better had we freed our minds in this plain fashion long ago. It is not poor me, but something else, that in two years has changed you utterly. To-day you could no more get your mind into the same honest course of thoughts you used to hold than you could your body into your wedding waistcoat. You talk now of ambitions; for the moment you really think you had ambitions, and because they are only memories, you accuse me. Tell me truly, what were your ambitions? To do nothing but please yourself—to ride, hunt, gamble, scatter money, drink till you could drink no more. Noble aspirations these, for which to win the sympathy of a wife!"

Philip had turned himself around in his chair, and was looking steadily at her. She found the courage to stand resolute under the gaze and return it.

"There is one point in which I agree with you," he said, slowly: "I am not like ever again to hear talk of this kind under my roof. But while we are thus amiably laying our hearts bare to each other, there is another thing to be said. Everywhere it is unpleasantly remarked that I am not master in my own house—that here there are two kinds of politics —that I am loyal and my wife is a rebel."

"Oh, that is unfair! Truly, Philip, I have given no cause for such speech. Not a word have I spoken, ever, to warrant this. It would be not only wrong but presuming to do so, since I am but a woman, and have no more than a woman's partial knowledge of these

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things. If you had ever asked me, I would have told you frankly that, as against the Johnsons and Butlers and Whites, my feelings were with the people of my own flesh and blood; but as to my having ever spoken——"

"Yes, I know what you would say," he broke in, with cold, measured words. "I can put it for you in a breath: I am an English gentleman; you are a Dutch foundling!"

She looked at him, speechless and mentally staggered. In all her life it had never occurred to her that this thing could be thought or said. That it should be flung thus brutally into her face now by her husband—and he the very man who as a boy had saved her life—seemed to her astonished sense so incredible that she could only stare, and say nothing.

While she still stood thus, the young aristocrat rose, jerked the bell-cord fiercely, and strode again to the escritoire, pulling forth papers from its recesses with angry haste.

"Send Rab to me on the instant!" he called out to the slave who appeared.

The under-sized, evil-faced creature who presently answered this summons was the son of a Scotch dependent of the Johnsons, half-tinker, half-trapper, and all ruffian, by an Indian wife. Rab, a young-old man, had the cleverness and vices of both strains of blood, and was Philip's most trusted servant, as he was Daisy's especial horror. He came in now, his black eyes sparkling close together like a snake's, and his miscolored hair in uncombed tangle hanging to his brows. He did not so much as glance at his mistress, but went to Philip, with a cool—

"What is it?"

"There is much to be done to-night, Rab," said the master, assorting papers still as he spoke. "I am leaving Cairncross on a journey. It may be a long one; it may not."

"It will at least be as long as Thompson's is distant," said the familiar.

"Oh, you know, then," said Philip. "So much the better, when one deals with close tongues. Very well! I ride to-night. Do you gather the things I need—clothes, money, trinkets, and what not—to be taken with me. Have the plate, the china, the curtains, pictures, peltries, and such like, properly packed, to be sent over to the Hall with the horses and dogs in the early morning. I shall ride all night, and all to-morrow, if needs be. When you have seen the goods safely at the Hall, deliver certain letters which I shall presently write, and return here. I leave you in charge of the estate; you will be master—supreme—and will account only to me, when the King's men come back. I shall take Cæsar and Sam with me. Have them saddle the roan for me, and they may take the chestnut pair and lead Firefly. Look to the saddle-bags and packs yourself. Let everything be ready for my start at eleven; the moon will be up then."

The creature waited for a moment, after Philip had turned to his papers.

"Will you take my lady's jewels?" he asked.

"Damnation! No!" growled Philip. "*If you do not, they shall be thrown after you!*"

It was Daisy who spoke—Daisy, who leaned heavily upon the chair-back to keep erect in the whirling dream of bewilderment which enveloped her. The words, when they had been uttered, seemed from some other lips than hers. There was no thought in her mind which they reflected. She was too near upon swooning to think at all.

Only dimly could she afterward recall having left the room, and the memory was solely of the wicked gleam in the serpent-eyes of her enemy, Rab, and of the sound of papers being torn by her husband, as she, dazed and fainting, managed to creep away, and reach her chamber.

The wakeful June sun had been up for an hour or so, intent upon the self-appointed and gratuitous task of heating still more the sultry, motionless morning air, when consciousness returned to Daisy.

All about her the silence was profound. As she rose, the fact that she was already dressed scarcely interested her. She noted that the lace and velvet hangings were gone, and that the apartment had been despoiled of much else besides—and gave this hardly a passing thought.

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"While his eyes still glowed fiery wrath, the trembling lips became piteous in their inability to form words."
—Page 325.

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Mechanically she took from the wardrobe a hooded cloak, put it about her, and left the room. The hallways were strewn with straw and the litter of packing. Doors of half-denuded rooms hung open. In the corridor below two negroes lay asleep, snoring grotesquely beside some chests at which they had worked. There was no one to speak to her or bar her passage. The door was unbolted. She passed listlessly out, and down the path toward the gulf.

It was more like sleep-walking than waking, conscious progress — this melancholy journey. The dry, parched grass, the leaves depending wilted and sapless, the leaden air, the hot, red globe of dull light hanging before her in the eastern heavens, all seemed a part of the lifeless, hopeless pall which weighed from every point upon her, deadening thought and senses. The difficult descent of the steep western hill, the passage across the damp bottom and over the tumbling, shouting waters, the milder ascent, the cooler, smoother forest-walk toward The Cedars beyond—these vaguely reflected themselves as stages of the crisis through which she had passed: the heartaching quarrel, the separation, the swoon, and now the approaching rest.

Thus at last she stood before her old home, and opened the familiar gate. The perfume of the flowers, heavily surcharging the dewless air, seemed to awaken and impress her. There was less order in the garden than before, but the plants and shrubs were of her own setting. A breath of rising zephyr stirred their blossoms as she regarded them in passing.

"They nod to me in welcome," her dry lips murmured.

A low, reverberating mutter of distant thunder came as an echo, and a swifter breeze lifted the flowers again, and brought a whispered greeting from the lilac-leaves clustered thick about her.

The door opened at her approach, and she saw Mr. Stewart standing there on the threshold, awaiting her. It seemed natural enough that he should be up at this hour, and expecting her. She did not note the uncommon whiteness of his face, or the ceaseless twitching of his fallen lips.

"I have come home to you, father!" she said, calmly, wearily.

He gazed at her without seeming to apprehend her meaning.

"I have no longer any other home," she added.

She saw the pallid face before her turn to wax, shot over with green and brazen tints. The old hands stretched out as if to clutch hers—then fell inert.

Something had dropped shapeless, bulky, at her feet, and she could not see Mr. Stewart. Instead, there was a reeling vision of running slaves, of a form lifted and borne in, and then nothing but a sinking away of self amid the world-shaking roar of thunder and blazing lightning streaks.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT ATTACK UPON QUEBEC—AND MY SHARE IN IT.

Of these sad occurrences it was my fortune not to be informed for many months. In some senses this was a beneficent ignorance. Had I known that, under the dear old roof which so long sheltered me, Mr. Stewart was helplessly stricken with paralysis, and poor Daisy lay ill unto death with a brain malady, the knowledge must have gone far to unfit me for the work which was now given into my hands. And it was work of great magnitude and importance.

Close upon the heels of the Bunker Hill intelligence came the news that a Continental Army had been organized; that Colonel Washington, of Virginia, had been designated by Congress as its chief, and had started to assume command at Cambridge; and that our own Philip Schuyler was one of the four officers named at the same time as major-general. There was great pleasure in Albany over the tidings; the patriot committee began to prepare for earnest action; and our Tory mayor, Abraham Cuyler, sagaciously betook himself off, ascending the Mohawk in a canoe, and making his way to Canada.

Among the first wishes expressed by General Schuyler was one that I should assist and accompany him, and this, flattering enough in itself, was made delightful by the facts that my friend Peter

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Gansevoort was named as another aide, and that my kinsman, Dr. Teunis, was given a professional place in the general's camp family. We three went with him to the head-quarters at Cambridge very shortly after, and thenceforward were too steadily engrossed with our novel duties to give much thought to home affairs.

It was, indeed, a full seven months onward from the June of which I have written that my first information concerning The Cedars, and the dear folk within its walls, came to me in a letter from my mother. This letter found me, of all unlikely places in the world, lying in garrison on the frozen bank of the St. Lawrence—behind us the strange, unnatural silence of the Northern waste of snow, before us the black, citadel-crowned, fire-spitting rock of Quebec.

Again there presses upon me the temptation to put into this book the story of what I saw there while we were gathering our strength and resolution for the fatal assault. If I am not altogether proof against its wiles, at least no more shall be told of it than properly belongs here, insomuch as this is the relation of my life's romance.

We had started in September with the expedition against Canada, while it was under the personal command of our general; and when his old sickness came unluckily upon him, and forced his return, it was at his request that we still kept on, under his successor, General Richard Montgomery. It was the pleasanter course for us, both because we wanted to see fighting, and because Montgomery, as the son-in-law of Mr. Livingston, was known to us and was our friend. And so with him we saw the long siege of St. John's ended, and Chambly, and then Montreal, Sorel, and Three Rivers, one by one submit, and the *habitants* acclaim us their deliverers as we swept the country clean to the gates of Quebec.

To this place we came in the first week of December, and found bold Arnold and his seven hundred scarecrows awaiting us. These men had been here for a month, yet had scarcely regained their strength from the horrible sufferings they encountered throughout their wilderness march. We were by this time not enamoured of campaigning in any large degree from our own experience of it. Yet, when we saw the men whom Arnold and Morgan had led through the trackless Kennebec forest, and heard them modestly tell the story of that great achievement—of their dreadful sustained battle with cold, exhaustion, famine, with whirling rapids, rivers choked with ice, and dangerous mountain precipices—we felt ashamed at having supposed we knew what soldiering was.

Three weeks we lay waiting. Inside, clever Carleton was straining heaven and earth in his endeavor to strengthen his position; without, we could only wait. Those of us who were from the Albany and Mohawk country came to learn that some of our old Tory neighbors were within the walls, and the knowledge gave a new zest to our eager watchfulness.

This, it should be said, was more eager than sanguine. It was evident from the outset that, in at least one respect, we had counted without our host. The French-Canadians were at heart on our side, perhaps, but they were not going to openly help us—and we had expected otherwise. Arnold himself, who as an old horse-dealer knew the country, had especially believed in their assistance and sympathy, and we had bills printed in the French language to distribute, calling upon them to rise and join us. That they did not do so was a grievous disappointment from the beginning.

Yet we might have been warned of this. The common people were friendly to us—aided us privily when they could—but they were afraid of their seigneurs and curés. These gentry were our enemies for a good reason—in their eyes we were fighting New England's fight, and intolerant New England had only the year before bitterly protested to Parliament against the favor shown the Papist religion in Quebec. These seigneurs and priests stood together, in a common interest. England had been shrewd enough to guarantee them their domains and revenues. Loyalty meant to them the security of their *rentes et dîmes*, and they were not likely to risk these in an adventure with the Papist-hating Yankees. Hence they stood by England, and, what is more, held their people practically aloof from us.

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"Then a great mashing blow on my face ended my fight."—Page 334.

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But even then we could have raised Canadian troops, if we had had the wherewithal to feed or clothe or arm them. But of this Congress had taken no thought. Our ordnance was ridiculously inadequate for a siege ; our clothes were ragged and foul, our guns bad, our powder scanty, and our food scarce. Yet we were deliberately facing, in this wretched plight, the most desperate assault of known warfare.

The weeks went by swiftly enough. Much of the time I was with the Commander at our headquarters in Holland House, and I grew vastly attached to the handsome, gracious, devoted young soldier. Brigadier-General Montgomery had not, perhaps, the breadth of character that made Schuyler so notable ; which one of all his contemporaries, save Washington, for that matter, had ? But he was very single-minded and honorable, and had much charm of manner. Often, during those weeks, he told me of his beautiful young wife, waiting for his return at their new home on the Hudson, and of his hope soon to be able to abandon the strife and unrest of war, and settle there in peace. Alas ! it was not to be so.

And then, again, we would adventure forth at night, when there was no moon, to note what degree of vigilance was observed by the beleaguered force. This was dangerous, for the ingenious defenders hung out at the ends of poles from the bastions either lighted lanterns or iron pots filled with blazing balsam, which illuminated the ditch even better than the moon would have done. Often we were thus discovered and fired upon, and once the general had his horse killed under him.

I should say that he was hardly hopeful of the result of the attack already determined upon. But it was the only thing possible to be done, and with all his soul and mind he was resolved to as nearly do it as might be.

The night came, the last night but one of that eventful, momentous year 1775. Men had passed each day for a week between our quarters and Colonel Arnold's at St. Roch, concerting arrangements. There were Frenchmen inside the town from whom we were promised aid. What we did not know was that there were other Frenchmen, in our camp, who advised Carleton of all our plans. The day and evening were spent in silent preparations for the surprise and assault—if so be it the snow-storm came which was agreed upon as the signal. Last words of counsel and instruction were spoken. Suppressed excitement reigned everywhere.

The skies were clear and moonlit in the evening ; now, about midnight, a damp, heavy snowfall began and a fierce wind arose. So much the better for us and our enterprise, we thought.

We left Holland House some hours after midnight, without lights and on foot, and placed ourselves at the head of the three hundred and fifty men whom Colonel Campbell (not the Cherry Valley man, but a vain and cowardly creature from down the Hudson, recently retired from the British Army) held in waiting for us. Noiselessly we descended from the heights, passed Wolfe's Cove, and gained the narrow road on the ledge under the mountain.

The General and his aide, McPherson, trudged through the deep snow ahead of all, with Gansevoort and me keeping up to them as well as we could. What with the very difficult walking, the wildness of the gale, and the necessity for silence, I do not remember that anything was said. We panted heavily, I know, and more than once had to stop while the slender and less eager carpenters who formed the van came up.

It was close upon the fence of wooden pickets which stretched across the causeway at Cape Diamond that the last of these halts was made. Through the darkness, rendered doubly dense by the whirling snowflakes with which the wind lashed our faces, we could only vaguely discern the barrier and the outlines of the little block-house beyond it.

"Here is our work !" whispered the general to the half-dozen nearest him, and pointing ahead with his gauntleted hand. "Once over this, and into the guard-house, and we can never be flanked, whatever else betide."

We tore furiously at the posts, even while he spoke—we four with our hands, the carpenters with their tools. It was the work of a moment to lay a dozen of these ; another moment and the first

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score of us were knee-deep in the snow piled to one side of the guard-house door. There was a murmur from behind, which caused us to glance around. The body of Campbell's troops, instead of pressing us closely, had lingered to take down more pickets. Somebody—it may have been me—said "Cowards!" Someone else, doubtless the general, said "Forward!"

Then the ground shook violently under our feet, a great bursting roar deafened us, and before a scythe-like sweep of fire we at the front tumbled and fell!

I got to my feet again, but had lost both sword and pistol in the snow. I had been hit somewhere—it seemed in the side—but of that I scarcely thought. I heard sharp firing and the sound of oaths and groans all around me, so it behooved me to fight, too. There were dimly visible dark forms issuing from the guard-house, and wrestling or exchanging blows with other forms, now upright, now in the snow. Here and there a flash of fire from some gun or pistol gave an instant's light to this Stygian hurly-burly.

A heavy man, coming from the door of the block-house, fired a pistol straight at me; the bullet seemed not to have struck me, and I leaped upon him before he could throw the weapon. We struggled fiercely backward toward the pickets, I tearing at him with all my might, and striving with tremendous effort to keep my wits as well as my strength about me, in order to save my life. Curiously enough, I found that the simplest wrestling tricks I tried I had not the power for; even in this swift minute, loss of blood was telling on me; a ferocious last effort I made to swing and hurl him, and, instead, went staggering down into the drift with him on top.

As I strove still to turn, and lifted my head, a voice sounded close in my ear, "It's you, is it? Damn you!" and then a great mashing blow on my face ended my fight.

Doubtless some reminiscence in that voice caused my mind to carry on the struggle in the second after sense had fled, for I thought we still were in the snow, wrestling—only it was inside a mimic fort in the clearing around Mr. Stewart's old log-house, and I was a little boy in an apron, and my antagonist was a yellow-haired lad with hard fists, with which he beat me cruelly in the face—and so off into utter blackness and void of oblivion..

One morning in the latter half of January, nearly three weeks after, I woke to consciousness again. Wholly innocent of the lapse of time, I seemed to be just awakening from the dream of the snow fort, and of my boyish fight with little Philip Cross. I smiled to myself as I thought of it, but even while I smiled the vague shadows of later happenings came over my mind. Little by little the outlines of that rough December night took shape in my puzzled wits.

I had been wounded, evidently, and had been borne back to Holland House, for I recognized the room in which I lay. My right arm was in stiff splints; with the other hand I felt of my head and discovered that my hair had been cut close, and that my skull and face were fairly thatched with crossing strips of bandage. My chest, too, was girdled by similar medicated bands. My mental faculties moved very sedately, it seemed, and I had been pondering these phenomena for a long time when my cousin, Dr. Teunis Van Hoorn, came tiptoeing into the room.

This worthy young man was sincerely delighted to find me come by my senses once more. In his joy, he allowed me to talk and to listen more than was for my good, probably, for I had some bad days immediately following; but the relapse did not come before I had learned much that was gravely interesting.

It is a story of sufficient sorrow and shame to American ears even now—this tale of how we failed to carry Quebec. Judge how grievously the recital fell upon my ears then, in the little barrack-chamber of Holland House, within hearing of the cannonade by which the farce of a siege was still maintained from day to day! Teunis told me how, by that first volley of grape at the guard-house, the brave and noble Montgomery had been instantly killed; how Arnold, forcing his way from the other direction at the head of his men, and being early shot

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in the leg, had fought and stormed like a wounded lion in the narrow Sault-au-Matelot; how he and the gallant Morgan had done more than their share in the temerarious adventure, and had held the town and citadel at their mercy if only the miserable Campbell had pushed forward after poor Montgomery fell, and gone on to meet those battling heroes in the Lower Town. But I have not the patience, even at this late day, to write about this melancholy and mortifying failure.

Some of our best men—Montgomery, Hendricks, Humphreys, Captain Cheseman, and other officers, and nearly two hundred men—had been killed outright, and the host of wounded made veritable hospitals of both the head-quarters. Nearly half of our total original force had been taken prisoners. With the shattered remnants of our little army we were still keeping up the pretence of a siege, but there was no heart in our operations, since reverse had broken the last hope of raising assistance among the French population. We were too few in numbers to be able now to prevent supplies reaching the town, and everybody gloomily foresaw that when the river became free of ice, and open for the British fleet to throw in munitions and reinforcements, the game would be up.

All this Dr. Teunis told me, and often during the narration it seemed as if my indignant blood would burst off the healing bandages, so angrily did it boil at the thought of what poltroonery had lost to us.

It was a relief to turn to the question of my own adventure. It appeared that I had been wounded by the first and only discharge of the cannon at the guard-house, for there was discovered, embedded in the muscles over my ribs, a small iron bolt, which would have come from no lesser firearm. They moreover had the honor of finding a bullet in my right forearm, which was evidently a pistol-ball. And lastly, my features had been beaten into an almost unrecognizable mass of bruised flesh by either a heavy-ringed fist or a pistol-butt.

"Pete Gansevoort dragged you off on his back," my kinsman concluded. "Some of our men wanted to go back for the poor general, and for Cheseman and McPherson, but that Campbell creature would not suffer them. Instead, he and his cowards ran back as if the whole King's army were at their heels. You may thank God and Gansevoort that you were not found frozen stiff with the rest, next morning."

"Ah! you may be sure I do," I answered. "Can I see Peter?"

"Why, no—at least not in this God-forgotten country. He has been made a colonel, and is gone back to Albany, to join General Schuyler. And we are to go—you and I—as soon as it suits your convenience to be able to travel. There are orders to that purport. So make haste and get well, if you please."

"I have been dangerously ill, have I not?"

"Scarcely that, I should say. At least, I had little fear for you after the first week. Neither of the gunshot wounds was serious. But somebody must have dealt you some hearty thwacks on the poll, my boy. It was these, and the wet chill, and the loss of blood, which threw you into a fever. But I never feared for you."

Later in the year, long after I was wholly recovered, my cousin confided to me that this was an amiable lie, designed to instil me with that confidence which is so great a part of the battle gained, and that for a week or so my chance of life had been held hardly worth a sou marquee. But I did not now know this, and I tried to fasten my mind upon that encounter in the drift by the guard-house, which was my last recollection. Much of it curiously eluded my mental grasp for a time; then all at once it came to me.

"Do you know, Teunis," I said, "that I believe it was Philip Cross who broke my head with his pistol-butt."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, it surely was—and he knew me, too!" And I explained the grounds for my confidence.

"Well, young man," said Dr. Teunis, at last, "if you do not find that gentleman out somewhere, some time, and choke him, and tear him up into fiddle-strings, you've not a drop of Van Hoorn blood in your whole carcass!"

(To be continued.)

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JOHN ERICSSON, THE ENGINEER.

JULY 31, 1803—MARCH 8, 1889.

By William Conant Church.

The Giant and the Dwarfs; or, John E. and the Little Mariners.

[From a Swedish caricature, February 10, 1867.]

JOHN.—Come here, little boys, and I will show you. What do you say about this model of a gunboat for our coast defence?

THE LITTLE BOYS.—Won't do; too small . . . . too heavy draught . . . . too large guns . . . . too light draught . . . . too large . . . . too small guns . . . . won't do,—that's what I say . . . . and I also,—because it isn't *our* invention.

JOHN.—Well, little boys, that is at least some reason.

II.

JOHN ERICSSON'S career covers the entire period within which civil engineering has been recognized as a distinct profession — if we are to date from the organization in 1818 of the English Institution of Civil Engineers. During the fifty years preceding this date the modern era of engineering had been gradually shaping itself out of the labors of Smeaton, originally a maker of mathematical instruments; Brindley, a millwright; Telford, a stone-mason; Fairbairn and Stephenson, Newcastle collierymen, and others like them, uneducated or self-taught. In professional equipment Ericsson was superior to any of these, and, when he landed in England, in 1826, was prepared to enter the lists against the ablest of his contemporaries. His youthful training on the Götha Canal, his intercourse there with men familiar with English methods, and his intelligent study of the best models had admirably fitted him for the work before him. He understood English well, he was full of energy and enthusiasm, he had an inexhaustible fund of vital force and a rare capacity for continuous work. But his strength in natural endowment was at the same time his weakness, so far as the advancement of his personal fortunes was concerned. His inventive fecundity, the rapidity of his mental processes, the readiness with which his imagination transported him into new regions of industrial development made it difficult for him to realize that others must follow him by laborious steps, and that isolation in inventive experience is fatal to success in a business sense.

Before he had been two years in England, before his garments had fairly lost their Swedish cut or his speech the Norrland accent, Ericsson had added at least seven inventions to a list which was destined to grow so rapidly. In one of these, a machine for compressing air, patented in 1828, his friend and countryman Count von Rosen invested £10,000. It was employed to convey power to the pumps engaged in clearing of water a Cornish tin-mine lying off the shore, and was apparently the earliest example of the use of this mechanical expedient. In 1828 also Ericsson patented a steam boiler, constructed on the principle of artificial draught, upon which all rapid locomotion depends. At this time Sir John Ross was planning his second expedition to the Polar seas. He ordered an engine for his vessel, the Victory, from the firm of which Ericsson was now a member, known as Braithwaite & Ericsson. Not wishing to reveal the purpose of his voyage, Ross allowed it to be understood that it was a naval vessel. The new engine was put into her, and a "surface-condenser," or the apparatus now in common use for condensing the steam from the engine by passing it, in closed pipes, through cold water and returning it to the boiler, to

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Ericsson on his Arrival in England, aged twenty-three.

be used over and over again in a continuous circuit.

An important branch of Braithwaite's business was the construction of refrigerators and coolers for the mammoth breweries and distilleries of London, and it was experience with these that suggested the idea of adapting the same machinery to steam-vessels. The plan, then entirely novel, of putting the engine below the water-line, was adopted in the Victory, and other devices, since common, were experimented with in her. Compactness in marine engines was from the first one of Ericsson's hobbies, but in this case he made a mistake. Greatly chagrined when he discovered the nature of the service for which the Victory was intended, he warned Captain Ross, in heated language, of the consequences of his disingenuousness. Features which afterward proved so successful in naval construction were out of place in a vessel intended for Arctic voyaging, and the engine was tumbled overboard as soon as the Victory got into the ice, to furnish proof to some post-glacial age that the Esquimaux were acquainted with steam-engineering.

On his return from an unsuccessful voyage, after expending nearly one hundred thousand dollars of his patron's money, Sir John charged his failure to the unlucky engine. This was too much for Ericsson, who seldom found use for the soft answer that turneth away wrath when stung by a sense of injustice. A sharp controversy followed, and an encounter between the British naval officer and the ex-captain of the Swedish army was in prospect. Mr. Felix Booth, late High Sheriff of London, who had fitted out the Ross expedition, finally interfered and bloodshed was prevented.

The methods of extinguishing fires in London at this time were of the most primitive sort, and conflagrations were numerous and disastrous. The city had thrice been nearly destroyed. Drury

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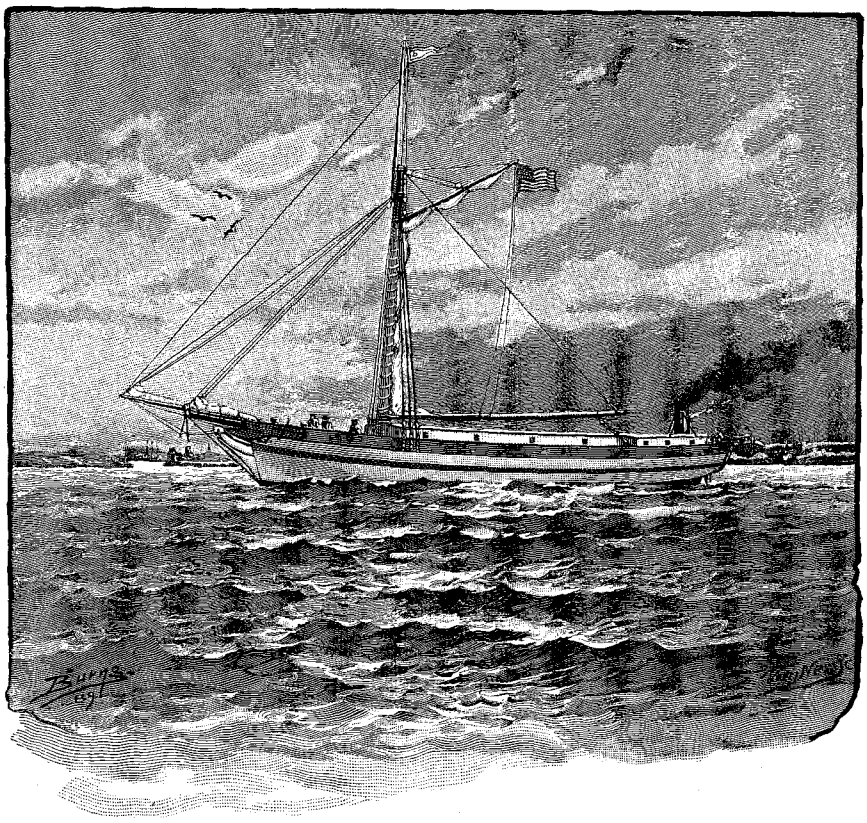

The Vandalia—Pioneer Propeller on the Lakes.

Lane and Astley's Theatre had been twice burned; Covent Garden, the Italian Opera House, and Surrey, each once. The fire-engines in use were provided by the several parishes into which London was divided and their inefficiency was notorious. Dickens describes an engine seen by him on the occasion of a fire, coming up "in gallant style—three miles and a half an hour at least"—but so inefficiently worked when it arrived on the ground, "that eighteen boys and men had exhausted themselves in pumping for twenty minutes without producing the slightest effect." This was uncommon speed, for a mile and a half an hour was the best gait of the broken-down old fellows from the workhouse who ordinarily manned the engines.

Ericsson sought to remedy this condition of things by inventing a steam fire-engine. An experimental engine, placed on a rude carriage, was built in 1828. This was followed by four completed engines, mounted on springs, so as to run over the pavements easily. One was employed in London, another went to the Liverpool Docks, and a third was ordered by the King of Prussia. The fourth was an experimental engine, built in 1833, on a new plan. The London engine proved its efficiency by extinguishing a fire at the Argyle Rooms when the hand-engines were frozen up. It was then borrowed by Barclay & Co., after a fire which destroyed their brewery, and kept steadily at work for a month in emptying their vats of beer. It next went on a starring tour through France and Russia, where it worked with perfect success. The Liverpool engine was in constant use, both for pumping water in large quantities, and for extinguishing fires, and the success of the Prussian engine—employed in protecting the public buildings of the capital—led to the bestowing of an honor-

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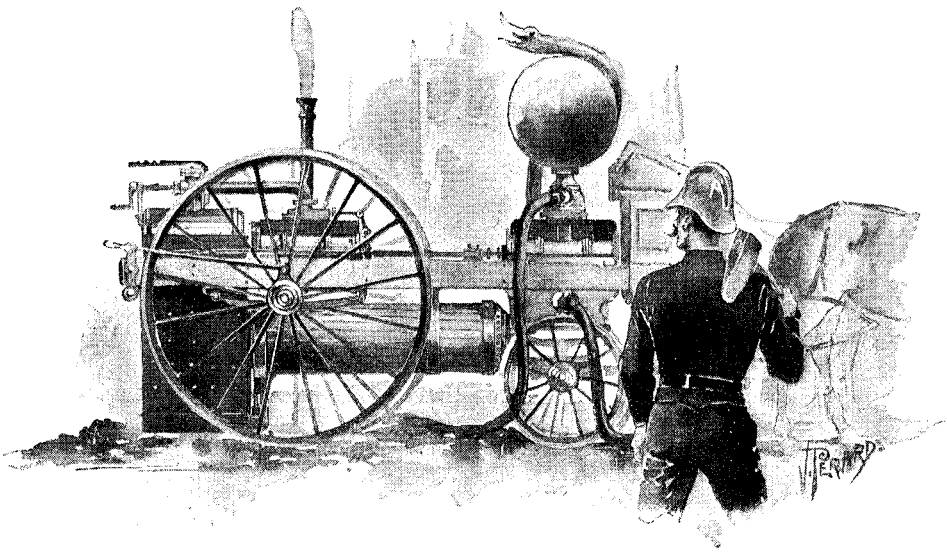
ary membership in the Berlin Institute upon its manufacturer.

This was the end of Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson's attempts to substitute steam for hand-power in extinguishing fires. The very completeness of their success was their ruin. The most violent prejudices were aroused; the hose of the engine they had sent out at their own expense was cut by the jealous firemen; they were annoyed in every way; and the parish authorities who ruled London would have nothing to do with an engine that consumed so much water.

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the Pasha, when a Yankee hand-engine was first exhibited to him; "very good, but it will require a sea to supply it with water. It won't do for us, for there is no sea in the middle of Constantinople." There was no sea in the heart of London, and it was further urged that so much water "might be injudiciously applied." The firemen were then accustomed to supply their engines by digging a hole in the middle of the street, to collect the water, and they never had enough to do any harm. The same objection was made to the steam fire-engine for which the Mechanics' Institute of New York, in 1840, awarded to Ericsson the prize offered for the best model of such a machine. There is on record a report by the Chief of the New York Fire Department declaring that steam fire-engines would do more damage with water than could possibly be done by fire. A generation passed before the London authorities were ready for the steam fire-engine. Then, in 1860, they adopted one, a machine so defective that they replaced it, after a trial of ten months, with another bearing a closer resemblance to the original invention.

While he was still at work upon his fire-engine Ericsson found opportunity to apply in another direction the experience acquired in its construction. During the century preceding his transfer to England £220,000,000—a sum equivalent to our present National debt—had been expended in constructing twenty thousand miles of English turnpikes, so as to increase the possibilities of land carriage. Advance in this direction had reached its limit. Light vehicles, mounted on springs and speeding over the perfect highways of Macadam, had gradually replaced the pack-horses and the rude carriages of a hundred years before. Great attention had been paid to improving the breed of carriage-horses, and a speed of as much as ten miles an hour was familiar to passengers by the stage-coaches. Such rapid trav-



Steam Fire Engine awarded a Prize by the American Institute, 1840.

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elling was considered highly deleterious, and when Lord Campbell first made the journey of two nights and three days from Edinburgh to London, whither

Mrs. John Ericsson, née Amelia Byam. (From an early daguerreotype.)

he went to seek his fortune in 1798, his anxious family were alarmed with stories of those who had died of brain affections after journeying with a celerity so dangerous. The still more alarming speed of sixteen miles an hour was attained for a short distance with the Shrewsbury coaches over the exceptional route between Cheltenham and Tewkesbury. Beyond this, progress was impossible, for the limit of muscle-power was reached.

Various unsuccessful attempts had been made to apply steam-power to traction upon the ordinary highways, but the demand for improvement in the transportation of passengers does not appear to have been active. The needs of the growing internal commerce of Great Britain were more urgent. Steam had saved her from the disaster impending when her mines had been excavated below the limits of economical mining by hand-power. It was now looked to as a means of relief from the further danger that commercial stagnation might result from inadequate means of transportation. The suggestion of a coming revolution was found in the system of tramways, employed at the Newcastle collieries for transporting coal for short distances from the mouths of the pits. George Stephenson, who had here gained his experience as an engine-driver, was fighting the battle for railroads against Philistine England. Ponderous review logic and sparkling newspaper wit were devoted to ridiculing his claim that freight might be conveyed at a speed in excess of the ordinary passenger limit of ten miles an hour, and doleful prophecies were indulged in as to the results to follow the adoption of his revolutionary projects. Ste-

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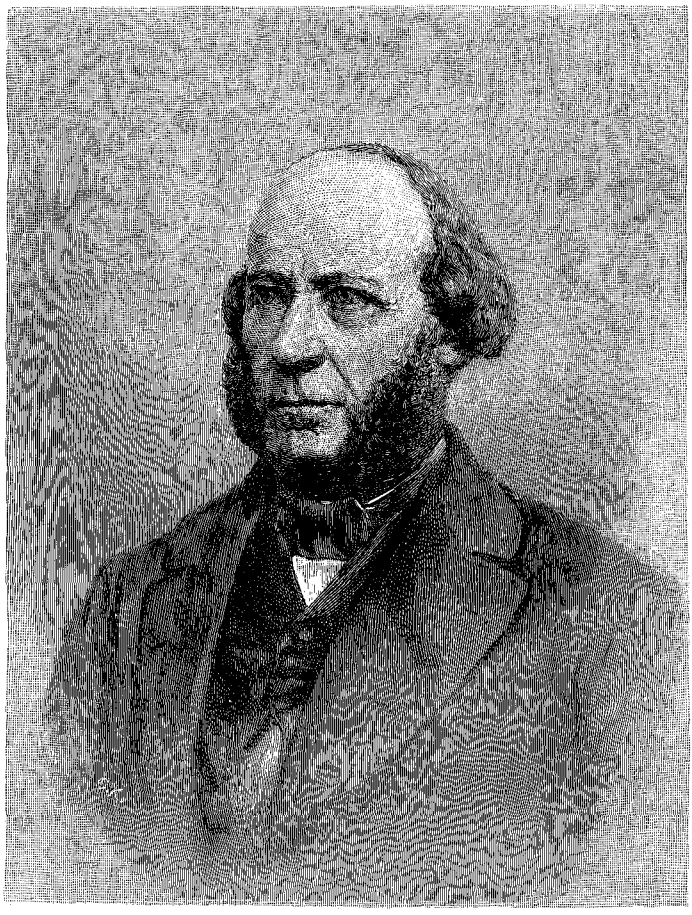

John Ericsson at the Time he Built the Monitor.

phenson's chief purpose was the conveyance of freight. Even he does not appear to have dreamed of the effect upon passenger travel of his invoking "the aid of the devil, in the form of a locomotive, sitting as postilion on the forehorse," as a parliamentary advocate described it. Sir Astley Cooper complained that the railroad would "destroy the noblesse." Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, for the same reason, rejoiced, declaring that feudality was gone forever, and that it was a blessing to think that any one evil was really extinct. The aristocratic few were no longer to have the pleasure of throwing their dust in the faces of the humble thousands, trudging wearily along the public highways. Comfort and speed, such as the lordliest had never dreamed of, were to be brought within the reach of all. "To move the rich needed only a four-horse coach, running in an agony of ten miles an hour; but to move the poor required cars before which those of the triumphing Cæsars must pale their ineffectual competition."

In 1829 Stephenson had secured his railroad uniting Liverpool with Manchester, and had narrowed the discussion between himself and his opponents to determining whether stationary engines or locomotives should be used. In the decision of this question, as the result showed, was involved the future of railroad development. It was finally decided to test the matter by offering a prize of £500 sterling for the best locomotive answering certain requirements. Five months were allowed for prepara-

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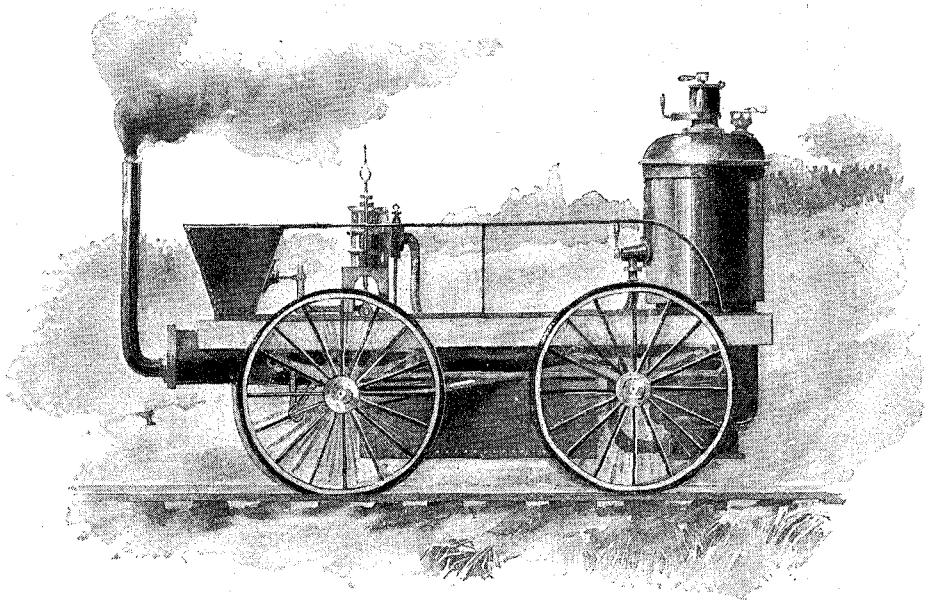
tion. The advertisement inviting the competition did not reach the eye of Ericsson, busied at this time with his



The Novelty Locomotive, built by Ericsson to compete with Stephenson's Rocket, 1829.

fire-engine. He could have had no better training for locomotive construction than this was giving him ; but, unfortunately, only seven weeks of the twenty-one remained, when an incidental allusion in the letter of a friend from Liverpool for the first time informed him of the coming contest. Stephenson was the engineer of the railroad offering the prize ; he had made a special study of locomotives, and even before Ericsson commenced work had, with the aid of his son Robert, completed his trial engine, and was sifting it of its defects by testing it on a track controlled by him. Ericsson had to design and construct his locomotive in the utmost haste, and to hurry it to the track straight from the workshop, without opportunity for the preliminary trial requisite for all machines, and especially for one of novel construction. The result was what might have been expected. Minor defects of workmanship, such as might have been corrected, and which were corrected when too late, revealed themselves on the trial, and Ericsson was declared a loser under the rules of the competition.

The conditions were a run of seventy miles, back and forth, over a level stretch of track about two miles in length, at Rainhill, this being the only portion of the railroad completed. The contest was almost equal to a Derby Day, in the interest and excitement it created, and the track on both sides, for its entire length, was lined with spectators on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Five engines entered ; but it was soon seen that the question of victory lay between two of them—Stephenson's "Rocket" and Braithwaite & Ericsson's "Novelty."

The "Novelty" was the favorite from the start. In beauty of design, in compactness of construction, in the combination of lightness with strength, it compared in appearance with the "Rocket" much as the Kentucky racer with the Normandy percheron. A glance at the illustration above will show its graceful outlines. By the use of blowers, to increase the draught as the speed increased, Ericsson was able to dispense with Stephenson's clumsy smoke-stack. To avoid thrust and heating, he applied the power to his driving-wheels horizon-

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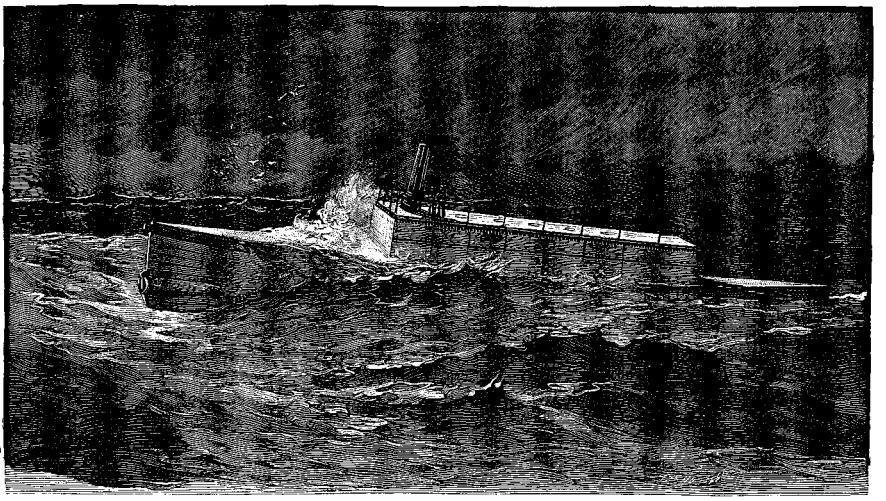
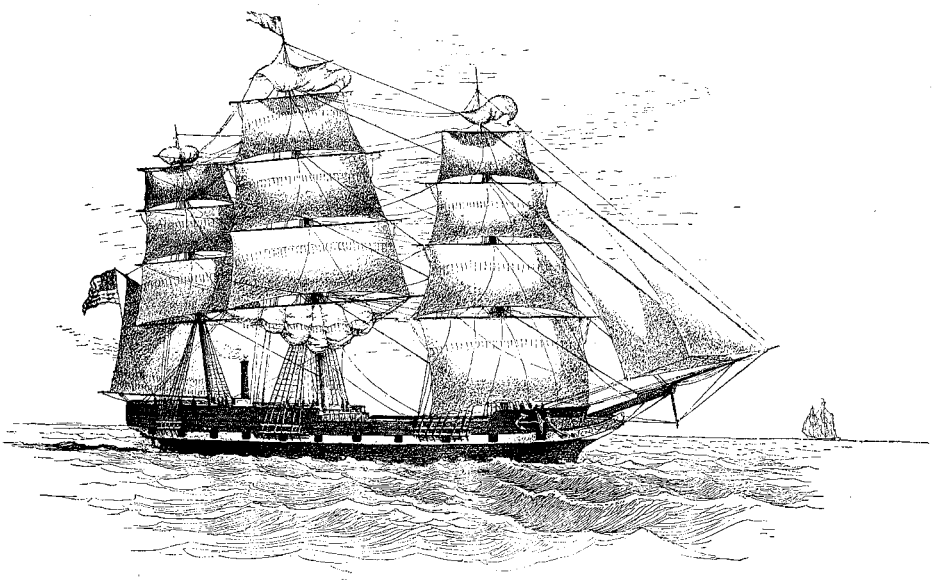


Ericsson's Torpedo-boat Destroyer.

tally, while Stephenson's connecting-rods were put at an angle of forty-seven degrees, counteracting the action of his springs. So while the "Novelty" moved along the track with perfect smoothness, the "Rocket" was as unsteady as a "jolly-boat in a gale of wind."

On the day of the competition—October 6, 1829—the "Rocket" was the only locomotive ready, and the trial of the "Novelty" was postponed until the 11th, when the pipe from the forcing-pump burst and brought it to a speedy termination. This was repaired in the course of the day, and the engine made several trips in the absence of the judges. On its trial before the judges, on the next day, a "green joint" yielded, and the choleric Ericsson somewhat too hastily, smarting under what he considered some unfairness, withdrew his engine, and the award was given to Stephenson, who had alone "fulfilled every stipulated condition."



Auxiliary Steam-packet-ship Massachusetts, 1843.

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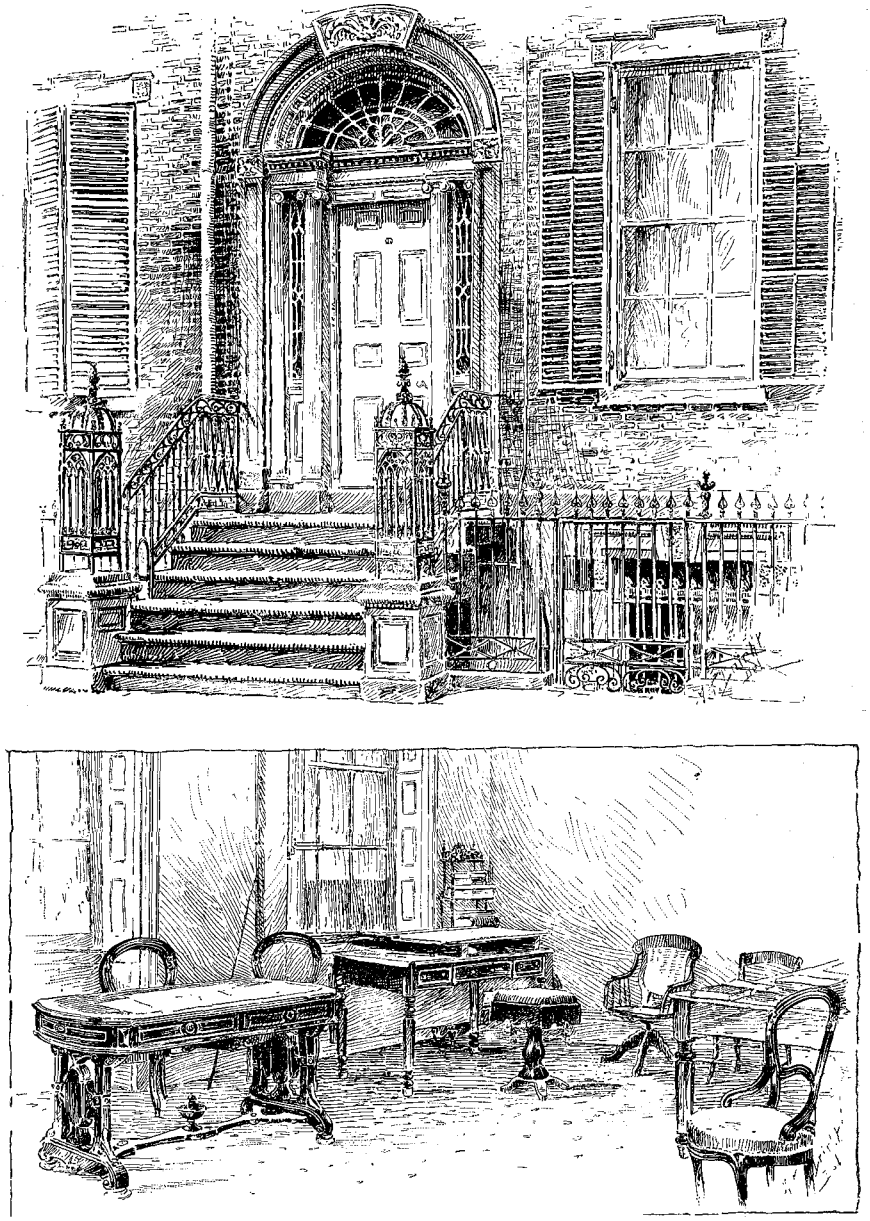

Exterior View of Ericsson's House, 36 Beach Street, New York; and view of the room in which he worked for more than twenty years.

Still, the judges in their report said "the appearance of the 'Novelty' is very much in its favor; the machinery is ingeniously contrived to work out of sight, and the whole form is as compact a machine as can be imagined." The London *Times* was enthusiastic in its praise. Describing an unofficial contest between the rival locomotives, during which Ericsson's was in working order, it said: "They ran up and down during the afternoon more for amusement than experiment, surprising and even startling the unscientific beholders by the amazing velocity with which they moved along the rails. But the speed of all the

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locomotive steam-carriages was far exceeded by that of Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson's beautiful engine from London. It was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour!

"It seemed, indeed, to fly, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld. It actually made one giddy to look at it, and filled thousands with lively fears for the safety of the individuals who were on it."

The prize went to Stephenson; the *succès d'estime* was with Ericsson. The eminent English engineer, John Scott Russell, who was present at Rainhill on this famous day, describing his experience, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edition of 1840, said: "The 'Novelty' had to be withdrawn, through a series of unfortunate accidents which had no reference to the character or capabilities of the engine, and we well recollect that it made a powerful impression on the public mind at the time. On the first day of the trial it went twenty-eight miles an hour (without any attached load) and did one mile in seven seconds under two minutes. This performance will now appear trifling, but at the time the sensation that it produced was immense."

There is no higher authority than Scott Russell, who here credits the "Novelty" with a speed of nearly thirty-two miles an hour. C. B. Vignoles, F.R.S., another British engineer, of equal authority, who rode with Ericsson that day, declared that he should never forget the look upon Stephenson's face when it shot by the "Rocket" on the occasion described by Mr. Russell. In his address, upon his taking the chair of the English Institution of Civil Engineers, January 11, 1870, Mr. Vignoles said: "The 'Novelty' was long remembered as the beau ideal of a locomotive, which, if it did not command success, deserved it." Still another British authority, John Bourne, says: "To most men the production of such an engine would have constituted an adequate claim to celebrity. In the case of Ericsson it is only a single star in the brilliant galaxy with which his shield is spangled." In considering these opinions, it should be remembered that our ideas of the Rainhill contest are derived from prejudiced accounts. Chief of these is that contained in Smiles's "Life of Stephenson," described by Knight's "American Mechanical Dictionary" as "ignoring facts and pettifogging the whole case; about as one-sided an affair as 'Abbott's Life of Saint Napoleon.'"

We may imagine the excitement following the announcement in the *Times* of the performance of the "Novelty" to which its chief attention was directed. Railroad shares leaped at once to a premium, and excited groups gathered on 'Change to discuss the wonderful event. The pessimists were silenced; the era of modern railway travel was inaugurated, and the world was called upon to adjust itself to wholly new conditions. To the young engineer of twenty-six years, who played his part so well on that day, was accorded the rare privilege of living long enough to witness the development of the new age he had helped to usher in. In the closing years of his life he could look back upon a "change in the physical relations of man to the planet on which he dwells, greater than any which can be distinctly measured in any known period of historic time," and this he had no small part in creating.

There was a notable gathering of scientific and professional men at the Rainhill trial. It was followed by a dinner, and the praises of the speakers made Ericsson known to all England as one of the rising men of his profession. Following his experience with the "Novelty," Ericsson built, in 1830, in conjunction with Braithwaite, two locomotives of elegant design and costly workmanship, called the "King William" and "Queen Adelaide." With these he expected to astonish the engineering world, but the restrictions put upon him by his associates prevented his fully carrying out his ideas, and the new engines did not meet expectation. The direct steam-blast, accidentally discovered by Timothy Hackworth during the Rainhill trial, and used by Stephenson, was superior to Ericsson's plan of

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producing draught by the suction of a fan-wheel, to which he appears to have adhered with a pertinacity that was characteristic; so he abandoned the field of locomotive construction and turned to other pursuits.

Ericsson was now a partner in a well-known London house, but in the routine of his profession he still found time for perfecting numerous devices and inventions, in many of which the methods of later years were anticipated or suggested. In 1830 he applied to the engines of a Liverpool steamer, the Corsair, the centrifugal fan-blower, afterward universally adopted upon American river-steamers. He anticipated Sir William Thomson with a deep-sea lead, recording depths, without reference to the length of the line, upon a principle similar to his. This lead was patented in 1834, and came into extensive use, receiving the approval of navy officers and sea-captains, and brought some thousands into the inventor's exchequer. For a hydrostatic weighing-machine, patented in the same year, the London Society of Arts presented a prize, and a medal was also bestowed upon Ericsson by the first International Exhibition at London, 1852, for an instrument to measure distances at sea, an alarm barometer, which warned the mariner of an approaching storm by sounding a gong, and a pyrometer for measuring temperature up to the boiling-point of iron. By this last instrument, the error of Wedgewood in giving such high temperatures to fused iron, glass, etc., was demonstrated. An instrument for measuring the compressibility of water was also invented, and various devices for propelling boats upon the canals patented; in one of these was applied the mode of ascending heavy grades, now in use on the Swiss mountain railroads. A water-meter invented at this time was afterward used for a time by the Croton Aqueduct Department, New York; but the mistaken ideas prevailing at that time as to the degree of accuracy required in the measurement of water interfered with its use.

Ericsson's study of the steam-engine was constant, and he experimented with numerous ingenious devices for its improvement. From first to last he designed over five hundred steam-engines. Into these he introduced many novelties, of which some have come into general use. Even from those he abandoned, because they produced no economical results, he derived valuable hints and experience. He tested superheated steam in an engine erected on the banks of the Regent's Canal Basin, London, in 1834. He built at Liverpool a centrifugal pump, worked by an engine formed of a hollow drum, turned on its axis at the rate of 900 feet a second, or 700 miles an hour, by the impact of steam against inclined planes projecting from the interior. Several rotary engines of novel design, a file-cutting machine, and an apparatus for making salt from brine were among the inventions which, from this time on, averaged three a year for thirty years.

In the midst of his labors upon the steam-engine Ericsson persisted in his search for a substitute. In 1827 he built three engines, actuated by the expansion of air, and continued his experiments with hot air as a motor until 1833, when his first "caloric" engine appeared. Numerous modifications of this followed, as his investigations continued, and his researches into the nature of heat were finally recognized by the award of the Rumford Medal in 1856. His studies began in Sweden with his invention of a "flame-engine," and in 1826 he contributed to the archives of the English Institution of Civil Engineers a paper describing his experience with this, and presenting his theories upon the subject of air-engines. During the succeeding thirty years he expended over a quarter of a million dollars in building twenty-seven experimental machines for testing his theories, including the engines of his caloric ship, which cost one-half this total ($260,400). Nearly $100,000 more was devoted to his later researches into the nature of solar heat.

The "caloric" engine of 1833 was a sore puzzle to the scientific men of that day. They were unwilling to accept Ericsson's theories concerning it; but their own opinions as to the nature of heat were not sufficiently settled to enable them to explain clearly their own skepticism. Aristotle had told

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them that the first principle in Nature, through all its manifestations, was unity, and that these manifestations were always reducible to motion as their foundation, and Bacon had declared that "the very essence of heat, or the substantial self of heat, is motion;" but the science of thermo-dynamics was not yet established on the present basis of theory and experiment. It was not until 1849 that Joule (whose death is announced as I write) in his paper before the Royal Society, presented his final conclusion as to the mechanical equivalent of heat, and established the existence of an exact relation between heat and force, as the result of investigation begun by him in 1843, and by Mayer in Germany a year earlier.

Ericsson was guided by the accepted theories of his time, and his experiments had led him to the conclusion that heat is an agent that excites mechanical force without undergoing change. To his engine he gave the name of this supposed agent—"Caloric."

His first five-horse-power caloric engine was the sensation of London in scientific and mechanical circles. It was visited by a large number of men of distinction, as well as by curious crowds of sightseers, and many years after its appearance it was still being learnedly discussed in engineering circles. Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Dictionary of the Arts of Life and of Civilization," records the "inexpressible delight" with which he witnessed the workings of this machine, and declared its action "capable of extension to as great forces as ever can be used by man." Dr. Andrew Ure believed that the invention would throw the name of James Watt in the shade; and Robert Hunt, F.R.S., the editor of the supplement to Ure's Dictionary, after the failure of the attempt to apply it to the purposes of navigation, declared that, in spite of this, "the expansion of air by heat will eventually in some condition take the place of steam as a motive power." Professor Michael Faraday, characterized by John Tyndall as "the greatest experimental philosopher that the world has ever seen," was first convinced and then bewildered. In 1834 he lectured on the new motor at the Royal Institution, but was compelled to inform his audience, which included many gentlemen of scientific reputation, that he did not altogether understand it. This was a sore disappointment to Ericsson, who had counted much upon Faraday's advocacy of his invention. At the end of his notes upon this lecture Faraday has written: "Must always work practically; never give a final opinion except on that."

Braithwaite does not appear to have joined Ericsson in his caloric venture. Their partnership was not a commercial success, brilliant as it was with engineering achievement. Frugal in personal expenditure, Ericsson was a spendthrift in gratifying his love for invention. To bring forth some new thing, or to transform the old in the alembic of his creative imagination, was his one consuming desire. Though he was far too thorough a master of his craft to occupy himself with conceptions not practicable in an engineering sense, his own means and the means of his friends were sometimes absorbed in ventures not profitable commercially. But were not the elder Brunel's Thames Tunnel, his designs for the Capitol at Washington, his son's "Great Eastern" steamship, and innumerable other ventures of the most successful of men equally impracticable in the same sense? Even the greatest of generals sometimes loses a battle.

"Will it pay?" is the supreme test of contemporary appreciation, and Ericsson's inventions did not always pay; sometimes because the result he sought could be more economically accomplished in other ways, if less efficiently, and as often because a long educational process was required to convince those he would benefit of their need of what his genius had provided for them. The reception, no less than the conception, of ideas necessitates evolution. This is a weary world for those who see much beyond their fellows.

The steam fire-engine was, as I have shown, a full generation in advance of the demand for it, and the field of locomotive construction was occupied by Stephenson, whose labors, concentrated upon the work of improving and adapting, were not disturbed by the buzzing of inventive conceits. Ericsson's investments in "futures," as they would be

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called on the Exchanges, were too heavy, and the financial difficulties resulting from this imprudence were increased by the enforcement of an obligation assumed on behalf of a friend. The firm of which he was a member had failed; the bailiffs were on his track, and for a time he enjoyed the hospitalities of "The Fleet" as a foreign debtor. In the year 1837, so disastrous to many others, he took the benefit of the "Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors," and secured his discharge in bankruptcy.

We had in our navy at this time a sailor, Robert F. Stockton, who united qualities rarely found in combination. An accomplished and experienced officer, showing an intelligent interest in all that concerned his profession, he was at the same time a man of fortune and family influence, and also an important factor in the politics of his native State, New Jersey, which he afterward represented in the Senate of the United States. Captain Stockton was building the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and had invested his fortune, and that of his family, in it. The financial difficulties of 1837 compelled him to visit England to procure the means for completing the canal. Ericsson found in him for a time a congenial spirit, quick to recognize the value of his novel ideas on marine propulsion. The year before, Ericsson had made his first experiment with his screw-propeller, associating with him in this enterprise a friend of Stockton's and a fellow-Jerseyman, Francis B. Ogden, then United States consul at Liverpool. Ogden and Ericsson had been friends for years, and were connected in other undertakings, Ogden's previous experience in navigation on the Mississippi giving him an intelligent appreciation of his associate's efforts to improve the marine engine.

First, a model of Ericsson's propeller was built, and thoroughly tested in a public bath at Liverpool. Next, a boat, forty feet long, was launched upon the Thames. This, propelled by a double screw, attained a speed of ten miles an hour and demonstrated most conclusively its capacity by its feats in towing heavy vessels. As the propeller was especially adapted to naval needs, the potent Lords of the Admiralty must be convinced. They permitted themselves to be towed in their barge up and down the Thames at the rate of ten miles an hour, but gave the anxious inventor no hint as to their conclusions from the experiment. Quite by accident he learned that their sage determination was that no vessel could be steered if the power was applied at the stern. The author of this *à priori* conclusion, which experience could not disturb, appears to have been the then Surveyor of the British Navy, Sir William Symonds. It was a most illogical deduction from previous experience with paddles too near the stern.

This unwillingness to be convinced by facts is characteristic of the British Admiralty, and explains why they have so often been found in the rear of the procession in adopting the changes required by mechanical invention. They must needs wait until France approved the Ericsson propeller before accepting it. The civil engineers of England were equally blind to the merits of an invention which was destined to make a mock of their theories.

Stockton declared his contempt for the opinions of these pundits. Seeing with him was believing. He at once ordered a little propeller vessel, named after him, and sent it across the Atlantic under sail, and in command of a venturesome Yankee skipper, to whom the freedom of New York was granted by resolution of the Common Council upon his arrival.

Years after, from the British Patent Office came a request that the engine of this vessel should be purchased for its museum, to complete a series of models illustrating the progress of steam navigation. The Stockton was then (1866) in the possession of the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, doing duty as a tug, under the name of the New Jersey. Ericsson tried in vain to get possession of the engine of this vessel, offering to replace it with a new one at his own expense. He was finally compelled to announce the failure of this attempt. "Nothing," he wrote, "could induce the Messrs. Stevens, who claim to be the originators of screw propulsion, to permit the machinery of the *real* pioneer screw vessel to be placed in your

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museum. Accordingly, some time ago, the Robert F. Stockton was hauled out of the water and cut up, each plate being separated from the other, while the machinery was broken up and put into the melting-pot."

At the time of his association with Stockton, Ericsson was superintending engineer of the Eastern Counties Railway, one of the leading lines out of London, and had invented a machine to be employed in the construction of its roadway embankments. Encouraged by Captain Stockton he resigned this position, and transferred himself to the United States, arriving here in the British Queen, November 2, 1839, being then in his thirty-seventh year. A gentleman who was in his employ at this time says of him: "His manner with strangers was courteous and extremely taking. He invariably made friends of high and low alike. With those in immediate contact with him in carrying out his work, he was very popular. He had few intimates of his own social level. With these his manner was very hearty, open, and frank, and he was an excellent talker. To me, from my first intercourse with him to the last, he was always gentle, kind, and considerate. In his habits of life he was frugal, but he never considered money or counted the cost of carrying out his mechanical conceptions."

Three years before, on the 15th of October, 1836, Captain Ericsson had been married, at St. John's Church, Paddington, London, to Amelia Byam, daughter of Edward Byam, second son of Sir John Byam, formerly British Commissioner for Antigua. The bridegroom was then thirty-three years of age and the bride but nineteen. Mrs. Ericsson was a very handsome woman, intelligent, and of a generous disposition. She joined her husband after his removal to America, and they resided for some time at the Astor House, and afterward at the house he occupied in Franklin Street, New York. Subsequently she returned to England, where she insisted upon residing, an amicable separation putting an end to Ericsson's brief dream of domestic happiness. He continued to contribute liberally to her support, and they corresponded until her death, in 1868. Her letters to him display respect and affection. None of his replies are preserved, but the invariable indorsement of the pet name of "Duck" upon her letters, which, according to his methodical habit, were all filed, indicates his feeling toward the one he was accustomed to describe as the most fascinating woman he had ever met.

Ericsson's acquaintance with Captain Stockton came just at the time when the inventor of the propeller was most in need of influential assistance to enable him to develop, in some more congenial clime, schemes in danger of perishing under the chilling influence of prejudice and indifference. Stockton was at this time in close association with the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, who constructed locomotives and steam-boats for the public highways in which he was interested. Considering the fact of the elder Stevens's, claim to the screw, and considering, further, Captain Stockton's intimate relations with the Stevens family at this time, his active interest in securing the introduction of Ericsson's propeller into this country is significant.

There were then no steam-vessels in our navy. The Demologos, built by Robert Fulton in 1813, was never entirely completed, owing to the termination of the war in which she was to take part. In 1829, while stationed at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard as a receiving-ship, she was blown up, whether by accident or design was never determined, a large loss of life resulting. A second vessel, called the Fulton, had been built in 1837–38; but this was a failure, and lay a useless hulk at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard until rebuilt in 1851. Thus the field of steam-engineering, as applied to vessels of the United States Navy, was an open one. Many naval officers opposed altogether the introduction of steam into naval vessels, and Ericsson's ideas as to its application were so bold and original as to still further alarm their conservatism; but he had entirely convinced Stockton of their practicability, and Stockton was all-powerful at Washington. Captain William Hunter, of the Navy, had submitted a plan for a vessel with submerged wheels, and Stockton urged the building of a steam-frigate on the plans of Ericsson, prepared in England pre-

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vious to his arrival here. It was finally decided to build a vessel upon each plan. The usual delay attending Government business occurred, and Ericsson had to wait three years before the vessel which he came over to build—the Princeton—was commenced. Before she was completed, in 1844, his screw had been applied to forty-one commercial vessels running upon the great lakes and along the coast. The first of these was the Vandalia, of one hundred and sixty tons burden. She was contracted for in December, 1840, and made her experimental trip in November, 1841, from Oswego to the head of Lake Ontario. The next was a coasting vessel, the Clarion, running to Cuba. In 1843 he applied an auxiliary screw to the sailing packet Massachusetts, afterward sold to the Government and used as General Scott's flag-ship in his landing at Vera Cruz during the war with Mexico.

The Princeton was built at the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, under Ericsson's direction. As there was no specific authority for his employment, he was obliged to accept the assurances that he should be properly compensated for his time and for the use of his numerous inventions applied to the vessel. There was not, as he was accustomed to say, a portion of the Princeton as big as a pin's-point which was not built from his designs. With the exception of $1,000 advanced by Captain Stockton, nothing was paid him at this time, and it was not until the United States Court of Claims, in 1857, unanimously allowed him $13,930, that he established any legal claim against the Government. This judgment represented, as Ericsson states in a petition to Congress, "not only the services and expenses of two entire years exclusively devoted to this work, but all the pecuniary compensation that your petitioner has received or can receive for the creation of the first war steamer in any country of the class now universally adopted not only in the Navy of the United States, but in all other navies of the world." A report presented by a committee of the Senate, in 1865, confirms this statement, declaring that the Princeton performed the service specified in the calculations, was entirely satisfactory to Captain Stockton, and highly advantageous to the United States. For this, it is added, "we are indebted to the fidelity, ingenuity, and services of Captain John Ericsson, and for which he has never been paid."

Thus did the United States avail itself, without compensation, of the experience acquired at great cost by a private individual, and it has continued to make use, from that day to this, of ideas which he undoubtedly originated and first applied. If this does not violate the letter it certainly does offend the spirit of the constitutional requirement that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, for property, as the United States Supreme Court has said, "is a word of large import." In 1866 a competent engineering authority declared that no screw-propeller engine "has since been constructed to go below the water-line which surpasses that of the Princeton in trustworthiness, durability, strength, lightness, and mechanical excellence of performance. It was simpler and had fewer parts than any propeller engine ever put into a war steamer." Ericsson was the pioneer in applying power directly to the shaft turning the screw, so as to get rid of the complication of belts or gearing, and the engine of the Princeton was the first large example of this type. It marked a new departure, and was at the time openly and unsparingly ridiculed by all the experts who examined it. In spite of them and their wisdom it did its work so perfectly and accurately that it wore out one hull, and another was built expressly for it.

In 1843 Ericsson's representative in England, Count von Rosen, received orders to fit up the Pomone, a French 44-gun frigate, with Ericsson's propeller and engines below the water-line, and this example was followed the next year (1844) by the dilatory British Admiralty, in an order given to Von Rosen for the Amphion frigate, Ericsson furnishing the general plans for the vessel, from this country. Bourne, in his standard "Treatise on the Screw-Propeller" (1852), tells us that the engines of these vessels were the first engines in Europe which were kept below the water-line; the first direct-acting horizontal en-

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gines employed to give motion to the screw, and that Ericsson's was the first example of a screw vessel's "being employed for commercial purposes." Ericsson, he says, "threw the dogmas of the engineers to the winds, and coupled the engine immediately to the propeller."

During their discussions of naval matters in England, Ericsson had presented to Stockton and Ogden his ideas on the subject of ordnance. Wrought-iron was used in the earliest years, but, as sizes increased, cast-iron was resorted to. Recent successful attempts at forging large shafts in England had satisfied him, and he succeeded in satisfying Stockton, that heavy guns could be forged. So a wrought-iron gun of the then enormous calibre of twelve inches was forged in England, after designs made by Ericsson, as early as 1834. This he brought with him when he came to this country. It was tested at Sandy Hook against a target of four and a half inches, then and so long after considered impregnable, and sent a shot clean through it and far into the bank behind. The gun was sighted by its designer, who was an expert artillerist, and had been known as early as 1820 as a skilled artillery draughtsman. He was familiar, too, with the construction and manipulation of the Swedish 80-pounders employed in the Baltic boats, when nothing beyond a 40-pounder was known in the American navy.

This 12-inch gun proved too weak, and it was strengthened with bands, as is now the general custom in building heavy guns. These bands were $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in depth by 9 inches in width, and the four were placed contiguous to each other, and so neatly finished that in appearance they formed a single band. The plan proved entirely successful, and after further tests the gun was put on board the Princeton. To it were applied Ericsson's self-acting lock and his gun-carriage, which made it possible to fire heavy guns at sea by effectually taking up the recoil. The Princeton was also furnished with the instrument for measuring distances, for which the London Exposition in 1852 awarded a medal.

Stockton also ordered a gun in this country on the model of the one brought from England, but a foot larger in diameter at the breech, and thus much heavier. This is the gun called the Peacemaker, which burst while a distinguished party was visiting the Princeton, at Washington, February 28, 1844, killing the Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, and the Secretary of the Navy, T. W. Gilman; Colonel Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island (off Long Island), and four other visitors, besides desperately wounding several of the vessel's crew. Ericsson's first gun stood the severest possible tests, and was subsequently fired one hundred and fifty times with heavy charges, in the vain attempt to burst it. It is now at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard with the target it pierced. Ericsson had more confidence in his gun called the Oregon, and urged Stockton to fire that when exhibiting his vessel, instead of the Peacemaker. This advice was not accepted; but when the disastrous result followed Stockton wished Ericsson to take the responsibility for the gun. As he had been most unhandsomely deprived of the credit which belonged to him for his work upon the Princeton, he refused to be thus made a scapegoat of, and a breach in their friendship followed.

"The triumphs of genius," says Dr. Dionysius Lardner, in his "Popular Lectures on Science and Art" (1846), "are not unattended with alloy. The moment that any invention proves to be successful in practice, a swarm of vermin are fostered into being to devour the legitimate profits of the inventor, and to rob genius of its fair reward. Captain Ericsson, so long as his submerged propeller retained the character of a mere experiment, was left in undisturbed possession of it; but when it forced its way into extensive practical use—when it was adopted in the United States Navy, and in the Revenue Service—when the coast of this country witnessed its application in numerous commercial vessels—when it was known that in France and England its adoption was decided upon—then the discovery was made for the first time that this invention of Captain Ericsson's was no invention at all—that it had been applied since the earliest dates in steam navigation. Old patents

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—some of which had been still-born, and others which had been for years dead and buried—were dug from their graves, and their dust brought into courts of law to overturn this invention, and wrest from Captain Ericsson his justly earned reward."

During the years immediately succeeding the Princeton experience Ericsson was occupied in introducing his propeller and defending his rights of property in the courts at great expense. Meanwhile he devoted such attention as he could to his caloric engine. He never ceased to believe in his pet, and later on, in the midst of his Monitor triumphs, he wrote: "The satisfaction with which I place my head on the pillow at night, conscious of having, through my little caloric engine, conferred a great boon on mankind—though the full importance of that boon may not be understood until the lapse of perhaps another century—is far greater than any satisfaction the production of an engine of war can give. The steam-engine uses water, which prevents its employment in millions of cases requiring motors to relieve human drudgery. We cannot trust that dangerous agent to the care of our wives and children, but the caloric engine we safely may. We can turn the key to the room containing it, and the humble artisan may, without apprehension, ply his tool while this harmless servant turns the crank and cooks his food."

Of this little caloric engine thousands have been sold, and many thousands more of the hot-air engine that succeeded it. This last still continues in extensive use, requiring a large establishment for its manufacture and sale. The patents for these inventions Ericsson gave to business associates to whom he was indebted for favors and assistance in carrying on his experiments.

In the attempt to apply the caloric principle upon a larger scale Ericsson failed; yet this failure was accompanied by a display of engineering capacity which would have transformed it into a triumph for most men. The fact that he succeeded in procuring half a million dollars to build the caloric vessel bearing his name, illustrates his influence with men of capital and conservative temperaments. He was an eloquent talker upon any subject in which he was warmly interested—"all fire and flame," as one of his countrymen described him. He was a member of and a frequent visitor to the Union Club in New York. Discoursing there one night on the subject of a caloric ship, Francis B. Cutting, the eminent patent lawyer, who was present, declared emphatically "that if Ericsson was sure of producing a speed of five miles an hour, he ought not to hesitate," reminding him of Fulton and his first attempt.

Thus encouraged he determined to proceed with his plans. Mr. Edward Dunham, late president of the Corn Exchange Bank, Mr. John B. Kitching, and other men then well known in commercial circles, furnished the money to build a vessel of two thousand tons, with caloric engines costing $130,000, and having cylinders of one hundred and sixty-eight inches in diameter and six feet stroke. Work upon her was pushed with her designer's accustomed energy, and her machinery was in motion within seven months from the date of laying the keel—a feat unrivalled, considering the enormous mass of the machinery and its novel features. The vessel on an experimental trip to Washington and Richmond registered a speed of eight miles an hour, and even attained a speed of eleven miles—three miles in excess of Mr. Cutting's limit. But the inherent vice of hot air as a motor revealed itself in a most unmanageable form when it was attempted to apply it on this colossal scale. Ericsson found, as did his rival, Rev. Dr. Stirling, of Dundee, Scotland, that the high heat required affected the shape of the cylinders, causing leakage, and burned out the lubricants with which it is usual to tighten the joints. The temperature of a hot-air engine, it must be remembered, is necessarily twice that of ordinary steam.

In a commercial sense, the Ericsson was unsuccessful, and yet it was one of the greatest mechanical triumphs of the period. No better specimen of workmanship than her huge engines had then been produced by American artisans in American workshops. With steam substituted for caloric, the vessel carried the Seventh New York Regiment,

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in 1858, to Richmond, as escort to the body of President Monroe ; was used as a transport vessel during the civil war ; and finally, in her old age, was transformed into a sailing vessel, carrying coal.

Ericsson was defeated but not discouraged. Nothing better illustrates his energy, his force of character, and his unfailing confidence in his own mechanical conceptions than the fact that he still continued his labors upon his caloric engine. He insisted that it was "a boon to humanity, and another step in the progress of man ordained of God." Nor did he lose the confidence of his friends. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars more were expended on experimental engines, and improvements were patented in 1851, 1855, 1856, 1858, and 1860. He was compelled now to work on what the artists call "pot-boilers," and lay aside his grander schemes for some more fitting season, a season never to come. In a letter to the associates in his earlier enterprise he gave expression to the painful disappointment he experienced in being obliged to limit his ambition. He declared his most emphatic belief that the system of motive power he was at work upon would some day be perfected, and asserted that ten per cent. of the $500,000 expended upon the caloric ship, devoted to further experiments, would produce great results. He had given up his time for four years, and incurred personal liabilities amounting to $30,000 in attempting to show "that bundles of wires are capable of exerting more force than shiploads of coal," and he could go no further.

These "bundles of wires" were what Ericsson called his "regenerator ;" an apparatus consisting of masses of wire netting so arranged as to extract the heat from the air passing out, after having done its work, and transfer it to the cold air coming in to complete the circuit. Sir William Siemens, who afterward made effective use of this principle in his regenerative furnace, declared that it failed in the hot-air engines for want of proper application ; and there can be little doubt that Ericsson would have conquered the difficulties he encountered could he have continued his experiments. Sir William further insisted, in his address before the British Association, in August, 1882, that "the gas or caloric engine combines the conditions most favorable to the attainment of maximum results, and it may reasonably be supposed that the difficulties still in the way of their application on a large scale will gradually be removed."

This was Ericsson's belief, and it was with a heavy heart that he abandoned further experiment, and devoted himself to perfecting his early engine of a simpler device, which could be made available at once, even if its possibilities were less brilliant. "I find myself on the verge of ruin," he wrote, "and I must do *something* to obtain bread, and vindicate to some extent my assumed position as the opponent of steam." This was in 1855, and during the six years intervening between that time and our Civil War he had redeemed his fortunes and was in receipt of the handsome income of which long before he would have been in possession had he been content to let the Future take care of itself, so far as the solution of mechanical problems is concerned.

One motive prompting Ericsson's labors on the caloric engine is explained in a letter he wrote to the London *Times* in 1860. "The close observer of labor-saving machines is well aware," he said, "that of late years the legitimate bounds have been passed, and that we are rapidly encountering the danger of *intellect-saving* machines by introducing mechanical devices for effecting everything which has hitherto been the result of the combination of intellect and muscular effort. It is needless to speculate as to the effect upon our race which this dispensing with intellect and the substitution of monotonous muscular labor will produce in time. The evil is manifest."

This is only one of numerous contributions to the periodical press, for Ericsson wrote with clearness and force upon subjects in which he was interested, and his articles were always welcome. On one occasion he sent a contribution to a leading New York newspaper. Its appearance was so long delayed that he concluded that it was not wanted, and sent a copy to another paper. The next

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day the two contributions were published as editorials, and for once papers that could by no possibility agree were found in perfect accord, not only as to ideas, but as to the language in which they found expression. Amusing explanations from these papers and some good-natured gibing from their rivals, was the result; the occasion being unusually favorable for a display of that amiable solicitude concerning the mistakes of contemporaries which is characteristic of the press.

Ericsson's relations to the Government were not confined to his work upon the Princeton. His services and his inventions were in request for the transport vessels of the Quartermaster's Department of the Army during the war with Mexico and for the Revenue Marine vessels of the Treasury Department, as well as for the Navy. Necessity compelled him to realize some of his most brilliant conceptions through the favor of the Government, if at all. He seems to have seen from the beginning, more clearly than anyone else, that the introduction of steam-power called for a complete reconstruction of navies, instead of a mere adaptation of the existing establishments to new necessities. He comprehended with equal clearness the conditions essential to the use of armor as a means of protecting naval vessels from the destructive fire of shell. Hence the two distinct epochs of change marking the progress of naval science during the quarter-century from 1840 to 1865 dated, one from the appearance of his Princeton in 1843, the other from the advent of his Monitor in 1862. The idea of a submerged turreted vessel was the result of studies leading naturally and inevitably to the absolute discarding of sails in favor of engines, and the substitution of "steamanship" for seamanship. It was an idea against which nautical prejudice was naturally arrayed, for it put an end to the romance of the sea, replacing the trim sailor with the grimy stoker, and destroying the charm of a life upon the ocean wave.

"Do you not know," wrote Ericsson, "that you can never convince a sailor?" As someone else has said, "Sailors is the most fashionablest folks there is." Forty years, or the period of Israelitish wandering in the wilderness, is supposed to be required for the complete acceptance of a new idea. Another generation must first succeed, and the old be buried, and its prejudices with it. This period of probation will not have passed before there is a general recognition of the force of the arguments which led logically to the Monitor as the most efficient type of armor-clad—"the safest, stanchest, and most formidable vessels in the world," as one of our naval officers, Commander J. J. Brice, has recently declared. Millions have been spent in the vain attempt to improve upon it, and its critics fail to recognize the unities of the design and disregard its inventor's most positive declaration, that the turret system and the Monitor system must go together; that a Monitor without a turret or a turret without a Monitor is worthless. The plan of putting turrets upon vessels with sides rising fourteen or fifteen feet above the water is, Ericsson said, simply ridiculous. Officials who plan such structures show gross ignorance of first principles.

The contest between the Monitor and the Merrimac was a fair test of the relative value of Ericsson's theory and the theories which have been so persistently opposed to it. Now from one of our sailors comes the declaration, equally frank and truthful, that "there is no doubt, if improved vessels of to-day, representing the respective types, became engaged in battle, the effect in its results would be a repetition of the first fight." "Contenting ourselves with looking idly on at ship-building," says Commander Brice, "speculating upon the success of the magnificent vessels yearly launched in Europe, we are to take advantage of these improvements, so we are told, and thus make ready to seize upon the right thing, when it has been discovered, at the expense of someone else. What should be our mortification now in seeing the tendency of European construction drift into the Monitor system, whilst we, who have been parading our shrewdness in profiting by others' experience, have failed to comprehend that we held in our hands what the world has been seeking."

The Monitor was part of what Erics-

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son called his system of subaquatic attack. This was in his mind from his youth up, and strongly presented itself to his imagination in 1826, the year in which he had the conversation with Count von Rosen heretofore referred to. "An impregnable and partially submerged instrument for destroying ships of war has been one of the hobbies of my life," he said. "I had the plan matured long before I left England (1839). As to protecting war engines for naval purposes with iron, the idea is as old as my recollection." It was not until our Civil War offered such an exceptional opportunity for overcoming prejudice with the crushing weight of public opinion that he was able, however, to secure attention to these plans of his.

Meantime he had advanced step by step, as occasion permitted, to the development of his scheme. Every stage of progress had thus become familiar to him, and therefore when all others doubted or denied, he did not for one moment hesitate. His experiments of 1842 had shown him, what no one else seemed to know, and what the English had not discovered when Fort Sumter was fired on, that four and one-half inches of armor would not stop a projectile such as that fired from the Princeton gun. His superiority to all others in naval engineering was, at the time he undertook his work upon the Monitor, so marked that the soberest statement of the facts appears like extravagant assumption. We have seen what he accomplished with the Princeton in 1842; during the twenty years following he had unusual opportunities for extending his experience, his judgment matured, and he lost nothing of his capacity for rapid and effective work.

These facts were known, or should have been known, at Washington in 1862. Yet the suggestions of the man who had shown such capacity to deal with the problems of naval warfare were not only not invited, but they were at first treated with disdain. "Take the thing home," said a member of the Naval Board on Armor-clads when the model of the Monitor was shown to him, "and worship it; in so doing you will violate no law, for it resembles nothing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

Before this, Ericsson had written—in August, 1861—to President Lincoln, proposing to build a vessel for the destruction of the Confederate fleet at Norfolk, and "for scouring the Southern rivers and inlets of all craft protected by rebel batteries." In this letter he called attention to the experience which had fitted him for the work, and declared that he sought no private advantage or emolument, as his caloric engine gave him "ample income and the prospect of affluence." "Attachment to the Union alone impels me," he said to Mr. Lincoln, "to offer my services at this fearful crisis—my life, if need be—in the great cause which Providence has called you to defend."

Stephen R. Mallory, who was Ericsson's champion in the Senate in the matter of the Princeton, was at this time Confederate Secretary of the Navy. He was familiar with Ericsson's work, and had a profound respect for his abilities, of which he had learned much in his capacity as chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate. Had Ericsson's fortune led him south of Mason and Dixon's line his services would without doubt have been called for, as the Confederates were prompt to recognize the value of armor-clads. While they were making use of their meagre resources to provide them, our authorities at Washington appear to have been in the state of mind of

> "The great Bomfogus, who of old,
> Wore his legs bare, and died of cold,"

because he could not decide which extremity should be first incased in his breeches. They did not know whether they wanted armored vessels or not, and in an official report, more creditable to their frankness than to their knowledge, they confessed, with charming *naïveté*, their ignorance of the whole subject. Some counselled one thing and some another. In the midst of this confusion of tongues Ericsson presented himself. His overmastering presence for the time silenced contention, but no sooner was his back turned than the old

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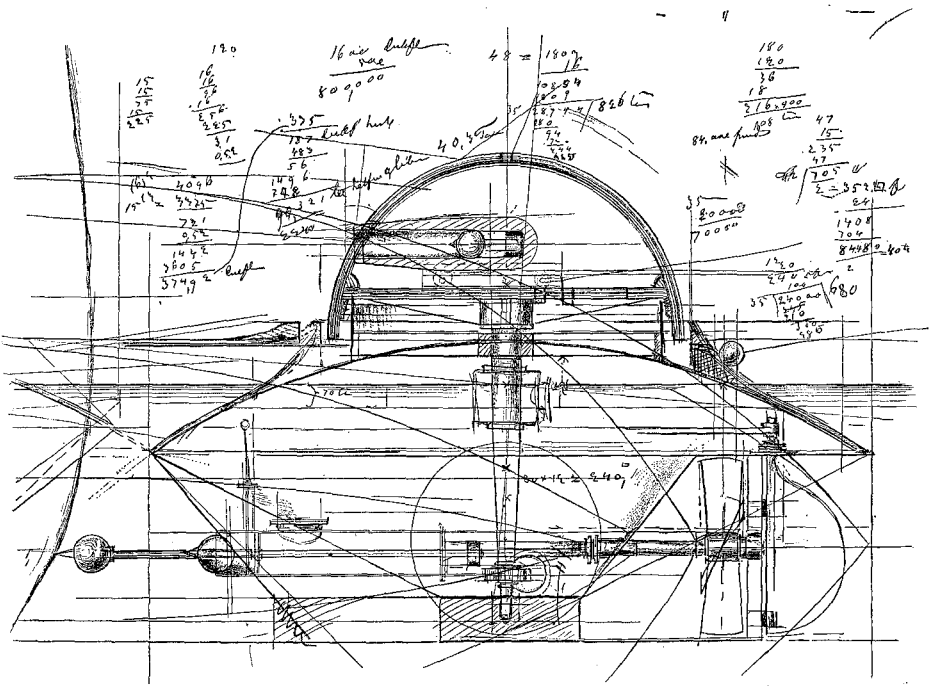
doubts and fears revived. A long series of letters from the Naval Bureau shows how he was badgered and worried, while he was straining every nerve upon the seemingly impossible task of completing his first Monitor in one hundred days.



Facsimile of a Pencil Sketch by Ericsson, giving a Transverse Section of his Original Monitor Plan with a Longitudinal Section drawn over it.*

One of two courses was logically admissible: to reject his scheme, or, accepting it, to give him the fullest encouragement in carrying it out at the risk and expense of the Government, which had the paramount interest in it. Neither course was followed. Our Navy had once been revolutionized at Ericsson's expense, it seems to have been thought that his brains might properly be made use of to any extent without rewarding him with so much as a snuff-box, or one of those decorations so freely bestowed by foreign potentates on those who serve them. The bargain for the construction of the Monitor, forced upon him and his associates by the officials at Washington, in the name of our beneficent Government, would have disgraced Shylock. They speculated, not in his flesh and blood, but in his enthusiasms. It was impossible for him to refuse an offer, however ungenerous, giving him the hope of realizing his grand conceptions. As it was, nothing but a dramatic success, to which fortune in no small measure contributed, prevented the enforcement of the threat, often repeated, that if the new vessel did not successfully pass through that most trying of all ordeals, naval criticism, it would be thrown back upon the hands of its constructor.

Fortunately, criticism was for a time

* In a confidential letter, written March 23, 1866, Ericsson said: "The great importance of what I call the subaquatic system of naval warfare strongly presented itself to my mind in 1826; yet I have not during this long interval communicated my ideas to a single person, excepting Emperor Napoleon III. What I knew twelve years ago, he knows, with regard to the general result of my labors, but the details remain a secret with me. The Monitor of 1856 was the *visible* part of my system, and its grand features were excluded from its published drawings and descriptions.

Among Ericsson's papers were found, after his death, a series of autograph pencil drawings, showing these concealed features of his monitor system as originally conceived. They represent the ideas of subaquatic attack, first presented in the Destroyer in 1878, after being withheld from the public gaze by their author for half a century. The rude sketches, here presented in facsimile, are thus for the first time made public. In his work entitled "Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition," published in 1876, Captain Ericsson speaks of them as "unfortunately lost."

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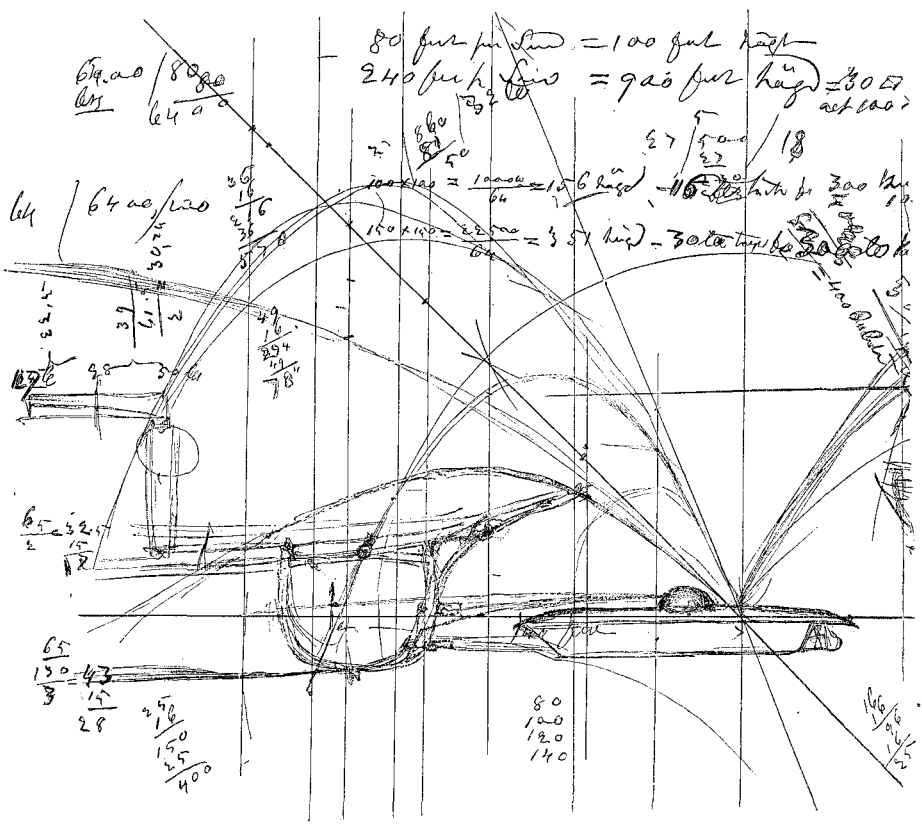
silenced by the circumstances of that world-famous battle in Hampton Roads, on the 9th of March, 1862. The unequal contest of the first day crowned our navy with a halo of undying glory; but it showed, at the same time, at what a price naval experience has been bought, as it must be bought again. The gallant old sailor, Commodore Smith, under whose directions Ericsson had built his vessel, and whose son was killed in this engagement, was called out of church in Washington, by Secretary Welles, on the day of the Monitor and Merrimac fight, and told that the Congress, commanded by his son, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, had surrendered to the enemy at Hampton Roads the day before. "Then Joe is dead," was the father's instant response. He knew his son, and he knew how fully he, like others of the class to which he belonged, could be depended upon to maintain the noblest traditions of a noble service.

All that gallantry and self-devotion could do had been done, but in vain. "The Confederate fleet," says the historian of "The Confederate States Navy" (J. Thomas Scharf), "steamed proudly and triumphantly back to its anchorage, having sent a thrill of joyful enthusiasm through the length and breadth of the Confederate States, dismay and disgrace all over the United States, and revolutionized naval construction throughout the world. From that anchorage, and by the blaze of the burning Congress, the crews of the Confederate vessels saw waving from the masts of the sunken Cumberland the flag of the United States, and heard the booming of the guns of the burning Congress, until the magazine exploding scattered over the water of the Roads the fragments of the frigate; the stranded Minnesota lying riddled; the Roanoke, St. Lawrence, Mystic, and other gun-boats lying huddled under the guns of Fortress Mon-



Facsimile of Ericsson's Original Pencil Drawing of his Monitor, 1854.

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roe, and no flag but the stars and bars waving in defiance over all the waters of the Hampton Roads."

The success of the Monitor, on the day following the conflict here described, only partially redeemed the disasters of the first day. The Confederate claim that the encounter between the Merrimac—or Virginia—and the Monitor was indecisive, in fact, a drawn battle, is well founded. Ericsson recognized this, and while all other voices, save those singing Hallelujah, were silenced, he was more disposed to criticise than to commend. He had been thoroughly trained in the science of artillery in his youth; through life he had made the subject of ordnance a study, and his engineering experience had given him an unusually thorough knowledge of the strength of material. He built his vessel to carry a gun far larger than any in the service of foreigners at that time, and he believed that this gun could be safely fired with a charge much in excess of that allowed by the timidity of our ordnance authorities. In this he spoke as one having authority, and the result proved that he was right. It was against his judgment that the charge for the guns of the Monitor was limited to fifteen pounds of powder. Later experience showed that they were safe with charges more than three times as great. Firing thirty-five pound charges, John Rodgers, in the Weehawken, with his first shot knocked a hole in the armored sides of the Atlanta, *née* Fingal, wounding with flying splinters sixteen men and prostrating forty more insensible. A second shot crushed in the pilot-house, wounded both pilots and one helmsman, and stunned the other helmsman. Within fifteen minutes the Atlanta surrendered, and the same fate would have overtaken the Merrimac had Ericsson's advice been followed.

Besides the Monitors built by others, nine were built for the Government by Ericsson and his business associates, Messrs. Bushnell, Griswold, and Winslow, costing altogether between five and six millions of dollars. His labors culminated in the Dictator and Puritan, the latter of which had five times the displacement of the original Monitor, or, in all, 11,002,000 pounds. The Puritan was never completed. The Dictator was the work of Ericsson from beginning to end, the only exception being the boilers. These were of a type he was compelled unwillingly to use, and greatly interfered with the efficiency of the vessel. Model, machinery, engines, and propeller, steering and ventilating apparatus, gun-carriages and innumerable devices for increasing efficiency and comfort are all his. Review the history of naval construction, its follies and failures; remember how many minds unite ordinarily to produce the best models of war-ships, and how difficult it is to successfully translate into wood and iron the ideas recorded at the drawing-board—and then share with John Ericsson in the pride with which, in 1863, he wrote to the Navy Department that the Dictator was afloat with a displacement, amounting altogether to 10,000,000 pounds, some fraction of an inch less than he had calculated!

To understand what this means, recall the fact that an engineer officer of our Navy during the Civil War, following out the Monitor plan, built twenty light-draught vessels at a cost to the public treasury of many millions, and not one of them was ever worth a dollar. Miscalculation had been made in their displacement, and they could not be kept afloat without changes too costly to be made. It is a curious fact that this stupendous blunder excited less comment in naval circles than the alleged deficiencies of Ericsson's Monitors. One of these vessels was fitted up after a fashion, and put into commission. The officer referred to was ordered to duty on board her. The next day he was found at work with a cold chisel, cutting his name out from a plate set into the vessel for the purpose of glorifying his constructive skill by announcing him as her designer.

A British naval captain — Cowper Coles—disputed with Ericsson the honor of originating turret vessels, and undertook to show how superior his own ideas were. He built a vessel on his plan, with the approval of the successors in Somerset House of those officials who solemnly declared that with Ericsson's propeller no vessel could be steered. This expensive war-ship, the

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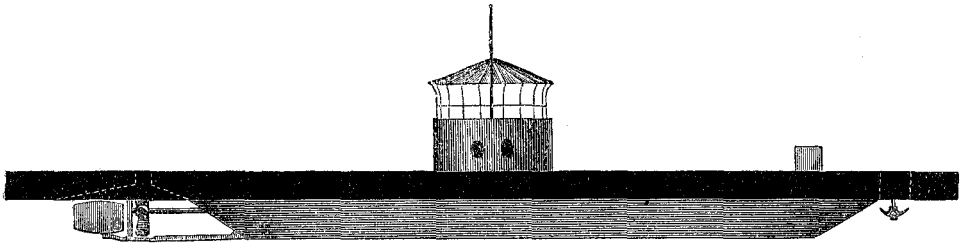
Captain, with its crew of five hundred men, had scarcely left the British waters on her first voyage when she turned over in the Bay of Biscay off Cape Finisterre, in an ordinary squall, and carried to the bottom Captain Coles and nearly every soul on board. A little boat flag, hanging like a signal of distress over a tomb in a parish church in England, is the sole relic of the unfortunate author of this attempt to improve upon the design of the Monitor. It is well to remember not only what Ericsson did, but what he escaped, by his thorough mastery of any subject with which he presumed to deal.



The Original Monitor.

Consider the chances of blundering in a vessel of wholly novel design, built as the Monitor was! Beyond drawings showing the general plan of the vessel, nothing had been done when the contract for her was secured, though she existed fully developed in the brain of her author. In one hundred days everything was completed—working plans drawn, calculations made, contracts executed, the work upon the different parts distributed, and the contractors watched through every stage of progress to see that there was neither error nor delay. Ericsson's labors during those three months were Herculean. After spending a considerable part of each day at Greenpoint superintending the work, he was to be found all through the evening, and far into the night, engaged at the drawing-board in his office in Franklin Street. From that wonderful race of vikings, who have had no superiors in physical development, he had inherited the strength of two ordinary men, and he needed it all. Sinews and nerves must needs be of steel to bear the strain. The least halting, even trifling delay, or confusion of mind from bodily weakness, and the story of that eventful day in Hampton Roads would not have been written.

The war over, Ericsson withdrew from public notice, so far as such a man could, and devoted himself to the study of solar heat. In his way he sought to follow Emerson's advice, to "hitch your wagon to a star." He believed that upon man's ability to train the sun to harness depended the future of industrial development; forecasting the inevitable day when the last of our coal-bins will be emptied, and the stores of fuel gathered for us by provident nature through so many centuries expended. He had fitted up for a home and workshop an old-fashioned house at 36 Beach Street, opposite the land now occupied as a freight depot, then forming St. John's Park, one of the most charming in New York City. As the neighborhood grew less and less attractive he thought of moving, and one of the reasons he gave for not doing so was the very ungallant one that the ladies had ceased to call upon him there. He was absorbed in his work, and was ordinarily as unapproachable as an Oriental despot. For the first time in his life he found himself in a position to labor for the enjoyment of producing, without reference to a pecuniary return, and this was a passion with him; his sole recreation being a change from one form of occupation to another.

At the solicitation of the chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, Commodore Jeffers, he turned aside for a time from his chosen work to experiment with the Destroyer, representing the final development of his ideas of subaquatic attack. In 1878 Commodore Jeffers called upon Ericsson, in company with the writer of this article, to ask advice as to what he should substitute for torpe-

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does, for in these he had little faith. Under the assurance that a vessel of the type proposed by him would be accepted, Ericsson put his services and his purse at the disposal of the Government, and again he was left to "pay the piper," for he and his associate in this enterprise—Mr. Cornelius H. Delamater—were saddled with a white elephant in the shape of a war-vessel.

His native land and his adopted country could always command Ericsson's services whether they were paid for or not. With others he dealt differently. In 1869 the Spanish Government appropriated a sum of money to provide vessels to prevent blockade-running by the Cuban insurgents. They came to the United States for proposals. One ship-building firm proposed to furnish one vessel for the amount appropriated, another two. Neither plan was satisfactory. "Why do you not consult Ericsson?" someone suggested. It was done. "Call to-morrow," he said, "and I will have something to show you." The plan he presented was at once approved, and specifications more in detail were asked for. These were refused, but he agreed to have thirty gunboats ready for the Spaniards in six months, and within four months from the signing of the contract, and three months and a half from the time of laying the first keel, the last vessel of the fleet was launched, and fifteen of them had engines and boilers on board. Into these gun-boats various novelties were introduced, and they admirably answered the purpose of patrolling the Cuban waters as a sort of naval police. Each carried a 100-pound improved Parrott rifle, and drew but five feet of water. The decoration of Isabel la Católica was bestowed upon Ericsson by the Spanish Government in token of its appreciation of his success.

Of all the men most prominently connected with the events of our Civil War, Ericsson is the one whose history is least known, and whose personal characteristics are least understood. His absorbing occupation with Government work during the conflict compelled him to habits of seclusion, and when the struggle was over he found no time to be lionized, a pastime for which he had no inclination. His work was important, and life was too short for it, as he was already a sexagenarian. In guarding himself against visits of mere curiosity he was obliged to make rules admitting of no discrimination. As his few intimate friends passed away one by one, he formed no new associations. And finally the death of his intimate friend and associate of half a century, Mr. Delamater, gave him a mental shock that aggravated existing disease and resulted in his own death on March 8, 1889.

If he was never willing to pose for the admiration of visitors, Ericsson was always ready to receive those who had specific business with him, and the walls that inclosed him were never so impenetrable that the cry of distress could not reach him. It was the rule of his house that no one who applied for food should be turned away empty, and his solicitude as to the exhaustion of the coal-supply of the universe never went so far as to lead him to refuse to fill the empty coal-bins of the distressed widows of his neighborhood. To the poor and friendless, or to the injured workmen who came under his observation, he was always the kind friend and adviser—the generous almoner—and he had a pension-roll as long as that of a Grand Duke. The reputation he enjoyed in his neighborhood is shown by the message that came to him from the nearest engine-house during the drafts riots of 1864, that if "the old man" had "any use for the boys," they were at his service. The tears that filled his eyes and choked his voice when he was told the story of the starving Norrlanders of Sweden and opened wide his purse for their relief, testified at once to his liberality, his love of country, and his tenderness of heart. Peter Cooper found in Ericsson a congenial spirit, and was warmly welcomed when he called. Ole Bull, a friend of his early years, was received with a hearty Norse hug. In the "Memoirs" of her husband Mrs. Bull tells us of the help extended to him by his friend in a matter that concerned his professional pride. "No friendly service," she says, "ever touched Ole Bull more deeply than the generous helpfulness of John Ericsson, whom he admired and loved." Of her

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husband, Ericsson wrote: "So warm a heart, and so generous a disposition as his I have never known." "These words," adds Mrs. Bull, in quoting them, "it may be truthfully said, expressed the sentiment and the judgment of the violinist concerning the great engineer and inventor."

Limitations of space have compelled me, in these brief articles, to pass over much of Ericsson's important work, and to confine myself, in some cases, to assertion where I should have been glad to give proof. But the opportunity for this will come when the history of his life is told in full. As I study the letters and manuscripts left by him, I follow with increasing interest and admiration the story they tell of the strength of his intellect, the generosity of his nature, and the lofty purposes which were the impelling forces of his life. Even his weaknesses were those of a strong man; of a luxuriant nature, wherein wheat and tares grew together abundantly, awaiting the harvest.

What is to follow this age of steam and iron, who can tell? In the future, whatever it may be, for which it is opening the way, men will remember John Ericsson as one of those whose absolute fidelity to the responsibility imposed upon them by great abilities and grand opportunities has made possible a new advance in the line of human progress.

THE HIDDEN SELF.

By William James.

"THE great field for new discoveries," said a scientific friend to me the other day, "is always the Unclassified Residuum." Round about the accredited and orderly facts of every science there ever floats a sort of dust-cloud of exceptional observations, of occurrences minute and irregular, and seldom met with, which it always proves less easy to attend to than to ignore. The ideal of every science is that of a closed and completed system of truth. The charm of most sciences to their more passive disciples consists in their appearing, in fact, to wear just this ideal form. Each one of our various *ologies* seems to offer a definite head of classification for every possible phenomenon of the sort which it professes to cover; and, so far from free is most men's fancy, that when a consistent and organized scheme of this sort has once been comprehended and assimilated, a different scheme is unimaginable. No alternative, whether to whole or parts, can any longer be conceived as possible. Phenomena unclassifiable within the system are therefore paradoxical absurdities, and must be held untrue. When, moreover, as so often happens, the reports of them are vague and indirect, when they come as mere marvels and oddities rather than as things of serious moment, one neglects or denies them with the best of scientific consciences. Only the born geniuses let themselves be worried and fascinated by these outstanding exceptions, and get no peace till they are brought within the fold. Your Galileos, Galvanis, Fresnels, Purkinjes, and Darwins are always getting confounded and troubled by insignificant things. *Anyone* will renovate his science who will steadily look after the irregular phenomena. And when the science is renewed, its new formulas often have more of the voice of the exceptions in them than of what were supposed to be the rules.

No part of the unclassed residuum has usually been treated with a more contemptuous scientific disregard than the mass of phenomena generally called *mystical*. Physiology will have nothing to do with them. Orthodox psychology turns its back upon them. Medicine sweeps them out; or, at most, when in an anecdotal vein, records a few of them as "effects of the imagination," a phrase of mere dismissal whose meaning, in this connection, it is impossible to make precise. All the while, however,

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the phenomena are there, lying broadcast over the surface of history. No matter where you open its pages, you find things recorded under the name of divinations, inspirations, demoniacal possessions, apparitions, trances, ecstasies, miraculous healings and productions of disease, and occult powers possessed by peculiar individuals over persons and things in their neighborhood. We suppose that mediumship originated in Rochester, N. Y., and animal magnetism with Mesmer; but once look behind the pages of official history, in personal memoirs, legal documents, and popular narratives and books of anecdote, and you will find that there never was a time when these things were not reported just as abundantly as now. We college-bred gentry, who follow the stream of cosmopolitan culture exclusively, not infrequently stumble upon some old-established journal, or some voluminous native author, whose names are never heard of in *our* circle, but who number their readers by the quarter-million. It always gives us a little shock to find this mass of human beings not only living and ignoring us and all our gods, but actually reading and writing and cogitating without ever a thought of our canons, standards, and authorities. Well, a public no less large keeps and transmits from generation to generation the traditions and practices of the occult; but academic science cares as little for its beliefs and opinions as you, gentle subscriber to this MAGAZINE, care for those of the readers of the *Waverley* and the *Fireside Companion*. To no one type of mind is it given to discern the totality of Truth. Something escapes the best of us, not accidentally, but systematically, and because we have a twist. The scientific-academic mind and the feminine-mystical mind shy from each other's facts, just as they fly from each other's temper and spirit. Facts are there only for those who have a mental affinity with them. When once they are indisputably ascertained and admitted, the academic and critical minds are by far the best fitted ones to interpret and discuss them—for surely to pass from mystical to scientific speculations is like passing from lunacy to sanity; but on the other hand if there is anything which human history demonstrates, it is the extreme slowness with which the ordinary academic and critical mind acknowledges facts to exist which present themselves as *wild* facts with no stall or pigeon-hole, or as facts which threaten to break up the accepted system. In psychology, physiology, and medicine, wherever a debate between the Mystics and the Scientifics has been once for all decided, it is the Mystics who have usually proved to be right about the *facts*, while the Scientifics had the better of it in respect to the theories. The most recent and flagrant example of this is "animal magnetism," whose facts were stoutly dismissed as a pack of lies by academic medical science the world over, until the non-mystical theory of "hypnotic suggestion" was found for them, when they were admitted to be so excessively and dangerously common that special penal laws, forsooth, must be passed to keep all persons unequipped with medical diplomas from taking part in their production. Just so stigmatizations, invulnerabilities, instantaneous cures, inspired discourses, and demoniacal possessions, the records of which were shelved in our libraries but yesterday in the alcove headed "Superstitions," now, under the brand-new title of "Cases of hystero-epilepsy," are republished, reobserved, and reported with an even too credulous avidity.

Repugnant as the mystical style of philosophizing may be (especially when self-complacent), there is no sort of doubt that it goes with a gift for meeting with certain kinds of phenomenal experience. The writer has been forced in the past few years to this admission; and he now believes that he who will pay attention to facts of the sort dear to mystics, while reflecting upon them in academic-scientific ways, will be in the best possible position to help philosophy. It is a circumstance of good augury, that scientifically trained minds in all countries seem drifting to the same conclusion. Nowhere is this the case more than in France. France always was the home of the study of character. French literature is one long loving commentary on the variations of which individual human nature is capable. It seems fit-

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ting, therefore, that where minute and faithful observation of abnormal personal peculiarities is the order of the day, French science should take the lead. The work done at Paris and Nancy on the hypnotic trance is well known. Grant any amount of imperfection, still the essential thing remains, that here we have a mass of phenomena, hitherto outlawed, brought within the pale of sober investigation—the rest is only an affair of time. Last summer there appeared a record of observations made at Havre on certain hysterical somnambulists, by M. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Lycée of that town, and published in a volume of five hundred pages, entitled "De l'Automatisme Psychologique" (Paris, Alcan), which, serving as the author's thesis for the Doctorate of Science in Paris, made quite a commotion in the world to which such things pertain.

The new light which this book throws on what has long been vaguely talked about as unconscious mental life seems so important that I propose to entertain the readers of SCRIBNER'S with some account of its contents, as an example of the sort of "psychical research" which a shrewd man with good opportunities may now achieve. The work bristles with facts, and is rather deficient in form. The author aims, moreover, at generalizing only where the phenomena force him to, and abstract statements are more embedded, and, as it were, interstitial, than is the case in most Gallic performances. In all this M. Janet's mind has an English flavor about it which it is pleasant to meet with in one otherwise so good a Frenchman. I shall also quote some of the observations of M. Binet,* the most ingenious and original member of the Salpêtrière school, as these two gentlemen, working independently and with different subjects, come to conclusions which are strikingly in accord.

Both may be called contributors to the comparative science of trance-states. The "Subjects" studied by both are sufferers from the most aggravated forms of hysteria, and both authors, I fancy, are consequently led to exaggerate the dependence of the trance-conditions upon this kind of disease. M. Janet's subjects, whom he calls Léonie, Lucie, Rose, Marie, etc., were patients at the Havre Hospital, in charge of doctors who were His friends, and who allowed him to make observations on them to his heart's content. One of the most constant symptoms in persons suffering from hysteric disease in its extreme forms consists in alterations of the natural sensibility of various parts and organs of the body. Usually the alteration is in the direction of defect, or anæsthesia. One or both eyes are blind, or blind over one half of the field of vision, or the latter is extremely contracted, so that its margins appear dark, or else the patient has lost all sense for color. Hearing, taste, smell may similarly disappear, in part or in totality. Still more striking are the cutaneous anæsthesias. The old witch-finders, looking for the "devil's seals," well learned the existence of those insensible patches on the skin of their victims, to which the minute physical examinations of recent medicine have but lately attracted attention again. They may be scattered anywhere, but are very apt to affect one side of the body. Not infrequently they affect an entire lateral half, from head to foot, and the insensible skin of, say the left side, will then be found separated from the naturally sensitive skin of the right by a perfectly sharp line of demarcation down the middle of the front and back. Sometimes, most remarkable of all, the entire skin, hands, feet, face, everything, and the mucous membranes, muscles, and joints, so far as they can be explored, become *completely* insensible without the other vital functions being gravely disturbed. These anæsthesias and hemianæsthesias, in all their various grades, form the nucleus of M. Janet's observations and hypotheses. And, first of all, he has an hypothesis about the anæsthesia itself, which, like all provisional hypotheses, may do excellent service while awaiting the day when a better one shall take its place.

The original sin of the hysteric mind, he thinks, is the *contractions of the field of consciousness.* The attention has not sufficient strength to take in the normal number of sensations or ideas at once. If an ordinary person can feel ten things

* M. Binet has contributed some of his facts to the Chicago Open Court for 1889.

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at a time, an hysteric can feel but five. Our minds are all of them like vessels full of water, and taking in a new drop makes another drop fall out; only the hysteric mental vessel is preternaturally small. The unifying or synthetizing power which the Ego exerts over the manifold facts which are offered to it is insufficient to do its full amount of work, and an ingrained habit is formed of neglecting or overlooking certain determinate portions of the mass. Thus one eye will be ignored, one arm and hand, or one-half of the body. And apart from anæsthesia, hysterics are often extremely *distraites*, and unable to attend to two things at once. When talking with you they forget everything else. When Lucie stopped conversing directly with anyone, she ceased to be able to hear anyone else. You might stand behind her, call her by name, shout abuse into her ears, without making her turn round; or place yourself before her, show her objects, touch her, etc., without attracting her notice. When finally she becomes aware of you, she thinks you have just come into the room again, and greets you accordingly. This singular forgetfulness makes her liable to tell all her secrets aloud, unrestrained by the presence of unsuitable auditors. This contracted mental field (or state of monoideism, as it has been called) characterizes also the hypnotic state of normal persons, so that in this important respect a waking hysteric is like a well person in the hypnotic trance. Both are wholly lost in their present idea, its normal "reductives" and correctives having lapsed from view.

The anæsthesias of the class of patients we are considering can be made to disappear more or less completely by various odd processes. It has been recently found that magnets, plates of metal, the electrodes of a battery, placed against the skin, have this peculiar power. And when one side is relieved in this way, the anæsthesia is often found to have transferred itself to the opposite side, which, until then, was well. Whether these strange effects of magnets and metals be due to their direct physiological action, or to a prior effect on the patient's mind ("expectant attention" or "suggestion") is still a mooted question.* A still better awakener of sensibility in most of these subjects is the *hypnotic state*, which M. Janet seems to have most easily induced by the orthodox "magnetic" method of "passes" made over the face and body. It was in making these passes that he first stumbled on one of the most curious facts recorded in his volume. One day, when the subject named Lucie was in the hypnotic state, he made passes over her again for half an hour, just as if she were already "asleep." The result was to throw her into a sort of syncope from which, after another half hour, she revived in a second somnambulic condition entirely unlike that which had characterized her hitherto—different sensibilities, a different memory, a different person, in short. In the waking state the poor young woman was anæsthetic all over, nearly deaf, and with a badly contracted field of vision. Bad as it was, however, sight was her best sense, and she used it as a guide in all her movements. With her eyes bandaged she was entirely helpless, and, like other persons of a similar sort whose cases have been recorded, she almost immediately fell asleep in consequence of the withdrawal of her last sensorial stimulus. M. Janet calls this waking or primary (one can hardly, in such a connection, say "normal") state by the name of Lucie 1. In Lucie 2, her first sort of hypnotic trance, the anæsthesias were diminished but not removed. In the deeper trance, "Lucie 3," brought about as just described, no trace of them remained. Her sensibility became perfect, and instead of being an extreme example of the "visual" type, she was transformed into what, in Professor Charcot's terminology, is known as a motor. That is to say, that whereas, when awake, she had thought in visual terms exclusively, and could imagine things only by remembering how they *looked*, now, in this deeper trance, her thoughts and memories seemed largely composed of images of movement and of touch—of course I state summarily here what appears in the book as an induction from many facts.

* M. Janet seems rather to incline to the former view, though suggestion may at times be exclusively responsible, as when he produced what was essentially the same phenomenon by pointing an orange-peel held out on the end of a long stick at the parts!

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Having discovered this deeper trance in Lucie, M. Janet naturally became eager to find it in his other subjects. He found it in Rose, in Marie, and in Léonie; and, best of all, his brother, Dr. Jules Janet, who was *interne* at the Salpêtrière Hospital, found it in the celebrated subject Witt . . . whose trances had been studied for years by the various doctors of that institution without any of them having happened to awaken this very peculiar modification of the personality.

With the return of all the sensibilities in the deeper trance, the subjects are transformed, as it were, into normal persons. Their memories, in particular, grow more extensive; and here comes in M. Janet's first great theoretic generalization, which is this: When a certain kind of sensation is abolished in an hysteric patient, there is also abolished along with it all recollection of past sensations of that kind. If, for example, hearing be the anæsthetic sense, the patient becomes unable even to imagine sounds and voices, and has to speak, when speech is still possible, by means of motor or articulatory cues. If the motor sense be abolished, the patient must will the movements of his limbs by first defining them to his mind in visual terms, and must innervate his voice by premonitory ideas of the way in which the words are going to sound. The practical effects of this law of M. Janet's upon the patient's recollections would necessarily be great. Take things touched and handled, for example, and bodily movements. All memories of such things, all records of such experiences, being normally stored away in tactile terms, would have to be incontinently lost and forgotten so soon as the cutaneous and muscular sensibility should come to be cut out in the course of disease. Memory of them would be restored again, on the other hand, so soon as the sense of touch came back. Experiences, again, undergone during an anæsthetic condition of touch (and stored up consequently in visual or auditory terms exclusively), can have contracted no "associations" with tactile ideas, for such ideas are, for the time being, forgotten and practically non-existent. If, however, the touch-sensibilities ever are restored, and their ideas and memories with them, it may easily happen that they, with their clustered associations, may temporarily keep out of consciousness things like the visual and other experiences accumulated during the anæsthetic period which have no connections with them. If touch be the dominant sense in childhood, it would thus be explained why hysterical anæsthetics, whose tactile sensibilities and memories are brought back again by trance, so often assume a childlike deportment, and even call themselves by baby-names. Such, at least, is a suggestion of M. Janet's to explain a not infrequent sort of observation. MM. Bourru and Burot found, for instance, in their extraordinary male somnambulist Louis V., that reviving by suggestion a certain condition of bodily feeling in him would invariably transport him back to the epoch of his life when that condition had prevailed. He forgot the later years, and resumed the character and sort of intellect which had characterized him at the earlier time.

M. Janet's theory will provoke controversy and stimulate observation. You can ask little more than that of any theory. My own impression is that the law that anæsthesias carry "amnesias" with them, will not come out distinctly in every individual case. The intricacy of the associative processes, and the fact that comparatively few experiences are stored up in one form of sensibility alone, would be sufficient to prevent this. Perfect illustrations of the law will therefore be met with only in privileged subjects like M. Janet's own. *They* indeed seem to have exemplified it beautifully. M. Janet says:

"It seems to me, that if I were to awake some morning with no muscular or tactile feelings, if, like Rose, I should suddenly lose my sense of color, and distinguish nothing in the universe but black and white, I should be terrified, and instantly appeal for help. These women, on the contrary, find their state so natural that they never even complain. When I, after some trials, proved to Rose that she could perceive no color, I found her ignorant of the fact. When I showed Lucie that she could feel neither pain nor contact, she answered, 'All the better!' When I made her conscious that she never knew where her arms were till she saw them, and that she lost

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her legs when in bed, she replied, '*C'est tout naturel*, as long as I don't see them; everyone is like that.' In a word, being incapable of comparing their present state of sensibility with a former one of which all memory is lost, they suffer no more than we do at not hearing the 'music of the spheres.'"

M. Janet restored their tactile sense temporarily by means of electric currents, passes, etc., and then made them handle various objects, such as keys and pencils, or make particular movements, like the sign of the cross. The moment the anæsthesia returned, they found it impossible to recollect the objects or the acts. "They had had nothing in their hands, they had done nothing," etc. The next day, however, sensibility being again restored by similar processes, they remembered perfectly the circumstance, and told what they had handled or had done.

It is in this way that M. Janet explains the general law that persons forget in the waking state what has happened to them in trance. There are differences of sensibility, and consequently breaches in the association of ideas. Certain of his hysterics (as we have seen) regained complete sensibility in their deeper trance. The result was such an enlargement of their power of recollecting that they could then go back and explain the origin of many of their peculiarities which would else be inexplicable. One stage in the great convulsive attack of hystero-epilepsy is what the French writers call *la phase des attitudes passionnelles*, in which the patient, without speaking or giving any account of herself, will go through the outward movements of fear, anger, or some other emotional state of mind. Usually this phase is, with each patient, a thing so stereotyped as to seem automatic, and doubts have even been expressed as to whether any consciousness exists while it lasts. When, however, the patient Lucie's tactile sensibility came back in her state of Lucie 3, she explained the origin of her hysteric crises in a great fright which she had had when a child, on a day when certain men, hid behind the curtains, had jumped out upon her; she told how she went through this scene again in all her crises; she told of her sleep-walking fits through the house when a child, and how, for several months, she had been shut in a dark room because of a disorder of the eyes. All these were things of which she recollects nothing when awake, because they were records of experiences mainly of motion and of touch, and when awake her feelings of touch and movement disappeared.

But the case of Léonie is the most interesting, and shows beautifully how, with the sensibilities and motor impulses, the memories and character will change.

"This woman, whose life sounds more like an improbable romance than a genuine history, has had attacks of natural somnambulism since the age of three years. She has been hypnotized constantly, by all sorts of persons, from the age of sixteen upward, and she is now forty-five. While her normal life developed in one way in the midst of her poor country surroundings, her second life was passed in drawing-rooms and doctors' offices, and naturally took an entirely different direction. To-day, when in her normal state, this poor peasant-woman is a serious and rather sad person, calm and slow, very mild with everyone, and extremely timid; to look at her one would never suspect the personage which she contains. But hardly is she put to sleep hypnotically than a metamorphosis occurs. Her face is no longer the same. She keeps her eyes closed, it is true, but the acuteness of her other senses supplies their place. She is gay, noisy, restless, sometimes insupportably so. She remains good-natured, but has acquired a singular tendency to irony and sharp jesting. Nothing is more curious than to hear her, after a sitting when she has received a visit from strangers who wished to see her asleep. She gives a word-portrait of them, apes their manners, pretends to know their little ridiculous aspects and passions, and for each invents a romance. To this character must be added the possession of an enormous number of recollections whose existence she does not even suspect when awake, for her amnesia is then complete. . . . She refuses the name of Léonie, and takes that of Léontine (Léonie 2), to which her first magnetizers had accustomed her. 'That good woman is not myself,' she says, 'she is too stupid.' To herself Léontine (or Léonie 2), she attributes all the sensations and all the actions; in a word, all the conscious experiences, which she has undergone *in somnambulism*, and knits them together to make the history of her already long life. To Léonie 1, on the other hand, she exclusively ascribes the events lived through in waking hours. I was at first struck by an important exception to the rule, and was disposed to think that there might be something arbitrary in this partition of her recollections. In the normal state Léonie has a husband and children. But Léonie 2, the somnambulist, while acknowl-

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edging the children as her own, attributes the husband to 'the other.' This choice was perhaps explicable, but it followed no rule. It was not till later that I learned that her magnetizers in early days, as audacious as certain hypnotizers of recent date, had somnambulized her for her first *accouchements*, and that she had lapsed into that state spontaneously in the later ones. Léonie 2 was thus quite right in ascribing to herself the children—since it was she who had had them—and the rule that her first trance-state forms a different personality was not broken. But it is the same with her second state of trance. When after the renewed passes, syncope, etc., she reaches the condition which I have called Léonie 3, she is another person still. Serious and grave, instead of being a restless child, she speaks slowly and moves but little. Again she separates herself from the waking Léonie 1. 'A good but rather stupid woman,' she says, 'and not me.' And she also separates herself from Léonie 2. 'How can you see anything of me in that crazy creature?' she says. 'Fortunately I am nothing for her!'"

Léonie 1 knows only of herself; Léonie 2 of herself and of Léonie 1; Léonie 3 knows of herself and of both the others. Léonie 1 has a visual consciousness; Léonie 2 has one both visual and auditory; in Léonie 3 it is at once visual, auditory, and tactile. Professor Janet thought at first that he was Léonie 3's discoverer. But she told him that she had been frequently in that condition before. Dr. Perrier, a former magnetizer, had hit upon her just as M. Janet had, in seeking by means of passes to deepen the sleep of Léonie 2. "This resurrection of a somnambulic personage, who had been extinct for twenty years, is curious enough; and in speaking to Léonie 3 I naturally now adopt the name of Léonore, which was given her by her first master."

The reader easily sees what surprises the trance-state may prepare, not only for the subject but for the operator. For the subject the surprises are often inconvenient enough, especially when the trance comes and goes spontaneously. Thus Léonie 1 is overwhelmed with embarrassment when, in the street, Léonie 2's gentlemen-friends (who are not hers) accost her. Léonie 2 spontaneously writes letters, which Léonie 1, not understanding, destroys when she finds them. Léonie 2 proceeds to thereupon hide them in a photograph album, into which she knows Léonie 1 will never look, because it contains the portrait of her former magnetizer, the sight of whom may put her to sleep again, which she dislikes. Léonie 1 finds herself in places known only to Léonie 2, to which the latter has led her, and then taken flight, etc. One sees the possibility of a new kind of "Comedy of Errors," to which it would take the skill of a Parisian *vaudevilliste* to do justice.

I fear that the reader unversed in this sort of lore will here let his growing impatience master him, and throw away my article as the work of either a mystifier or a dupe. These facts seem so silly and unreal, these "subjects" so contrary to all that our education has led us to expect our fellow-creatures to be! Well, our education has been too narrow, that is all. Let one but once become familiar with the behavior of that not very rare personage, a good hypnotic subject, and the entire class of phenomena which I am recording come to seem not only possible but probable. It is, after all, only the fulfilment of what Locke's speculative genius suggested long ago, when, in that famous chapter on "Identity and Diversity" which occasioned such scandal in its day, after saying that personality extended no farther than consciousness, he went on to affirm that there would be two different selves or persons in one man, if the experiences undergone by that man should fall into two groups, each gathered into a distinct focus of recollection.

But still more remarkable things are to come, so I pray the reader to be patient and hear me a little longer, even if he means to give me up at last. These different personalities, admitted as possible by Locke, which we, under M. Janet's guidance, have seen actually succeeding each other under the names of Lucie 1, 2, and 3; and under those of Léonie 1, 2, and 3 mutually disowning and despising each other; are proved by M. Janet not only to exist in the successive forms in which we have seen them, but to *coexist*, to exist simultaneously; in such wise that while Lucie 1, for example, is apparently the only Lucie, anæsthetic, helpless, yet absorbed in conversation, that other Lucie—Lucie 3—is all the time "alive and kicking" inside

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of the same woman, and fully sensible and wide awake, and occupied with her own quite different concerns. This simultaneous coexistence of the different personages into which one human being may be split is the *great* thesis of M. Janet's book. Others, as Edmund Gurney, Bernheim, Binet, and more besides, have had the same idea, and proved it for certain cases; but M. Janet has emphasized and generalized it, and shown it to be true universally. He has been enabled to do this by *tapping* the submerged consciousness and making it respond in certain peculiar ways of which I now proceed to give a brief account. He found in several subjects, when the ordinary or primary consciousness was fully absorbed in conversation with a visitor (and the reader will remember how absolutely these hysterics then lapse into oblivion of surrounding things), that the submerged self would hear his voice if he came up and addressed the subject in a whisper; and would respond either by obeying such orders as he gave, or by gestures, or, finally, by pencil-writing on a sheet of paper placed under the hand. The *ostensible* consciousness, meanwhile, would go on with the conversation, entirely unaware of the gestures, acts, or writing performances of the hand. These latter, in turn, appeared quite as little disturbed by the upper consciousness's concerns. This proof by automatic writing of the secondary consciousness's existence is the most cogent and striking one; but a crowd of other facts prove the same thing. If I run through them all rapidly, the reader will probably be convinced.

The apparently anæsthetic hand of these subjects, for one thing, will often adapt itself discriminatingly to whatever object may be put into it. With a pencil it will make writing movements; into a pair of scissors it will put its fingers, and will open and shut them, etc. The primary consciousness, so to call it, is meanwhile unable to say whether or no *anything* is in the hand, if the latter be hidden from sight. "I put a pair of eye-glasses into Léonie's anæsthetic hand; this hand opens it and raises it toward the nose, but half-way thither it enters the field of vision of Léonie, who sees it and stops stupefied. 'Why,' says she, 'I have an eye-glass in my left hand!'" M. Binet found a very curious sort of connection between the apparently anæsthetic skin and the mind in some Salpêtrière subjects. Things placed in the hand were not felt, but *thought* of (apparently in visual terms), and in nowise referred by the subject to their starting-point in the hand's sensation. A key, a knife, placed in the hand occasioned *ideas* of a key or a knife, but the hand felt nothing. Similarly the subject thought of the number 3, 6, etc., if the hand or finger was bent three or six times by the operator, or if he stroked it three, six, etc., times.

In certain individuals there was found a still odder phenomenon, which reminds one of that curious idiosyncrasy of "colored hearing" of which a few cases have been lately described with great care by foreign writers. These individuals, namely, *saw* the impression received by the hand, but could not feel it; and the things seen appeared by no means associated with the hand, but more like an independent vision, which usually interested and surprised the patient. Her hand being hidden by a screen, she was ordered to look at another screen and to tell of any visual image which might project itself thereon. Numbers would then come, corresponding to the number of times the insensible member was raised, touched, etc. Colored lines and figures would come, corresponding to similar ones traced on the palm; the hand itself, or its fingers, would come when manipulated; and, finally, objects placed in it would come; but on the hand itself nothing could ever be felt. Of course, simulation would not be hard here; but M. Binet disbelieves this (usually very shallow) explanation to be a probable one of the cases in question.*

The usual way in which doctors measure the delicacy of our touch is by the compass-points. Two points are normally felt as one whenever they are too close together for discrimination; but what is "too close" on one part of the

* This whole phenomenon shows how an idea which remains itself below the threshold of a certain conscious self may occasion associative effects therein. The skin-sensations, unfelt by the patient's primary consciousness, awaken, nevertheless, their usual visual associates therein.

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skin may seem very far apart on another. In the middle of the back or on the thigh less than three inches may be too close; on the finger-tip a tenth of an inch is far enough apart. Now, as tested in this way, with the appeal made to the primary consciousness, which talks through the mouth, and seems to hold the field alone, a certain person's skin may be entirely anæsthetic and not feel the compass-points at all; and yet this same skin will prove to have a perfectly normal sensibility if the appeal be made to that other secondary or sub-consciousness which expresses itself automatically by writing or by movements of the hand. M. Binet, M. Pierre Janet, and M. Jules Janet have all found this. The subject, whenever touched, would signify "one point" or "two points," as accurately as if she were a normal person. But she would signify it only by these movements; and of the movements themselves her primary self would be as unconscious as of the facts they signified, for what the submerged consciousness makes the hand do automatically is unknown to the upper consciousness, which uses the mouth.

Messrs. Bernheim and Pitres have also proved, by observations too complicated to be given here, that the hysterical blindness is no real blindness at all. The eye of an hysteric which is totally blind when the other, or seeing eye, is shut, will do its share of vision perfectly well when *both* eyes are open together. But even where both eyes are semi-blind from hysterical disease, the method of automatic writing proves that their perceptions exist, only cut off from communication with the upper consciousness. M. Binet has found the hand of his patients unconsciously writing down words which their eyes were vainly endeavoring to "see," *i.e.*, to bring to the upper consciousness. Their submerged consciousness was, of course, seeing them, or the hand couldn't have written as it did. Similarly the sub-conscious self perfectly well perceives colors which the hysterically color-blind eyes cannot bring to the normal consciousness. Again, pricks, burns, and pinches on the anæsthetic skin, all unnoticed by the upper self, are recollected to have been suffered, and complained of, as soon as the under self gets a chance to express itself by the passage of the subject into hypnotic trance.

It must be admitted therefore that, in certain persons at least, the total possible consciousness may be split into parts which coexist, but mutually ignore each other and share the objects of knowledge between them, and—more remarkable still—are complementary. Give an object to one of the consciousnesses, and by that fact you remove it from the other or others. Barring a certain common fund of information, like the command of language, etc., what the upper self knows, the under self is ignorant of, and *vice versa*. M. Janet has proved this beautifully in his subject Lucie. The following experiment will serve as the type of the rest: In her trance he covered her lap with cards, each bearing a number. He then told her that on waking she should *not see* any card whose number was a multiple of three. This is the ordinary so-called "post-hypnotic suggestion," now well known, and for which Lucie was a well-adapted subject. Accordingly, when she was awakened and asked about the papers on her lap, she counted and picked up only those whose number was not a multiple of 3. To the 12, 18, 9, etc., she was blind. But the hand, when the sub-conscious self was interrogated by the usual method of engrossing the upper self in another conversation, wrote that the only cards in Lucie's lap were those numbered 12, 18, 9, etc., and on being asked to pick up all the cards which were there, picked up these and let the others lie. Similarly, when the sight of certain things was suggested to the sub-conscious Lucie, the normal Lucie suddenly became partially or totally blind. "What is the matter? I can't see!" the normal personage suddenly cried out in the midst of her conversation, when M. Janet whispered to the secondary personage to make use of her eyes. The anæsthesias, paralyses, contractions, and other irregularities from which hysterics suffer seem, then, to be due to the fact that their secondary personage has enriched itself by robbing the primary one of a function which the latter ought to have retained. The curative indication is evident: Get at the secondary per-

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sonage by hypnotization, or in whatever other way, and make her *give up* the eye, the skin, the arm, or whatever the affected part may be. The normal self thereupon regains possession, sees, feels, and is able to move again. In this way M. Jules Janet easily cured the subject Witt . . . of all sorts of afflictions which, until he had discovered the secret of her deeper trance, it had been difficult to subdue. "*Cessez cette mauvaise plaisanterie*," he said to the secondary self, and the latter obeyed. The way in which the various personages share the stock of possible sensations between them seems to be amusingly illustrated in this young woman. When awake, her skin is insensible everywhere except on a zone about the arm where she habitually wears a gold bracelet. This zone has feeling; but in the deeper trance, when all the rest of her body feels, this particular zone becomes absolutely anæsthetic.

Sometimes the mutual ignorance of the selves leads to incidents which are strange enough. The acts and movements performed by the sub-conscious self are withdrawn from the conscious one, and the subject will do all sorts of incongruous things, of which he remains quite unaware.

"I order Lucie [by the method of *distraction*] to make a *pied de nez*, and her hands go forthwith to the end of her nose. Asked what she is doing, she replies that she is doing nothing, and continues for a long time talking, with no apparent suspicion that her fingers are moving in front of her nose. I make her walk about the room, she continues to speak, and believes herself sitting down."

M. Janet observed similar acts in a man in alcoholic delirium. While the doctor was questioning him, M. Janet made him, by whispered suggestion, walk, sit, kneel, and even lie down on his face on the floor, he all the while believing himself to be standing beside his bed. Such *bizarreries* sound incredible until one has seen their like. Long ago, without understanding it, I myself saw a small example of the way in which a person's knowledge may be shared by the two selves. A young woman, who had been writing automatically, was sitting with a pencil in her hand, trying to recall, at my request, the name of a gentleman whom she had once seen. She could only recollect the first syllable. *Her hand*, meanwhile, without her knowledge, wrote down the last two syllables. In a perfectly healthy young man who can write with the planchette, I lately found the hand to be entirely anæsthetic during the writing act. I could prick it severely without the subject knowing the fact. The planchette, however, accused me in strong terms of hurting the hand. Pricks on the *other* (non-writing) hand, meanwhile, which awakened strong protest from the young man's vocal organs, were denied to exist by the self which made the planchette go.

We get exactly similar results in post-hypnotic suggestion. It is a familiar fact that certain subjects, when told during a trance to perform an act or to experience an hallucination after waking, will, when the time comes, obey the command. How is the command registered? How is its performance so accurately timed? These problems were long a mystery, for the primary personality remembers nothing of the trance or the suggestion, and will often trump up an improvised pretext for yielding to the unaccountable impulse which comes over him so suddenly, and which he cannot resist. Edmund Gurney was the first to discover, by means of automatic writing, that the secondary self was awake, keeping its attention constantly fixed on the command and watching for the signal of its execution. Certain trance-subjects, who were also automatic writers, when roused from trance and put to the planchette—not knowing then what they wrote, and having their upper attention fully engrossed by reading aloud, talking, or solving problems in mental arithmetic—would inscribe the orders they had received, together with notes relative to the time elapsed and the time yet to run before the execution. It is therefore to no "automatism," in the mechanical sense, that such acts are due: a self presides over them, a split-off, limited, and buried, but yet a fully conscious self. More than this, the buried self often comes to the surface and drives out the other self while the acts are performing. In other words, the subject lapses into trance again when the

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moment arrives for execution, and has no subsequent recollection of the act which he has done. Gurney and Beaunis established this fact, which has since been verified on a large scale; and Gurney also showed that the patient became *suggestible* again during the brief time of the performance. M. Janet's observations, in their turn, well illustrate the phenomenon.

"I tell Lucie to keep her arms raised after she shall have awakened. Hardly is she in the normal state when up go her arms above her head, but she pays no attention to them. She goes, comes, converses, holding her arms high in the air. If asked what her arms are doing, she is surprised at such a question and says, very sincerely: 'My hands are doing nothing; they are just like yours.' . . . I command her to weep, and when awake she really sobs, but continues in the midst of her tears to talk of very gay matters. The sobbing over, there remains no trace of this grief, which seemed to have been quite sub-conscious."

The primary self often has to invent an hallucination by which to mask and hide from its own view the deeds which the other self is enacting. Léonie 3 writes real letters, while Léonie 1 believes that she is knitting; or Lucie 3 really comes to the doctor's office, while Lucie 1 believes herself to be at home. This is a sort of delirium. The alphabet, or the series of numbers, when handed over to the attention of the secondary personage, may, for the time being, be lost to the normal self. While the hand writes the alphabet, obediently to command, the "subject," to her great stupefaction, finds herself unable to recall it, etc. Few things are more curious than these relations of mutual exclusion, of which all gradations exist, between the several partial consciousnesses.

How far this splitting up of the mind into separate consciousnesses may obtain in each one of us is a problem. M. Janet holds that it is only possible where there is abnormal weakness, and consequently a defect of unifying or coordinating power. An hysteric woman abandons part of her consciousness because she is too weak nervously to hold it all together. The abandoned part, meanwhile, may solidify into a secondary or sub-conscious self. In a perfectly sound subject, on the other hand, what is dropped out of mind at one moment keeps coming back at the next. The whole fund of experiences and knowledges remains integrated, and no split-off portions of it can get organized stably enough to form subordinate selves. The stability, monotony, and stupidity of these latter is often very striking. The post-hypnotic self-consciousness seems to think of nothing but the order which it last received; the cataleptic sub-consciousness, of nothing but the last position imprinted on the limb. M. Janet could cause definitely circumscribed reddening and tumefaction of the skin, on two of his subjects, by suggesting to them in hypnotism the hallucination of a mustard-poultice of any special shape. "*J'ai tout le temps pensé à votre sinapisme,*" says the subject, when put back into trance after the suggestion has taken effect. A man, N——, whom M. Janet operated on at long intervals, was between whiles tampered with by another operator, and when put to sleep again by M. Janet, said he was "too far away to receive orders, being in Algiers." The other operator, having suggested that hallucination, had forgotten to remove it before waking the subject from his trance, and the poor, passive, trance-personality had stuck for weeks in the stagnant dream. Léonie's sub-conscious performances having been illustrated to a caller by a *pied de nez,* executed with her left hand in the course of conversation, when, a year later, she meets him again up goes the same hand to her nose again, without Léonie 1 suspecting the fact.

And this leads me to what, after all, is the really important part of these investigations—I mean their possible application to the relief of human misery. Let one think and say what one will about the crudity and intellectual barbarism of much of the philosophizing of our contemporary nerve-doctors; let one dislike as much as one may please the thoroughly materialistic attitude of mind which many of them show; still, their work, as a whole, is sanctified by its positive, practical fertility. Theorems about the unity of the thinking principle will always be, as they always have

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been, *barren;* but observations of fact lead to new issues *in infinitum.* And when one reflects that nothing less than the cure of insanity—that direst of human afflictions—lies possibly at the end of such inquiries as those which M. Janet and his *confrères* are beginning, one feels as if the disdain which some spiritualistic psychologists exhibit for such researches were very poorly placed. The way to redeem people from barbarism is not to stand aloof and sneer at their awkward attempts, but to show them how to do the same things better. Ordinary hypnotic suggestion is proving itself immensely fertile in the therapeutic field; and the subtler knowledge of subconscious states which we are now gaining will certainly increase our powers in this direction many fold. Who knows how many pathological states (not simply nervous and functional ones, but organic ones too) may be due to the existence of some perverse buried fragment of consciousness obstinately nourishing its narrow memory or delusion, and thereby inhibiting the normal flow of life? A concrete case will best exhibit what I mean. On the whole, it is more deeply suggestive to me than anything in Janet's book.

The story is that of a young girl of nineteen named Marie, who came to the hospital in an almost desperate condition, with monthly convulsive crises, chill, fever, delirium, attacks of terror, etc., lasting for days, together with various shifting anæsthesias and contractures all the time, and a fixed blindness of the left eye. At first M. Janet, divining no particular psychological factor in the case, took little interest in the patient, who remained in the hospital for seven months, and had all the usual courses of treatment applied, including water-cure and ordinary hypnotic suggestions, without the slightest good effect.

She then fell into a sort of despair, of which the result was to make M. Janet try to throw her into a deeper trance, so as to get, if possible, some knowledge of her remoter psychologic antecedents, and of the original causes of the disease, of which, in the waking state and in ordinary hypnotism, she could give no definite account. He succeeded even beyond his expectations; for both her early memories and the internal memory of her crises returned in the deep somnambulism, and she explained three things: Her periodical chill, fever, and delirium were due to a foolish immersion of herself in cold water at the age of thirteen. The chill, fever, etc., were consequences which then ensued; and now, years later, the experience then stamped in upon the brain for the first time was *repeating itself* at regular intervals in the form of an hallucination undergone by the sub-conscious self, and of which the primary personality only experienced the outer results. The attacks of terror were accounted for by another shocking experience. At the age of sixteen she had seen an old woman killed by falling from a height; and the sub-conscious self, for reasons best known to itself, saw fit to believe itself present at this experience also whenever the other crises came on. The hysterical blindness of her left eye had the same sort of origin, dating back to her sixth year, when she had been forced, in spite of her cries, to sleep in the same bed with another child, the left half of whose face bore a disgusting eruption. The result was an eruption on the same parts of her own face, which came back for several years before it disappeared entirely, and left behind it an anæsthesia of the skin and the blindness of the eye.

So much for the origin of the poor girl's various afflictions. Now for the cure! The thing needed was, of course, to get the sub-conscious personality to leave off having these senseless hallucinations. But they had become so stereotyped and habitual that this proved no easy task to achieve. Simple commands were fruitless; but M. Janet at last hit upon an artifice, which shows how many resources the successful mind-doctor must possess. He carried the poor Marie back in imagination to the earlier dates. It proved as easy with her as with many others when entranced, to produce the hallucination that she was again a child, all that was needed being an impressive affirmation to that effect. Accordingly M. Janet, replacing her in this wise at the age of six, made her go through the bed-

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scene again, but gave it a different *dénouement.* He made her believe that the horrible child had no eruption and was charming, so that she was finally convinced, and caressed without fear this new object of her imagination. He made her re-enact the scene of the cold immersion, but gave it also an entirely different result. He made her live again through the old woman's accident, but substituted a comical issue for the old tragical one which had made so deep an impression. The sub-conscious Marie, passive and docile as usual, adopted these new versions of the old tales; and was apparently either living in monotonous contemplation of them or had become extinct altogether when M. Janet wrote his book. For all morbid symptoms ceased as if by magic. "It is five months," our author says, "since these experiments were performed. Marie shows no longer the slightest mark of hysteria. She is well; and, in particular, has grown quite stout. Her physical aspect has absolutely changed." Finally, she is no longer hypnotizable, as often happens in these cases when the health returns.

The mind-curers and Christian scientists, of whom we have lately heard so much, unquestionably get, by widely different methods, results, in certain cases, no less remarkable than this. The ordinary medical man, if he believes the facts at all, dismisses them from his attention with the cut-and-dried remark that they are "only effects of the imagination." It is the great merit of these French investigators, and of Messrs. Myers, Gurney, and the "psychical researchers," that they are for the first time trying to read some sort of a definite meaning into this vaguest of phrases. Little by little the meaning will grow more precise. It seems to me a very great step to have ascertained that the secondary self, or selves, coexist with the primary one, the trance-personalities with the normal one, during the waking state. But just what these secondary selves may be, and what are their remoter relations and conditions of existence, are questions to which the answer is anything but clear. My own decided impression is that M. Janet's generalizations are based on too limited a number of cases to cover the whole ground. He would have it that the secondary self is always a symptom of hysteria, and that the essential fact about hysteria is the lack of synthetizing power and consequent disintegration of the field of consciousness into mutually exclusive parts. The secondary and the primary consciousnesses added together can, on M. Janet's theory, never exceed the normally total consciousness of the individual. This theory certainly expresses pretty well the facts which have fallen under its author's own observation, though even here, if this were a critical article, I might have something to say. But there are trances which obey another type. I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her *possible* normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth. My *own* impression is that the trance-condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which any very sweeping generalization is sure to be premature. *A comparative study of trances and sub-conscious states* is meanwhile of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature. It often happens that scattered facts of a certain kind float around for a long time, but that nothing scientific or solid comes of them until some man writes just enough of a book to give them a possible body and meaning. Then they shoot together, as it were, from all directions, and that book becomes the centre of crystallization of a rapid accumulation of new knowledge. Such a book I am sure that M. Janet's ought to be; and I confidently prophesy that anyone who may be induced by this article to follow the path of study in which it is so brilliant a pioneer will reap a rich reward.

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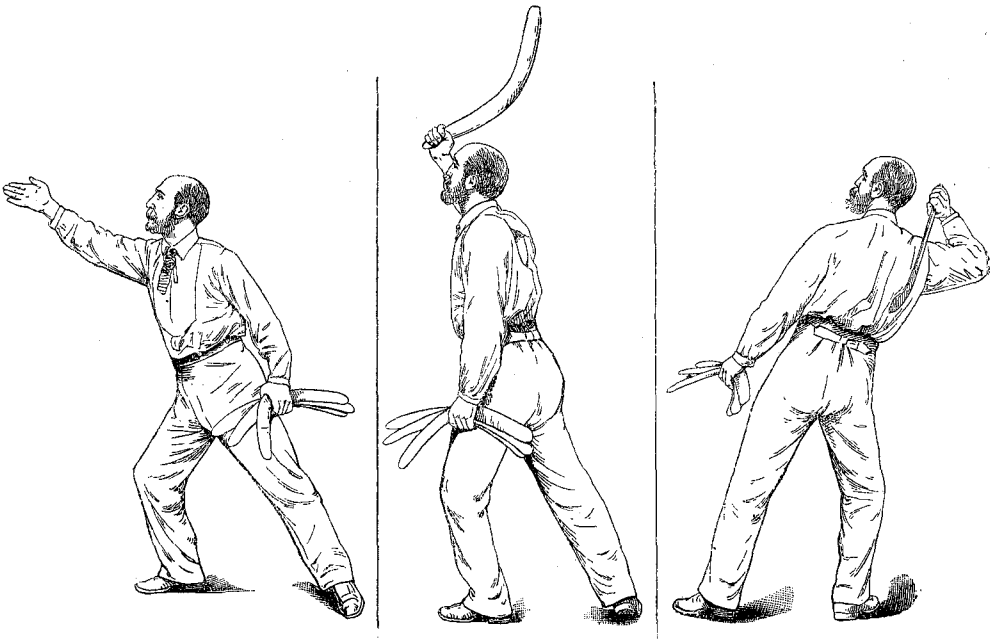

Successive Positions in Throwing the Boomerang.
(From photographs.)

THE BLACKFELLOW AND HIS BOOMERANG.

By Horace Baker.

THERE are many theories regarding the origin of the Australian blackfellow, such as his descent from the African, Asiatic, Malayan, or Papuan, but none of these is satisfactorily proved. The natives of the extreme north resemble the Papuan in physique and many characteristics, but the representative aborigine of Australia is of a unique race, whose origin is involved in total mystery.

Without traditions, without monuments, without writings, except a few rock or tree markings, the blackfellow's past is singularly wanting in historical facts. In the midst of this obscurity the aborigine himself casts as little light upon the subject as all our theories and conjectures, notwithstanding he tells us, with admirable credulity, that the oldest man he remembers having seen in his childhood was the "first man," and repeats a native story about how this Adam of the race paddled his canoe to the seven stars and got him a wife.

So at this late day we must take him as we find him, and evidently, when not in close proximity to civilization, the descendant of this somewhat mythological pair is living in quite the same way as his unknown ancestors.

His rude covering, chiefly worn in the mild winter season, is made of opossum skin dexterously sewn together by the native woman, who uses kangaroo sinew for thread. His primitive hut is simply constructed of a young sapling bent to the ground for the support of boughs or sheets of bark; and the smallness of his "humpy" is of no consequence, for the wild man is not confined by walls; this shelter is for the night, and without severe cold or danger from any wild beast, its principal object is protection from cold winds.

The covering for his hut the nomad often carries with him from place to place, and so soon forms his camp where good hunting or fishing is to be found.

The general conditions of life in Australia are remarkably easy; the lawn-like stretches of country and the open sunny "bush" favor a dreamy idleness; the blackfellow is most susceptible to this

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influence, and will lie stretched out in the broiling sunshine for days together, protected by some peculiarity of skin, remarkable thickness of skull, and abundance of hair, from any disastrous consequences, happy so long as he is not hungry.

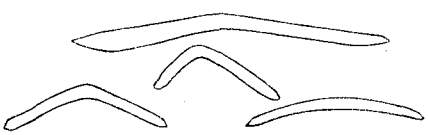
When hunger makes him active, ants, animals, birds, fish, reptiles, grubs, eggs of all kinds, native honey, anything and everything edible, must supply him with food ; and while not an out-and-out cannibal like other South Sea savages, yet it is also asserted that in a case of emergency he will not hesitate to "sacrifice a fat pickaninny." His skill, shown in obtaining all the things which furnish his sustenance, and his knowledge of each, are something astonishing ; and the blackfellow admirably illustrates the truth that use is the absolute condition of development.

In his primitive state, likewise, necessity stimulated the ingenuity of the prehistoric blackfellow, till he produced his various implements, among which was the boomerang, that dynamic curiosity which still remains a puzzle to the civilized world. Spears, clubs, and other weapons of warfare or hunting are the property of all savages ; but the boomerang belongs exclusively to the native of Australia, and is probably the one thing by which he will be remembered when his race shall have become extinct.

This curious and unique weapon, about which so much has been written and so little is really known, is a curved piece of wood, slightly convex on one side and nearly flat on the other. It is cut from a natural bend or root of a tree, the hardest and heaviest wood being always selected, and its curve follows the grain of the wood. Thus it will vary from a slight curve to nearly a right angle ; no two ever being the same shape. It is about three-eighths of an inch thick, and from two to three inches wide, tapering toward the ends, which are either round or pointed. The edge is sharpened all around, and the length varies from fifteen inches to three and a half feet.

This is the shape of the boomerang, but the secret of its peculiar flight is to be found not so much in its general form as in its surface. This, on examination, is found to be slightly waving and broken up by various angles. These angles balance and counterbalance each other ; some, by causing differences in the pressure of air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight and firmness ; others give buoyancy, and each has generally to be determined practically by experimental throwing. Some boomerangs appear to be mere dented or crooked sticks ; but they are really implements which some blackman has whittled and scraped till these dents or angles have been properly adjusted according to the boomerang principle. I believe it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation ; but yet I have never seen two exactly alike. I have made two, apparently the same in every particular, yet, while one rose buoyantly the other fell dead, because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces. When all angles are properly arranged the boomerang goes through the air somewhat as a screw-propeller goes through the water—whirling rapidly in its flight like a revolving wheel.

Gravitation and the force with which it is directed cause its peculiar, swallow-like swoops, which are prolonged by the action of the floating angles in counteracting gravitation ; consequently, with



Boomerangs of Various Shapes.

spent force it is still kept on the wing, and often reaches the ground considerably behind the thrower. The centre of gravity varies in different boomerangs.

According to the purposes for which they are used, we find them classified as hunting, fighting, and amusement boomerangs. Among the latter are small ones with which the little blacks practise, aiming at a disk of wood which is rolled along in front of them to imitate the running and leaping of animals.

The hunting and fighting boomerang is not made for returning. For fighting it is a long, heavy, formidable weapon ; for hunting, of lighter weight, and

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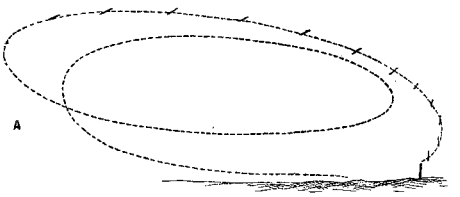
thrown with remarkable precision. In hunting the kangaroo, it is either aimed directly or made to ricochet first along the ground.



Diagrams Sketched from the Actual Flight of a Boomerang thrown by the Author.

(In this case when the boomerang left the hand it went nearly straight away for about one hundred and fifty feet, revolving in a perpendicular plane, then curved to the left. Then it rose (the plane of revolution gradually becoming horizontal), until, having reached a height of about eighty feet, it began to descend, continuing its spiral flight until nearly opposite the thrower. Then it rose slightly and nearly repeated its first gyration until it struck the ground at a very acute angle, and just at the feet of the thrower. This gyration was about three hundred feet in diameter, was all *in front* of the thrower, and lasted ten seconds.)

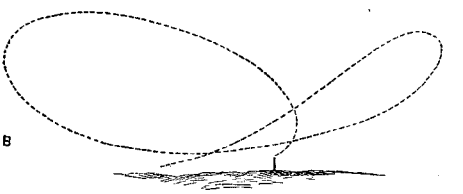
As everyone knows, the boomerang has served to illustrate many a joke, to supply many a rhetorical figure. Many false ideas are entertained about its eccentric properties, yet, when one is told that it can be thrown around the outside of a house, he smiles incredulously and puts it down as a traveller's story.

During a residence of several years in Australia, I became much interested in the subject, and went among the blacks whenever opportunity offered. The potency of English shillings and half-crowns put me on a friendly footing with the bushy heads; after a time their shyness disappeared and my appearance became an event, instilling new life in the camps, the half-naked aborigines becoming alert to fetch, carry, throw, or sell boomerangs. Thus I added to my private collection, and by close observation learned the manner of throwing and controlling the boomerang so as to make it revolve in its circuit and return to me. In acquiring this facility, of course, I lost and broke many. At last it occurred to me that breaking boomerangs which cost from six to ten shillings each was an expensive amusement, and that it would be to my interest to make them. After repeated failures, which covered more time than I care to confess having given to a hobby, I succeeded.

About that time a tribe of blacks from the Murrimbidgee was encamped on the coast near Botany Bay; so I spent a night near by, and as it was in February, one of the hottest months at the antipodes, I arose early the next morning for a walk along the shore to the camp.

The early morning in Australia has a delicious balminess quite unknown in northern latitudes. Just to live in it is a pure delight. I felt myself expanding into a new man with the new day. The very remote, cloudless sky of this part of the world gave a feeling of boundless space; the mighty waves of the Pacific, rolling grandly, gave a sense of infinite strength; and the quietness, unbroken except by the wash of the sea, a deep peace.

Half hidden in the low bush growing along the shore, I saw the collection of huts and heard a kind of monotonous minor chant, accompanied by the slapping together of two boomerangs to mark time. At intervals an apparently improvised solo intervened, which ended in a diminuendo; then the full chant was joined in again by all, beginning high and gradually ending in something like a descending chromatic scale. A curious bit of singing. They were evidently enjoying themselves with a morning song while the "gins" were making tea for breakfast. As they dislike to have strangers intrude upon them without ceremony, I hallooed. Presently two or three bushy heads came out for the purpose of inspection, and seeing me, answered with their native "Coo-ey." This being a sign of welcome, I walked in, and they went on with their own



(In this instance the boomerang began its flight in the same way as in case A, but turned more quickly to the left and passed around behind the thrower. Then it ascended to the right, returning to the front, then recurved sharply, and descended to the ground at the left. The extremes of this flight were about three hundred feet apart.)

affairs, ignoring me completely, notwithstanding one and all had, probably, made a quick and keen observation.

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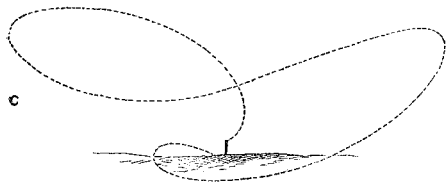
Knowing this to be their custom, I said, in an off-hand way: "I want some of you boys to throw the boomerang for me."

A well-formed black, dressed in a pair of trousers, now led me to one of the "humpies," where an expert boomerang-thrower still lay asleep. On being roused, he grunted, "H'm, boss," and in a minute crawled out. Reaching



(The boomerang was here thrown so as to describe a figure 8. After the first circular flight it passed over the head of the thrower and gyrated in a reverse direction behind him, finally falling near his feet.)

back in a corner to a heap of rags under which the boomerangs are generally kept, he pulled out two. Then, followed by several others of the tribe and a number of pickaninnies, in a variety of costumes, or no costume at all—an odd crowd—we started off. On the way "Old Daddy" gave a few trial shies of his boomerangs along the ground. Arrived at a safe distance from the camp, he braced himself, and saying, "Look out, boss!" ran forward two or three steps, bent his body backward in the form of a bow, brought the boomerang over between head and shoulder, then hurled it into space. The moment it left his hand it looked like a wheel revolving rapidly in the air, and made a harsh, whirring sound. Taking a circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, it passed around to the left, turning backward in a gradual curve, and struck the ground a few yards from us, sending up a cloud of sand.

After a little further amusement I took from the boomerangs I carried with me one of my own make, and handed it to him. "Old Daddy" took the implement, turned it dexterously about, brought the concave edge up on a level with his eyes, and scrutinized it with the look of a connoisseur.

Each tribe produces its own kind of boomerang, and the different varieties are well known to each. This one was evidently a stranger which he was at a loss to classify.

"Will it come back, boss?" he asked, at the same time giving it a little shy along the ground. This experiment seemed to establish some claim to merit, so, straightening himself, he grasped it firmly for a fair test, and let it go.

Phew! Away, away it went, rivalling a bird in its graceful flight, while, according to native custom, the old fellow, watching it intently, jumped up and down, performing the most grotesque antics; beckoning at the same time and calling it to come back. As it circled far out over the ocean, I thought my first boomerang was destined to end its short career in a watery grave. But it circled back gracefully, and, having spent its force, fluttered down at our feet.

Of course I was elated, and the blackfellow asked, in his curt way:

"Who made it?"

"I."

He smiled a half-smile, which among the blacks signifies entire unbelief. I heard the others mumble:

"Don' b'lieve it."

And so the matter rested.

But boomerang-throwing in Australia is nearly done with. The conquering Caucasian is taking possession of the southern seas; even the fierce northern tribes, because of whom the northern coast is still an unexplored region, must sooner or later yield to their fate. Those on the borders of civilization, whom the white man may approach with impunity, are now disappearing with great rapidity. These are the last days of the Blackfellow and his Boomerang.

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A DEEDLESS DRAMA.

By George A. Hibbard.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."
BURNS.—"Address to the Unco Guid."

I.

"THE mail," said Pruden, adjusting his gold eyeglasses more accurately upon his nose, "seems unusually heavy this morning."

The cool morning light that fell through the panes of the high windows on the letter-strewn table, was broken and rendered tremulous by the sway of the gently stirring branches and the fall and flutter of the autumn foliage without. The smooth lawn, encircled by the firm driveway between the house and the heavy iron fence, appeared unusually green where the grass was visible through the massed stretches of russet leaves; but already the gardeners had begun work, and soon the approach and the encompassed sward would be as neat as if it were close-girdled summer instead of slovenly autumn. The house that stood in the midst of the carefully tended parterre, belonged to the red-brick and yellow-sandstone period of American architecture, specimens of which crop up so plentifully throughout the country. It was very large, very regular, and very impersonal; it produced the impression of having cost a great deal of money, and was honored accordingly.

"There have been more letters every day," said the person to whom Pruden spoke, a tall woman, who turned from the window with something of the alertness of youth and a little of the apathy of age in the movement, but still with a peculiar self-contained poise evidently characteristic of the individual rather than of her time of life. "As to-morrow is the day before election, I suppose you will be inundated."

Then she added, after a short pause, a little listlessly, and as if by some effort of memory she brought herself to ask the question:

"What are they all about?"

"About," answered Pruden, with his habitual laugh, "about everything and about nothing. They're all alike in this, however, they all ask something. I think that no one can really understand the multifarious demands of humanity unless he is a millionaire or has been a candidate for public office. Here," he continued, picking up a sheet of paper, "is a Chatterton who has written a poem in my honor, of sixty-three stanzas, in which I am compared to Columbus;" and he read,

"'Like him who first the country saw,
And gave the world a continent,
So you will bring reform and law,
And give us honest government.'"

However, he only wants a subscription to help him to bring out his book. This," he went on, taking up another letter, "is to inform me that a gentleman who has been blessed with twins has done me the honor to christen one after me, and wishes to know my wife's name so that he may name the other after her. He does not say expressly what he wants, but darkly hints at the fitness of his wife's grandmother for the position of a scrub-woman in the City Buildings. Here is one from a person who says that he has noticed with regret that I am growing slightly bald, and that he ventures to send me a wash that he assures me will bring back the hair in its accustomed luxuriance and restore it to its pristine color. All that he desires is a certificate attesting the beneficial effects I have experienced from its use. Here are others," and he gathered up a handful "of the regulation pattern, promising support and influence, all for more or less clearly expressed considerations. And here is

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one from the editor of *The Multiple*, asking for an interview upon a most important matter."

"What is it?" she demanded, with that sudden quickening of utterance and vigor of accent that denotes increased attention, if not newly awakened interest.

"Why—you see—my dear," began Pruden, coughing slightly and glancing over his glasses, placed far down on his nose, "I suppose—I do not say certainly—but I suppose it is about the same old thing."

His wife rose from the chair beside the gently flickering fire, in which she had just seated herself, and throwing aside the newspaper at which she had carelessly glanced, came and stood before him on the other side of the table. Gray hairs were discoverable in the crisp waves of her black locks; her maid had at one time attempted their extraction, but had been somewhat peremptorily ordered to desist, and a few small wrinkles might have been discerned about her eyes and the corners of her mouth when it was motionless, the strange fixity of expression peculiar to her making Time's delicate *intaglio* the more evident. But she was still a strangely beautiful woman. Although her complexion had not the freshness of extreme youth there was in her face a ruddy color—the color of vigorous, untroubled health—that was almost a compensating quality; and the brilliancy of her eyes, which had not known, and evidently never would know, diminution or change until the last, gave her face a youthful vividness, and often a quick animation, in spite of its habitual coldness of expression. As she stood with the light full upon her, as strongly erect as she had stood when Ethel Burdyne at her first ball, it hardly would seem possible that she had been the wife of Robert Pruden for fourteen years — marrying him at twenty-three with the full consent of her family and the unqualified approbation of the town.

"Will that hateful old story never die?" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Of course, you will refuse to see him?"

"I cannot very well do that," answered Pruden, fingering the letter. "Of course, I can refuse to accede to what he probably wishes."

"You can; you must," she answered. "Robert, you would not do such a thing —you know that you would not. There are too many reasons why Mr. Harding, enemy though he may have been for a very long time, and political opponent though he now is, should be well treated by you."

"But is this really just?" remonstrated Pruden, a little petulantly. "A man should suffer for his misdeeds; and if another profits by his suffering, it is but a part of his penalty."

"Are you sure that he was guilty?" she asked, with the manner of one who puts an often-repeated question.

"I could not prove it, you know," he replied; "but every indication at the time pointed to his guilt, and popular opinion universally condemned him."

"But nothing was ever established," she said, wearily, and with the slow, lagging words of ineffectual repetition. "Would you profit by a doubt?"

She had urged the same point so often, repeated the same arguments so frequently during the past few weeks.

"You know that I have refused to have the story used. But I hesitate—I doubt sometimes——"

"Robert," she interrupted, and there was something in her voice that startled even herself, "you are certain of your success; you can afford to be magnanimous. The day after to-morrow will be election-day: you are sure to be elected. Do not let the value of your victory be lessened in your own estimation by the knowledge that an unjust, and certainly an ungenerous, action may have contributed toward it; do not make another's defeat the more bitter by the fact that perhaps it has been in a manner brought about by the imputation of a fault of which perhaps he was never guilty."

"You always plead for him," said Pruden, angrily, as one thin wrinkle struck across his smooth, white forehead, and his full, pink lips gathered in quick contraction.

"You know I do not," she answered, with the remnant of an almost outworn indignation in her tone. "Why do you always accuse me of it? Cannot you be-

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lieve me? I plead for you—for you, yourself. You have so far resisted a temptation; do not yield to it now."

"If it had been any other man would you have been so persistent — so insistent?" continued Pruden, looking at her and then glancing away. His eyes were small, and the steadiness of his gaze had only given them an expression of anxious and suspicious incredulity.

"You have asked me that before—you have asked it of me a dozen times in the last month. Why have you done so?"

"Because," he replied, in a voice that would have been gibing had it not been apologetic, and with an expression that might have been sneering had it not been one of fearfulness, "because a woman always has a weakness for the man who once loved her, because——"

"Robert," she said, in the measured tone of conscious repression, "you are a good man and I am a good woman. We can afford to speak the truth. Fifteen years ago James Harding sought to marry me. I married you. Cannot you forget that he was your rival; does the fact that he is your opponent now so embitter you that you misjudge him —and me? In the last few days, in look and tone, in words even, you have implied that I have been watchful of his interests, more watchful than I should have been of the interests of another. Because I have asked you not to revive this old scandal, you have insinuated more or less clearly that I have not been true to you. Is this fair, is it fitting, is it even dignified? Have not all the years that we have lived together led to something better—more secure? Cannot you trust me? Because you have hated him, and he, as I suppose, has hated you, must you with wilful perversity misrepresent circumstances and lives?"

"But"—began Pruden, suspicious as are those who are uncertain of themselves—whose self-doubt begets doubt of others. He paused, beat his fingers softly on the table, and then went on with greater boldness than he had hitherto shown: "But he loved you once."

"I have understood the meaning underlying your words," she said. "What I feared has come. When you were nominated, and I learned that you were to be the opponent of Mr. Harding I did what I could to dissuade you from running against him."

"If my interests—" commenced Pruden, with the insistence of weakness.

"You know that I have always made your interests mine," she interrupted, in her sudden scorn, letting her clear voice ring out with something of its natural vigor. "After fourteen years, can you not trust me—once? I tried to induce you to refuse the honor, as you called it. I could give no reason; I knew none. I only vaguely feared trouble, and trouble has come. Suspicion may exist, doubt may even be ever present, but when they have not found utterance people may live with dignity and self-respect, if not with tranquillity and happiness. But let what each knows be once acknowledged by both, and all peace, all restraint is at an end. What has been said once will be said again; both will live but in apprehension of its repetition. You taunt me with the fact that James Harding loved me; you will next accuse me of having loved him. No two, quarrelling in a hovel, could really be more rudely explicit than we should become; and though our language might be better, our lives would really be as squalid."

She paused and glanced down at her husband as he sat at the table.

James Harding and Robert Pruden had journeyed through life with orbits constantly crossing and recrossing in one of those compulsory relations which sometimes seem inexorably imposed upon human beings, and which they no more can change, however discontented they may be, than a dissatisfied planet can change its system. Of nearly the same age, and born to nearly equal positions and fortunes, their lives had been so much alike in circumstance as to invite comparison, and their names had always been inseparably bracketed in the public mind.

It is not only between the patrician families of a picturesque Verona, that personal feuds arise that involve families and communities as well as individuals. Race hatreds that have existed for a greater or less time are to be found in

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all our cities, and, though they may not be carried on as frankly and as bloodily as in other places and other times, they are really hardly less bitter. They may not be fought out with the sword thrust and parry in the moonlit streets; but they certainly are very vigorously prosecuted in the drawing-room and across the dinner-table with the tongue's give and take. Once, "before the war," the Hardings and the Prudens had been friends; and in childhood and boyhood Pruden and Harding had lived in the compulsory intimacy of a limited society. Whether they had been really friends they could themselves hardly have said; often those who are by circumstances much thrown together acquire a habit of intercourse that very effectively replaces actual congeniality, and enables them to go on without the necessity of questioning the exact nature of their relations. Although they were social equals, the quality, so to speak, of their families' positions was very different. Pruden the elder had always affected a certain simplicity of life and austerity of manner that marked him as a zealous upholder of most things called conservative, and had already, in that remote time, won for him the appellation of "old-fashioned." Harding, on the other hand, had, as far as was possible in that unvitalized period, led the lighter life of the larger world; had rather despised Pruden's "puritanical" prejudices; had married a Harpending; had been wise in wine and "horse," and, before anyone else in the city, had put a high hat with band and buckle upon his coachman. Young Pruden was an exemplary student, rejoicing in an examination and scenting a prize from afar, a "dig" and a "grind;" but young Harding found the *pons asinorum* a "Bridge of Sighs," and with difficulty had advanced with Xenophon even the regulation number of parasangs a day. But he could ride more lightly, run more swiftly, and swim more strongly than any of his companions. When Pruden spoke of Harding's son it was as "that young savage;" while Harding designated his friend's offspring as "the bookworm."

At Harvard, Harding was the first marshal of his class; Pruden delivered the oration. Both men had inherited fortunes and were really independent; but society at that time demanded at least an ostensible occupation, and after graduation, on their return home to assume the responsibilities of their positions, both became active partners in a firm of long standing, whose founders were all dead except one—Christopher Burdyne—the father of Ethel Burdyne.

The men fell apart. Harding made idleness, which had hitherto been regarded with absolute disfavor in the place, possible, if not distinguished, and really revolutionized much of the life of the town, making its society, for better or worse, a more accurate counterpart of the life of larger and older places. Mankind always demands a leader, the living exponent of an idea, someone to whom it is possible to point and say, "Behold, this is an example of all that is admirable." Pruden—without effort, and unavoidably, became the representative of those who felt themselves aggrieved by young Harding's mode of life—found himself advanced as the exemplar of the principles of the more staid members of the community. He was scrupulous in his attention to "business;" systematic in his charities; accurate in every conventional observance. Respectable heads of families held him up as a pattern of all that was desirable for their sons, and worthy matrons welcomed him effusively as a partner for their daughters. But there was many a radiant young sovereign of the ballroom, reigning by true right divine, who smiled on young Harding, and hardly a spirited younker in town who was not his friend.

The almost imperceptible but inevitable disintegration of time took place; then the most sudden and absolute fracture possible occurred—that cleavage that can separate the closest-bound lives, the firmest friendships. Both men fell in love, and the woman both loved was the same. Had it been another than she was, the dormant, unrecognized antipathy that had so long existed might not have so suddenly developed into open, active animosity; but both loved Ethel Burdyne, and such result was inevitable. She was not a woman to be loved half-heartedly: he who had once felt the power of her dark glance was as

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little able to free himself from its subversive influence as it was once supposed the tarantula-bitten wretch was to escape from the effect of the venomous sting. And it was a pretty dance she led her victims—a wild tarantism, from which they neither sought nor desired freedom. Her careless, girlish arrogance drove Harding, with his more excitable nature, to desperation; with Pruden her calm capriciousness was only a needed excitant, animating but not overmastering him. His love, however, played strange havoc with his well-formulated beliefs and well-grounded prejudices; it came across his life like a tumultuous gust of wind sweeping across his well-kept desk, mixing and confusing all his carefully arranged ideas as the invading puff might his perfectly ordered papers.

Harding was in difficulty, and his present infatuation seemed only to make him the more reckless. There was talk of dissipated faculties and wasted opportunities; there were whispers of large losses at play. That he was embarrassed for want of money was well known; although he had but a short time before possessed ample means it was understood that he was borrowing largely.

Sometimes it is a great thing, sometimes a very small one, but sooner or later, although often unaccountably delayed, something happens that is the culmination of a cumulative series of events, and that characterizes all that has gone before and all that comes afterward. One morning about "the streets," and one afternoon at the club, there was a strange rumor. Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, it was said, had been robbed of a large sum of money. Where the story started no one could tell; but, with all the strange amplitude of detail of undefined report, it was in men's mouths, and thenceforth was, within even the lives of generations, never to be driven from men's minds. That a large sum had been stolen—from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars—no one doubted. The night before it had been in the firm's vault; in the morning it was gone. The lock was intact; the great door was untouched. But the drawer in which the money had been was empty. Only the members of the firm possessed a key that would open the complicated lock or knew the "sesame" of the "combination;" and yet the money was undoubtedly missing. When old Mr. Burdyne was incidentally questioned, he only shook his head and admitted that the firm had sustained a considerable loss; interviewed by the representative of an enterprising newspaper, he confessed that the matter was under investigation. Neither Harding nor Pruden would say anything, and all that was ever publicly known was what had come into common knowledge at the very first. Finally, with decreasing speculation, the affair ceased actively to occupy the general attention; but from that morning Harding was a marked man—by the irresponsible tribunals of the counting-room and smoking-room he had been as irrevocably condemned as was ever a criminal by judge or jury. But little was ever said that he could hear; it is doubtful if he could have described any change in the manner of those whom he daily met, but from that moment he was in a measure an outcast—a man out of full and perfect communion with his kind. He was a man with a story. Such men are to be found everywhere, often apparently enjoying the esteem of many and the confidence of all; but let even a stranger look a little more closely or observe a little longer existing conditions, and he will detect as to such a one marked differences and strange reservations. He is the man with a history, at his heels drag an invisible but impeding ball and chain, and on his wrists are undiscernible manacles; unconsciously his eyes fall in anticipation of the condemnatory glance; unavoidably his tongue hesitates as if fearful of rebuff, for, even if innocent, he cannot preserve the frankness and freedom of unsuspected integrity. What is said of him may not be true, and he may know it; but it has been said, and no words graven on monumental brass or cut in memorial marble are more enduring than those recorded in grave or light character on the public mind—no conviction so absolute and without appeal as that pronounced by the public voice.

Harding was at first indifferent, then actively and proudly rebellious—ready

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to suspect affront and resentful of any imagined insult—then dully resigned. What could he do against the many? He might convince one in a thousand, but, with their wide dissemination, could he ever hope to destroy the wide-spread plague-germs of scandal, the microbes of defamation?

Men forgot in the press of newer matters to discuss the ugly story; but there was not one whose first thought at sight of Harding was not of the robbery. After a while the subject was absolutely stricken out of the list of the day's topics; then it was revived for a time when it was known that the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden had been dissolved; and again was less actively taken up when it was learned that Pruden was to marry Ethel Burdyne. A decade passed; the place changed and the people, but the story was not quite forgotten. It lingered in the memory of many of the towns-people, gaining something in romantic interest by the flight of time in much the same manner as the town-pump that had once stood in the main street, a plain and unpretentious affair, had in unrecognized association acquired a certain picturesqueness. Harding's story became one of the legends of the place. As another generation began its life it was whispered in attentive ears, and heard almost as eagerly as on the morning when it was new. Harding himself had changed. Levity and carelessness were gone; an unvarying and disdainful reserve had taken the place of his former blithe *bonhomie*. His manner of life changed. He who had been the most flippant *flaneur* became an unquestionable hard worker—absorbed in affairs and apparently without other thought than gain. He greatly prospered, gathering to himself a huge fortune; and men looked almost with awe upon the man whom no turn of a market ever found unprepared. Harding's party, in the minority in the place, sought a candidate. His popularity was an uncertain quantity, but his riches were indubitable. If the spoils of victory were not to be won, the pickings of the "campaign" were not to be despised. He was nominated, and to the surprise of everyone he accepted the nomination.

There was a moment's silence in the room where Pruden sat before his wife; then he laughed irritably. He laughed very frequently; sometimes excitedly, often embarrassedly, occasionally exultingly. It was a peculiarity to which Ethel had never become resigned; and she dreaded inexpressibly that inopportune, boisterous laughter, boyish without boyishness, breaking out in some loud guffaw at some silly joke, covering some new *gaucherie*, rejoicing over some small point gained. Often some little habit, at first almost unnoticed, will, by its persistence, thrust itself upon the attention of one who is obliged to live with its possessor, and, in the course of time, become a terrible infliction. It may be only a very small thing, but sometimes, where a previous and prevailing fondness does not exist, it starts, fosters, and perfects a hatred such as the discovery of crime could not have occasioned. With morbid expectancy the sufferer watches for the recurrence of the distasteful thing, unable to drive away the consciousness of its coming, and proximity becomes a prolonged dread. Such a thing in a measure was Pruden's laugh to Ethel; it had from the first jarred upon her; in time it became almost physically disagreeable. Now it seemed almost unendurable.

"I speak seriously," she said, "and for the future. Robert," she went on, picking up a paper-knife, an imitation dagger whose bright blade gleamed viciously in her firm grasp, "you have been tempted, and you have resisted nobly. How great the inducement must have been to take advantage of what chance offered to you I can understand, all must understand. You had only to consent to the use of the story as a campaign measure to injure James Harding and advance your own interests. With all the pressure brought to bear upon you—and I know what it has been—you have refused to do so. I honor you for it; all must honor you for it. I said a moment ago that you were a good man. You have always been very good to me——"

She paused, and the little knife dropped from her hand with a sharp, metallic ring upon the table.

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"And yet," he said, slowly, "you never have loved me."

She looked down at Pruden, who, with his diffident indirectness of glance, seemed rather one accused than one accusing.

"I knew it always," he added, almost plaintively, "but I have always hoped that I might overcome your—your indifference. I have done what I could, and now it seems that your—aversion——"

"No, no," she interrupted.

He hesitated as if he expected her to speak further, but she said nothing.

"At all events, your affection is as far beyond my attainment as ever," he went on. "James Harding——"

"Must his name be used—must we speak of him?"

"Yes," answered Pruden, with that apathy with which much that is most vital can be said when it has been long thought. "You would have married James Harding if you had not thought him unworthy—had not known him to be a——"

"No," she interrupted, almost fiercely, "I never thought it, and—you shall not say it."

"You defend him now, even when you know him indefensible," he said, with jealous readiness.

"I defend him as I would any stranger I believed unjustly accused."

"If you believed him innocent why did you not marry him?" he demanded, forgetful of all self-control and with that abject curiosity of the jealous, who stop at no self-abasement to learn what they desire to know.

She smiled a little sadly.

"I married you," she answered. "Have you any reason to suppose that it was not because I wished to do so?"

"No," he replied, sullenly.

"And I have loved you, Robert."

"Love!" he said, almost as if in soliloquy. "Yes," and he smiled with a certain patient resignation that was not without dignity, "you have loved me. I know. But how have you loved me? The best love is given in spite of all reason; it was reason alone that accredited me to you, otherwise you would not have married me. You never have—you never could have loved me, with that other love. The thought that I could not win what was given to a worthless idler was exasperation to me. I exulted in his downfall. I——"

"You do not know he did it," she said, with the same tone of mechanical reiteration with which she had urged the possibility of Harding's innocence before—as if she were fulfilling some duty so habitual as to be almost unconsciously performed.

"We dissolved the firm upon that supposition," he said, "choosing to lose the money rather than prosecute an associate. I firmly believe that he did the thing, and with the dislike—hatred—that I have always had for him, it has been very difficult for me to refrain from doing something that many would think only natural. I have had nothing to lose and much to gain."

"If you had done otherwise you would have lost in the consideration of all thoughtful people. You could prove nothing—you could only vilify; and in refraining from doing that, you have the consciousness that you have been an honorable gentleman."

"I have not done it; I have been weak, at times, but I have not done it. This temptation has been nearly the measure of my power. I cannot imagine an added element that would make it greater; but were it possible that it should be greater—I hope you will understand what I have done—I could not have resisted it."

He paused, for he had spoken with an intensity unusual with him, and he appeared almost physically exhausted.

"The better part of our lives is behind us," he resumed, in a moment. "If we have not been joyously successful, we have at least been decently peaceful. I do not mean to say any distressing or disturbing things now. We have gone too far for that. I have tried to do the best for you, in my way—another way might have made you happier, perhaps, but I was unequal to it or did not know. That I could not do better I am sorry. I do not blame you for anything. I understand now how hard you have tried too—in your way."

"We have not done so very badly, Robert," she answered, kindly. "I think we are not exactly people for tremor and

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transport; and if we have missed a little of the intoxication, we are not now of an age when we should regret it. Believe me," and she spoke with even regretful tenderness, "no one could have been kinder, more considerate, more forbearing."

She held out her hand to him across the table, and, taking it clumsily in both his own, he shyly kissed it.

II.

As Harding closed and locked the door of his private office, shutting out the discordant hum of voices that filled the crowded rooms beyond, the stamp of hurried feet, the grating noise of chairs shoved abruptly back or drawn hastily forward over the wooden floor—as he removed the newspaper from the pocket in which he had so hastily thrust it when it had first been brought to him, he felt that relief that is often brought by the consciousness that the period of suspense is finally ended, that the long-dreaded blow has at last fallen, that the worst that can be has come. He stepped to the window and unfolded the scant leaves. *The Multiple* was only a penny paper, and hardly indicative in its appearance of its large circulation and wide influence. He glanced along the columns of the first page, and instantly the article he sought caught his eyes. Double-leaded and with heavy black heading, the lines that he had dreaded every morning and evening to find in some hostile sheet stood conspicuous. He bit his lower lip, as was a habit with him, and his fingers tightened slightly upon the common hard paper upon which *The Multiple* was printed, causing the coarse fabric to crackle with an almost malicious sharpness. Still he did not at once read the words staring him in the face; he only looked vacantly out and through the dust-dimmed pane. He was anxious, feverishly, fearfully anxious, to gather the full import of the dreaded sentences, but still he weakly postponed the moment of full realization. If comprehension could only be reached without reading the detestable phrases, word after word!

The window looked upon the courtyard of the great building—his own—the "Harding Building," in which were his offices, as were also the offices, story on story, of nearly every important professional man or considerable corporation in town; a building from which he drew the revenue of a German principality, and which was a boast for the inhabitants and a jest for the dwellers in rival and envious cities. It was a little later than noon. The telegraph and telephone wires, stretching from roof to roof in bewildering confusion, cast thick shadows on the walls and pavement, so thick and strong that, looking only at them, you might have imagined that innumerable heavy cables had been stretched across the space for the aërial performance of a troop of tight-rope dancers. Dully the sound of the jarring wheels rose from the street, vaguely the cries of the small traffickers of the sidewalk rose to the secluded room. The business-day was at its meridian; the business-world supremely active—that world in which latterly he had solely lived, and which he had come to know so well. He was upon his own ground, in secure possession upon an often contested field; with his massed millions, what could harm him? But even as he sought to assure himself he almost trembled. He understood the cowardly cruelty of the many, and knew that a bold assault like the present would be followed by almost endless guerilla warfare.

He grasped the paper still tighter, and looked again at the article.

"He has done it at last," Harding muttered. "I knew he would. The chance was too good for him to lose. The sanctimonious hypocrite!"

He had only half an hour before learned that the attack upon him had appeared. No one had dared to speak to him of it, and it was only when Plestero, entering the committee rooms, had, with the innocence of fatuity and the hardihood of folly, made joking allusion to it that Harding learned that what he dreaded most in the world had happened. There, at last, it all was, in black and white—the old, old miserable story, with dates, names, and even the amount confidently given. He read

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almost in one comprehensive glance, then with a quick, indignant exclamation, that ended in an oath, he tore the paper across and cast it on the floor. He was so helpless, and he knew it; so friendless, and he fully realized it. Before this accusation, that had been gathering force for fifteen years, he must remain silent. He felt "cornered"—at bay—and something of the anguish and brute anger of a trapped and desperate animal rose in his heart, arousing every instinct of self-preservation and every impulse of revenge.

He turned and walked across the floor. There are times in the lives of the best of us when, shirk the fact as we may, if the weapon of destruction were in our grasp we would not put it away. Well it is indeed that means are not always responsive to desire. To Harding, as he paced the room, nature seemed a hostile, threatening thing and mankind a personal enemy; in his fierce revolt no act of retaliation would have appeared a crime.

There was a knock at the door.

With election on the day after the morrow, all had business with him, and none could be refused.

"Come in," he cried, and then he turned the key and instinctively stood with his back to the light.

"A young man who wishes to see you, sir," said the clerk, as he entered. "I've tried to get rid of him, but he won't go. He says he has something most important to say."

"Well," responded Harding, sharply.

The man closed the door softly, but in a moment it was again opened and another figure stood upon the threshold. With one hand upon the handle the new-comer steadied himself and looked vaguely around.

"Good-morning, Mr. Harding," he said, rather huskily, but still intelligibly enough.

It sometimes happens that we meet people who are so perfectly "dressed" for their too evident character that they almost impress us with a sense of unreality. It almost seems that they are "doing it on purpose," so exactly are their habiliments such as we should expect to find upon a clever actor representing what they clearly are. The young man who stood in the door-way was so consummate a personification of the species "tough" that he was almost ludicrous in his exactitude. He seemed, as it were, some grotesque caricature of himself.

"*Mornin', Mr. Harding!*" he went on.

"Good-morning."

"I hate to take your time," he continued, "as the man said when he annexed the other fellow's watch. But I believe in going to head-quarters straight, and so I came to you."

Harding did not speak.

"I suppose you don't know who I am." He took one step into the room, with his hand still on the door-handle.

"Perhaps I do," answered Harding. "I am very much occupied; if you have anything to say I hope you will say it."

"But if I told you I was the son of Cyples, the book-keeper of the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, perhaps you might think there was some reason for talking to me."

Cyples glanced over his shoulder at the clerk who stood behind him.

"A confidential communication," he said.

Harding nodded, and the clerk disappeared.

Moved as he was by what he had just read, the immediate mention of the name of the old firm affected him strangely; it seemed, coming as it did in such close connection, some mocking play of fate, and it was with an unusual sense of excitement that he spoke.

"I remember your father very well, Mr. Cyples," he said. "He was a very worthy man, and had the respect of all who knew him. He died, I think, about five years ago—and I am unable to see——"

"Don't accelerate the conversation, Mr. Harding, or, in other words, don't go too fast. I've heard it said that dead men tell no tales. Well, it ain't true. They talk sometimes, and then they talk loud."

He winked at Harding, at the same time slightly elevating his chin.

"It's true he died five years ago," continued Cyples, "but just before he freed his mind of something that I thought perhaps you'd like to hear."

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"Yes," said Harding, with almost tremulous anxiety. Excited as he was, there seemed something terrifying in the appositeness of the incident.

"Mr. Harding," said Cyples, carefully closing the door, "you never stole that money."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you never stole that money —because another man did it."

Harding sank into the chair beside which he stood.

"And I've got the way to prove it."

Harding did not speak. Not for an instant did he doubt the truth of what was said. After his involuntary acquiescence in the probability of what had seemed impossible, he was prepared to believe anything.

Cyples advanced a step or two farther into the room.

"I have my father's statement — all regular and sworn to — proving who stole that money, and it wasn't you, Mr. Harding."

Still Harding said nothing.

"When I saw that thing in the paper this morning, I thought I'd better act. The old gentleman was always unwilling that the truth should come out, for some reason; but it lay on his mind, and just before he died he wrote it down. I'm hard up, or, rather, hard down, for I've touched my lowest level—my last cent. I've got to raise the wind, I wouldn't mind if it blew a Western cyclone, and I thought that, all things considered, you might be willing to help turn on the breeze."

"What do you want?"

"I'm not particular, I only want money. Give me enough, and I'll give you the means of fixing old Pruden so that he'll not squeal again."

"Pruden?"

"It was he stole that money — see here." And drawing a paper from his pocket he began to read from it. "Being upon the point of quitting this world, and wishing to have nothing upon my soul, I make the following statement, earnestly hoping that it may never be used to the detriment of any of the persons concerned, all of whom have treated me with unvarying kindness, and none of whom I would desire to injure. Still, as the truth is always desirable and certain in the end to be beneficial, I now say what I do. On the night of June 15, 18—, the night of the robbery of the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, I had returned to the office to complete some work that was pressing upon me. I was the confidential clerk of the firm, and had a key that admitted me to the offices at any time. It was late at night when I finished what I had to do, and I had turned out the gas preparatory to leaving, when I heard a slight noise in the next room. I was an old man even at that time, and I was timorous. I thought that it would be best for me to conceal myself, and then if anything happened I could later give the alarm. I saw a figure enter the room in which I was. I saw the person, whose features the darkness did not then permit me to distinguish, grope his way to the safe and open it. For some time he rummaged among the papers, but evidently not being able to find what he sought, he drew what I supposed to be a match-case from his pocket and lit a match. I saw Robert Pruden standing before that safe as clearly as I ever saw any man in my life; I saw him extract a small bundle from it; saw him close the door, blow out the match, make his way back across the room. I——"

"Your father wrote that?" said Harding.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

"You can look at it," said Cyples, holding up the paper so that Harding could see the writing across the large office-table.

There could be no doubt about its authenticity; there, in old Cyples's clerkly characters, in that handwriting he knew almost as well as his own, were the words that had just been read to him.

"The thing's worth a gold mine to you," said Cyples.

"It is evidently only a question with you of how much money you can get?" said Harding, with interrogatory inflection.

"Oh, how much ain't for me to say. I'm not here to bargain. There ain't no market-price on such things, and the amount is bound to vary according to the fancy of the purchaser. I've got some-

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thing here that's to be got nowhere else —I'm the only shop dealing in just this kind of goods ; it's a fancy article, and I naturally look to get money for it. Now, just you say what you think it's worth to you, and then——"

Harding did not answer, but, stepping to a desk, he hurriedly filled out a check.

"There," he said, turning and holding out the thin slip of paper. "Not a cent more."

A quick gleam of satisfied covetousness showed for an instant in young Cyples's dull eyes.

"It don't take gentlemen long to understand one another, does it?" he said, with the first respectful intonation his voice had held.

"I think that is all."

"I think," answered Cyples, with a nervous laugh, "that we'll call this little matter ended and part friends."

Few things in life had power to awe him, but the ability of a man to draw his check for such an amount abashed and, without question, filled him with an admiration and reverence that hardly any other manifestation of human power could have caused.

"Go, then, and——" began Harding, with a gesture of dismissal—"take that side-door; you need not go back through the offices."

With an utter absence of the jaunty confidence with which he had entered, Cyples opened the door to which Harding pointed.

"I'd thank you," he faltered, "only I know that obligations are mutual."

And he was gone.

It had not been difficult for Harding to keep himself from any undue exhibition of his perturbation during the interview, so surprisingly brief for one of such moment; his very excitement, in raising him, as it were, to a higher level of emotion, had made all his words and actions accordant and consistent, and precluded that abruptness that is generally the first indication of unusual agitation. It happens but rarely that a man experiences so absolute a change of emotion in so short a time. But ten minutes before he had felt the outrage of unjust accusation—an accusation that, after having been almost mute for years, had at last, when patience was exhausted and power of endurance almost lost, found condensed and effective utterance at a time when of all others it was most calculated to do him serious harm; ten minutes before he had felt the blind wrath of his utter powerlessness—that wrath that, springing from a sense of injustice done, makes the human being eager to shake the support of all things as the strong man did the pillars at Dagon's feast, and involve himself and everyone in one general destruction. It had all passed so rapidly that as yet he hardly realized what had really happened. Sitting at the desk on which he had written the check, he let his head fall upon his folded arms, unconscious of the darkness of closed eyelids and the prisoning grasp of his hands about his forehead, for suddenly life seemed newly illumed, and his spirit strangely free. Now, for the first time in fifteen years, he experienced something of the joy of unrestrained existence; now seemed able to meet the curious and accusative glances, the expressive silences; now he had a response for every unasked question; and now he felt in anticipation the thrilling exultation of revenge. A man does not live for fifteen years at conscious variance with his kind without some hardening of the heart, some embitterment of the spirit, and Harding experienced now almost the joy of a conqueror overcoming a hostile race. He had been a successful man, but all that he had won had been difficult of acquirement; and he felt a malevolent resentment against mankind who had made his life so difficult, such as the miner may feel against the obdurate soil, or a fisherman against the cruel and baffling sea. But now all was changed. As if at some incantation, in response to his desire for vengeance, this ugly distortion of humanity had appeared and given into his hands power as absolute as any invoked and willing demon could confer. Now he held the means of reinstating himself, of ruining another, and that other the one who had sought to injure him. He thought, as he almost lay upon the desk, that he could not act too quickly; and yet he did not stir.

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There was a knock at the door connecting with the other offices.

He did not even raise his head.

The knock was repeated.

At his sudden command, the clerk who had before appeared again entered.

"There is a lady in the outer room who wishes to speak to you, sir," said the man. "She will not tell her business."

"Say I'm engaged," answered Harding, peremptorily.

The man hesitated. Something had evidently impressed either his judgment or his imagination, and he was visibly unwilling to depart with such message of dismissal. He stood mutely advocating the desired interview in the silently expressive way known to all employees. Unsettled, unnerved, unmanned as Harding was, even such influence possessed strange coercive power.

"Let her come in," he said, impatiently. "Bring her through the hall by the side-door."

The clerk disappeared, and almost on the instant Harding had forgotten the interruption. His thoughts were busy again with the great fact of his emancipation, and fancy was active fashioning his probable future. In quick visionary sequence he saw the scenes of the new life that was before him—a life of lessened repression and, in his freedom of action, of larger attainment. With this stigma removed, what might not be possible for him—with this election gained, what high offices might not be open to him!

After a knock of warning—a moment's pause—the door through which Cyples had made his exit opened, and a woman was ushered in by the clerk. Her veil was so thick that even in a stronger light it would have been impossible to distinguish her features, and her drapery was so voluminous as utterly to conceal her figure.

"I would like, Mr. Harding," she said, with her voice only raised to half its usual power, "to speak with you alone."

Harding's frame seemed suddenly to stiffen, as the body of an animal stiffens after the death-blow, and then as quickly relaxed.

"You may go," he said to the man.

Hardly had the door closed when he was on his feet.

"Ethel!" he cried.

"Yes," she answered, quietly and sadly, as she unwound the veil that in its density seemed almost a scarf. "Ethel Burdyne, when we last spoke to each other alone, fifteen years ago—but not Ethel Burdyne now."

Harding stood looking curiously at her.

"It is a long time," she went on. "Why have you not, in all that time, sought once to talk with me?"

"What had I to say? Long ago I said all that a man can say to a woman—I said I loved you. After that there is nothing more to say. I have never had anything to add, nothing to take away. I have lived silent and as best I might the life that was left to me."

"I know," she said. "It is strange; we have lived in the same place; at first we met in the same drawing-rooms, sometimes at the same dinner-tables, with only a formal word; latterly we have driven past each other in the street or park with a hardly more formal bow. We have been as much separated as if we were in different zones. Has it been necessary? Because——"

"Because you would not marry me—no; because you did me a great wrong—yes. Why do you speak of all this? Why——"

"Because I wish to remind you that it was not always so. There was a time when we could speak directly—with mutual confidence. We must do so again. We must speak as if we were still—friends."

"You ask me to remember; you should ask me to forget. When you have made my years what they have been, when—but I will not reproach you even now. I should have won you; it is not the woman's fault if she is not won. But fault or no fault, you see what my life has been."

"A life successful, powerful."

"I am rich, influential, feared even; but I am more without a home than one of the horses in my stables; as much without human sympathy as a machine in one of my factories."

"But you might have all. Many another since——"

"It may be admirable or it may not, but I cannot change. I have never been

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envious of a nature that can vary. I lost you, but the injustice——"

"I know what you wish to say. Do not say it—do not accuse me; I acknowledge my guilt before the accusation. But if suffering——"

"Then you know you did me wrong," he cried, with a quick break of exultation in his voice, "that I was no thief?"

They had spoken hurriedly — with short sentences overlapping and breaking in upon each other, like people speaking from dock and deck when a vessel is rapidly borne away from the shore.

"Yes," she answered. "But you do not—you cannot know all." She paused as one who fears that the distracting influence of her emotion may lead her from a pre-established course. "It is because of that hateful story—that miserable thing—that I am here. I would not have come for myself — I would not have come for yourself. It is only for another that I came."

"For whom?"

"My husband." She spoke as if uttering some cabalistic word, powerful to sustain and protect. "This morning I received a letter from an old woman to whom I had done some kindnesses—the wife of a man named Cyples, who was the book-keeper of your old firm—in which she said that her son, a man evidently utterly dissolute and worthless, had stolen from her a statement made by her husband, in which he accused my husband of being the man who stole the money. She said that she could only imagine that her son intended to use the paper to obtain money from you, and that because of the gratitude she felt toward me she wished to warn me. Has any such person brought you such a paper?"

"Yes."

"Have you it now?"

"Yes."

"You bought this stolen declaration —you paid this man money for it?"

"Yes."

"You intend to make use of it?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, stepping toward him, "you must not do it."

"Why?"

"Because I ask you."

He laughed harshly, almost brutally.

"Do you know what you are saying—do you realize what you are asking me to give up? Have you seen *The Multiple* this morning?"

"What appeared in *The Multiple* was wholly without my husband's knowledge or sanction. I know that he has always refused to make use of the scandal. He has resisted his temptation nobly; do you now resist yours."

The strange parallelism of her present position with that in which she had been placed in the morning bewildered her. Again she was entreating a man to refrain from doing injury to another, and again the injury from which she besought a man to abstain was the same.

"His temptation!" said Harding, and the dense significance of the word seemed edged with a burning scorn, as the black disk before the eclipsed sun appears edged with darting flames. "His temptation!" he repeated. "What was his temptation? He is honored, praised; it would not add a particle to the esteem in which he is held if he succeeded in sinking me still lower than I am in public appreciation. In lowering me he would not raise himself. Where was his temptation? A temptation in which no active action was required — only mere abstinence. He had only to do nothing, to lose nothing. Did he not know that men must say, 'See how magnanimous he is.' Would he have acted as he has, if he had been obliged to act without the world's knowledge of what was done, as I must if I do what you wish? What is offered to me if I yield? For years I have been a pariah—my name blackened by a shameful tale. I am offered liberation from more than physical bondage. I have but to speak, and I am not only free, but I am avenged. Do you think that, with my nature, all these years have not made me resentful — not made me rabidly revengeful? Can you believe that now, when, in the first realization of a hope almost unhoped, I stand ready to strike, I will withhold the blow because the woman who married him rather than me—although she be you—asks me to do so?"

"And yet," she said, steadily, "you will do it."

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He laughed again, a rattling laugh as hard as the rattle of shaken dice.

"Will do it?" he repeated. "Either you are mad or I. Will do it, because he did not see fit to make use of a slander that lay ready at his hand? Will do it, because when he knew me innocent he did not choose to proclaim me guilty? We are all of us heroes, then, if we only knew it, because we do not bear false witness against our neighbors."

"But if he thought you guilty?"

"That is impossible. How could he think that I had done what he knew that he himself did?"

"James," she said, "trust me. I have not done so much for you that I can ask you to do it as a right, but I ask it humbly of your generosity. Do what I wish without further question; and, believe me, if you understood all, you would not repent it. As you once loved me——"

"There can be no light without shadow—no love without hate. I loved you once—I almost hate you now."

"James, James," she cried, coming nearer to him, "will you drive me to it? Will you cruelly force me——"

"Should you expect mercy from me? When I was innocent you doubted me, and married him who was really guilty."

"If I can urge nothing that will influence you," she almost moaned, "I must tell you. Robert Pruden never stole that money."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know that it was stolen by another."

"What other?" he asked, in what was almost a gasp.

"My father," she answered, looking him full in the face.

For a moment neither stirred nor spoke. The hum of voices continued in the room beyond, and from the distant street trembled up the noise of traffic. But they heard nothing. To both of them it seemed as if the every-day, habitual world were far away, as foreign as it might seem to the conscious dead.

"Now you know the truth," she continued, lowering her voice. "Now you know why I dared to come here. My suffering—your suffering—would not have brought me; suffering is perhaps our lot. The danger that threatened another—my husband—a danger that could be averted by me, was all that made me come—it was my duty. Long ago, before my father died, I learned the truth from him; in his repentance for what he had done, he told me. On the night the money was taken he was concealed in the office, waiting for Cyples to finish his work and go. He saw Robert Pruden open the safe and remove some private papers. When he was finally alone he unlocked the safe and took the money. He had speculated and lost. He hoped to return the money, but the loss had been discovered, and when he was able to act, it was too late. With his reputation, he stood above suspicion; you, with your manner of life, laid yourself open to distrust and were condemned. He could do nothing except confess, and that he was never strong enough to do. I never doubted you even when I did not know the truth, or, if I did doubt, it did not influence my feelings. But you were proud, and from the first, when you knew that you were suspected, you carried yourself with a certain reserve. I perhaps should have sought to make you understand me; but then I did not understand myself. A girl's pride—for a moment's pique she will not utter the word that may assure a future. You held aloof, and in time I married Robert Pruden. Now you know all, and now you will not do what a moment ago you threatened to do."

Again there was silence.

"No," said Harding, and the word edged its way through his closed lips. "I will not be stopped. Do you think that after the injustice of years I will be deterred by the fact that I may be unjust? The position, for all purposes of freedom or revenge, is the same. I have but to publish this statement. He cannot disprove it; you will not speak, or if you do the world would not heed you. They would say that you were demented—a daughter who betrayed her father would be too unnatural—and even if you were believed, my end would be gained; I should be held innocent. I will do as I have been done by; the accusation that has been upon me for years will be transferred

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to him; unjustly, perhaps, but why should I alone suffer?"

"No, no," she exclaimed, "you cannot do it."

"You spoke of temptations," he went on, disregarding her. "What is my temptation now? How much harder is it for me to resist doing this wrong than it was for him merely to do something that was only fairly right? If I do not do this, what is my future but a continuation of my past—a hell of doubt and scorn? When he withheld, as you say he did, from injuring me, what had he to apprehend? Nothing. He could live on as he always had lived, but I—the man with a story—I must always see the world glance at me askance."

"I know," she said, "that it is often harder to resist doing wrong than simply to do right—that repression often requires more courage than action. But you will do it—do it for yourself and for me."

She stepped forward, bending almost as if she would fall at his feet. He, with the first agony of his disappointment, the first fury of his anger past, and the period of doubt begun, stood as if unconscious of her presence.

"James," she said, and with self-mocking bitterness she thought how much her words were an echo of those she had spoken in the morning, "we have not made so very much out of our lives, you and I, but we have not acted wrongly after all. Do not let us spoil all now. There is something strengthening, self-sustaining in suffering. It will not be so hard. Believe me—I tell you so—I myself who have known——"

Still he gave no sign that he was aware that she had spoken to him; stolid in his absorption, he stood seemingly looking through and beyond her, while she, with clasped hands and pale, anxious face, stood waiting his further action. What did he see? The dark stretches of later life, sombre at best, but more sombre for him than for another if he did not act. He must give up all, bid stand still the dark wrong that eclipsed his whole existence; blot out all that but a few moments before had brought joy and hope such as he had not known in years. With the weapon in his hand he must cast it away, because the blow was unworthy of an honest man; must condemn himself, as but few condemn themselves, for he knew the full measure of his condemnation; must consent to see another honored and himself despised; and worst, bitterest of all, must hear another praised for refraining from doing something that, though it palely resembled the act he was compelled in honor to perform, was as different from it as the shadow from the substance—something that, from the very weakness of its similarity, made the plaudits that it would win and which he could never hope to hear for his mightier renunciation the more unbearable. Such was the fate that awaited him, did he do but what he ought in honesty to do.

A slight sigh broke from him. If the silence had not been so perfect she could not have heard it, but as she did the light of an infinite happiness shone in her eyes.

Picking up the paper that had lain on the desk ever since he had received it, Harding handed it to her. Neither spoke. Dragging the fluttering thing from his grasp, she seized the trembling hand that had held it out to her and pressed it against her side, above her heart, with all her force—pressing it down until he felt the indentation made by a fold of her heavily embroidered dress.

He heard the door close, and, looking up, he found himself alone.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER declares that the American type has not yet appeared; but no one, probably, would consider it imprudent to wager a large sum that when it does, one of its most salient traits will be humor. Humor, indeed, is a salient trait of the type which, according to Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," we have already developed; and it is perhaps the one characteristic of the ideal therein celebrated which has of late years grown rather than atrophied. Our public men at least, that is to say, perhaps more frequently recall "the first American" in being "reminded of little stories" than in any other way. Except by having demonstrated the very noteworthy ability to make a great deal of money, there is at present surely nothing by which a man so readily wins the admiration and envy of his fellows as by being successfully "funny." Society is honeycombed with mirth. With many of the men, and nearly all the unmarried women, who compose it, being amusing is a constant preoccupation. The coincidence of the final disappearance in New York of negro-minstrelsy with the culmination of the art of after-dinner speaking is extremely suggestive. Of old, this kind of humor sat in burnt-cork majesty on the heights of a platform, but it has now stepped down through town and field, and everyone has got so accustomed to its delights that its occasional absence is as painful as it is rare.

Being funny, in fact, seems the one disinterested and æsthetic activity in which Americans have attained a pre-eminence that is uncontested. And our pre-eminence here has been brought about in the only way in which national pre-eminence in any department of fine art can be attained, that is to say, by the entire nation's giving its mind to it to the exclusion of everything that might distract or disturb. This is, of course, the secret of the national success in the plastic arts of Greece and Italy; in comedy, of France; in music, of Germany. In accordance with the well-known provision of "spendthrift nature," whereby one seedling presupposes a myriad seeds, the entire community must be penetrated with a common inspiration in order to produce here and there truly pre-eminent painters, sculptors, architects, or post-prandial "end-men." And if we are to succeed in other æsthetic directions we must all react as quickly and sympathetically in the presence of their inspiration as we do now in the presence of pure fun. At present certainly this is not the case. We move rather slowly when it is a question of statue pedestals and memorial arches, but where a learned and pious assemblage is met together to ordain a spiritual pastor, or to discharge a function similar to that which made Nice and Trent and Westminster famous, the appreciation of a "little story"—an extremely funny little story, of course—is as prompt as instinct, and the story itself as persuasive as logic.

There is, however, as Thackeray observed "life and death going on in everything;" and constant concentration of one's faculties on pure fun involves a certain detachment from what is permanent and important. Unhappily there is, for this reason, ground for fearing that what is best, what is classic, one may say, in our pure fun will not last.

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Other people do not now, and posterity may not hereafter, savor it as we do at present. The fun of Rabelais, and Swift, and Voltaire is not pure fun, from which it differs by an alloy both of wit and of significance. The essence of intoxication of all kinds is incoherence and irresponsibility, and those of us who enjoy most such pure fun as that, for example, created by the idea of a Connecticut Yankee going out "Holy-grailing," cannot fail to recognize that what really produces our undoubted pleasure is the effect of levity on a slight predisposition to hysteria. It must be clear, on reflection, that this sort of pleasure cannot be depended on to be perennial. As an ideal it is hardly sane enough to endure, hardly admirable enough to impose itself on a future whose nerves may be expected to be less excitable. There are already signs that the Pompeiian is about to succeed to the Attic epoch of pure fun. No one is any longer seeking, for all have got, the seed, and are raising the flowers in unexampled rankness. The perfume, however, is perhaps already departed; and as for color, there are symptoms, one must admit, that we are on the point—as Arnold predicted of his countrymen—of going "into the drab." Unless we take heed we may find ourselves—to enforce the moral with a "little story"—in the position of the young man who was delighting his companions and himself with facial contortions, when he suddenly perceived that he had dislocated his jaw, whereupon, his countenance remaining fixed, its expression underwent a change.

THERE is need of a new social canon to save a man alike from his friends and from himself; something, for instance, akin to the familiar club-house rule prohibiting the introduction of a good fellow "who doesn't belong," oftener than once in just so often, within the precincts: something that shall stand between the good fellow who works creatively (in colors or in clay, in rhyme or in reason) and those decorous precincts where the weary goddess, miscalled of Pleasure, marshals her votaries with a rod of iron. He doesn't belong among them. And though an occasional leap across the silken barrier can do him only good, the act of vaulting it again and again must soon react fatally upon his success in art and upon his peace of mind. As the case stands now, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and no man but a boor or an anchorite escapes the fearful burden. Many a poor wretch marries in the hope of securing freedom, only to find that as a householder his doors fly open at a touch, and that he has changed the scene but not the corps of zealous supernumeraries. Moreover, in the part of host, he now assumes an added weight of responsibility. He is no longer permitted to enter at one door and make a quick exit by another; he must take the stage and hold it until the last light goes out. The caged lion is on view to the end of the show. The next morning he prepares to face another audience, and grapples with the bars in vain.

Does anyone doubt that this is all wrong? that the place for a painter is in his studio, for a poet in his library? "The secret studies of an author," said Longfellow, putting for once poetic thought in prose, "are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion." A fierce current, that, to build a bridge in! and he who would resist it must toil early and late, keeping his brain unmixed with baser matter. "And recreation?" demands the scoffer; "and the all-important study of his fellowmen?" True, he should take time for both, but at his own pleasure—not the world's. Even then, the chances are many that he will divert himself too much rather than too little, since he is human and therefore prone to idleness. As for observation of character, his note-book will avail him little at a dress-parade. The heated air of ceremony is blasting to a wholesome talent; it can but exhaust itself in the effort to be formal.

Yet no sooner does a fine, young talent chip the shell, than Conventionality pounces upon it to clap its yoke upon the fledgling's shoulders. The victim yields, of course; to evade the flattering tribute to his own worthiness would be injudicious and uncivil. He eats his way through his state dinner, smiles through his state reception. Well, the mischief is over, and on the whole he has enjoyed it. He won't count that one. No, nor the next to which that leads; nor the next, nor the one after. Presto! the mischief is performed. He

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finds himself perplexed by a thousand engagements which he knows not how to refuse. With the utmost possible reluctance he is doing just what he ought not to do. In a twinkling he has been transformed from a man of toil, for whom life is far too short, into a man of the world who finds it intolerably long.

But all this, it may be said, implies a weakness in the victim. Were he truly great and strong he would resist, and be master of his time. As if, since time was, great men had not wailed in tragic chorus over the same subjection. Not to mention the living, read in Motley's letters of his experiences at London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. At times he fled to lesser states, where work was possible; at other times he accepted the situation, and discussed the weather with the Czar. Then he groaned in spirit, and complained that he was growing old.

Look to it well, Conventionality! Search thy dusty Æsop for the fable of the "Goose with the Golden Eggs," and call immediately a solemn congress for the adjustment of this awful difficulty! lest we all become toilers of the sea, as one of us has done already, and in pursuit of free air, free thought, and free worship of our high ideals maroon ourselves upon a desert island.

Mr. Grant Allen avers, in an English magazine, that we are not giving our young women the right sort of education; and this not because our educational machinery cannot do what is expected of it, but because the thing that is expected is the wrong thing. He declares that the aim and result of female education in America and England is to make sprightly and intelligent spinsters, whereas what ought to be its aim is, not to make spinsters at all, but to educate young women with a view to their becoming wives and mothers. Mr. Allen declares that while it is essential to the best interests of the state that ninety-something women out of every hundred should get married and have not less than four children apiece, and while an overwhelming majority of the women do get married, the whole hundred women are educated with a view to the best interests of a half-dozen or less of them, who become old maids. Mr. Allen's blood boils at this, and he says flatly that the women who don't marry, though charming possibly as individuals, are socially and politically of no account in comparison with those who do. *Mothers* are what the country needs, he says, and he calls for them with the energy of a foundling asylum; while he avers that literary women, school-mistresses, hospital nurses, and lecturers on cookery are the natural product of our system of education as it is. He does not deny that these are useful products, but he does deny that the system that produces them fits our needs.

Mr. Allen is so much in the habit of knowing what he is writing about that it is not safe to enter any general denial of the truth of what he says about the schools, but he seems to blame, for the condition that he condemns, those exceptional and comparatively unimportant spinsters who are supposed to benefit by it. A wiser theory appears to be that in this case, as in most others, if there is anything wrong about women and their concerns it is the fault of the men. So prevalent among women is the amiable wish to please the lords of creation, that it may reasonably be doubted whether they ever do anything amiss the motive for which cannot be traced to this desire. Though Eve ate the forbidden fruit, it is nowhere denied that Adam had twitted her about the comparative unimportance of her attainments, and had bred in her a restless appetite for miscellaneous learning which made her the serpent's easy prey. Is it not so with our female education? If there is anything wrong with it, are not the men to blame? Our girls cannot be mothers and have the four children apiece that Mr. Allen calls for until they have first become wives, and, in order that they may become wives, it is important that they shall be educated on such a system as will produce results such as men most admire. If it is true, as Mr. Allen says, that the present system produces literary women, school-mistresses, and lecturers on cookery, it will probably be found, on investigation, that it is precisely those species of educated female that the unmarried male most affects. No doubt female education is all wrong, if Mr. Allen says it is, but if he is to set it right, let him consider whether the best way to go about it is not to try and teach a wiser

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discrimination to his males. To find, as the result of an educational experiment, that he has a lot of young women on his hands whom his men are not disposed to marry would be an awful fate; the more so because his girls, being all educated to be mothers, might lack the special training necessary to their spinsterial success. To find that he had a lot of boys in stock who were trained to abhor spectacles, to sniff at school-ma'ams, and run away from literary ladies would be by no means so serious a case; for, even though his young males should fail to find wives, they would not necessarily be incapable of self-support.

THE growth in New York of the spirit of society is just now a phenomenon worth a glance from the social philosopher—meaning by the spirit of society not, of course, the genius of the *beau monde*, but rather that instinct whose manifestations distinguish a great capital from a great centre of population merely, and are to be observed less in drawing-rooms than out-of-doors. We are over-near the picture to get a realizing perception of it, perhaps; but any New Yorker's memory, exercised a little, will provide the requisite sense of contrast between to-day and a dozen years ago. How long ago was it that the Broadway pedestrian current, with its "set" down-town in the morning, and up-town at night, was nearly the only constant and conspicuous social phenomenon to be observed in our streets? Its ebb and flow, too, were regulated by business hours, and what was not utilitarian about it was wholly incidental—unless we except sundry eddyings which varied the steadiness of its refluence, and of which the social spirit was, besides, the excuse rather than the cause. Now the *flâneur* seems at last to have made his appearance. He is in enough force to resent to some purpose the hitherto overbearing and overrunning pedestrian with a destination. The crowd is beginning to stroll, instead of hurrying and rushing as heretofore. People look at each other, and are even conscious of being looked at. They speculate as to the character and occupation, the position in life, the means, the functions of their ambulant neighbors. Cabs have sprung up. Hansoms have really become an established institution. In a word, the out-of-doors spectacle is far more interesting than it used to be, and in natural consequence the promenading procession of spectators is becoming so too. It includes more and more actors also, as well as spectators—to carry out the figure. New York, when the season is once fairly started, is at last taking on definite resemblance to that aspect of "all the world" in virtue of which it is "a stage."

The mundane as well as the more largely social aspect of the city is changing also. The stream of carriages which every afternoon makes crossing the Fifth Avenue a problem for pedestrians, and, in the season, winds around the drive in the Central Park, and the cavalcade that follows the bridle-paths are inferior in splendor only to the similar processions in Hyde Park and the Allée des Acacias. The clubs are more frequented than ever, and there are more of them. No self-respecting society man limits his expenditure and attendance to a single one, as in the days of special rather than social enjoyment. Every division into which men may be separated has now its club. Even college fraternities have these excuses for the assembling and association of their several New York alumni. The resemblance, both in social and architectural importance, to Pall Mall and St. James's Street, is still rather faint, perhaps, but we are assuredly demonstrating, in far greater measure than ever heretofore, our inheritance of the English tradition in this respect.

Finally, the æsthetic side of society shows signs of evolutionary travail, which is always a mark of social expansion. People who never did so before are beginning to display a feeling for all those manifestations of disinterested human activity into which the element of art enters, to have opinions in regard to them, to discuss them, to think of them as really related to the general social structure. We are, in a word, finding time to amuse ourselves, and caring about the quality of the amusement. And of course nothing poses a community, from a social point of view, like the capacity to be frivolous seriously.

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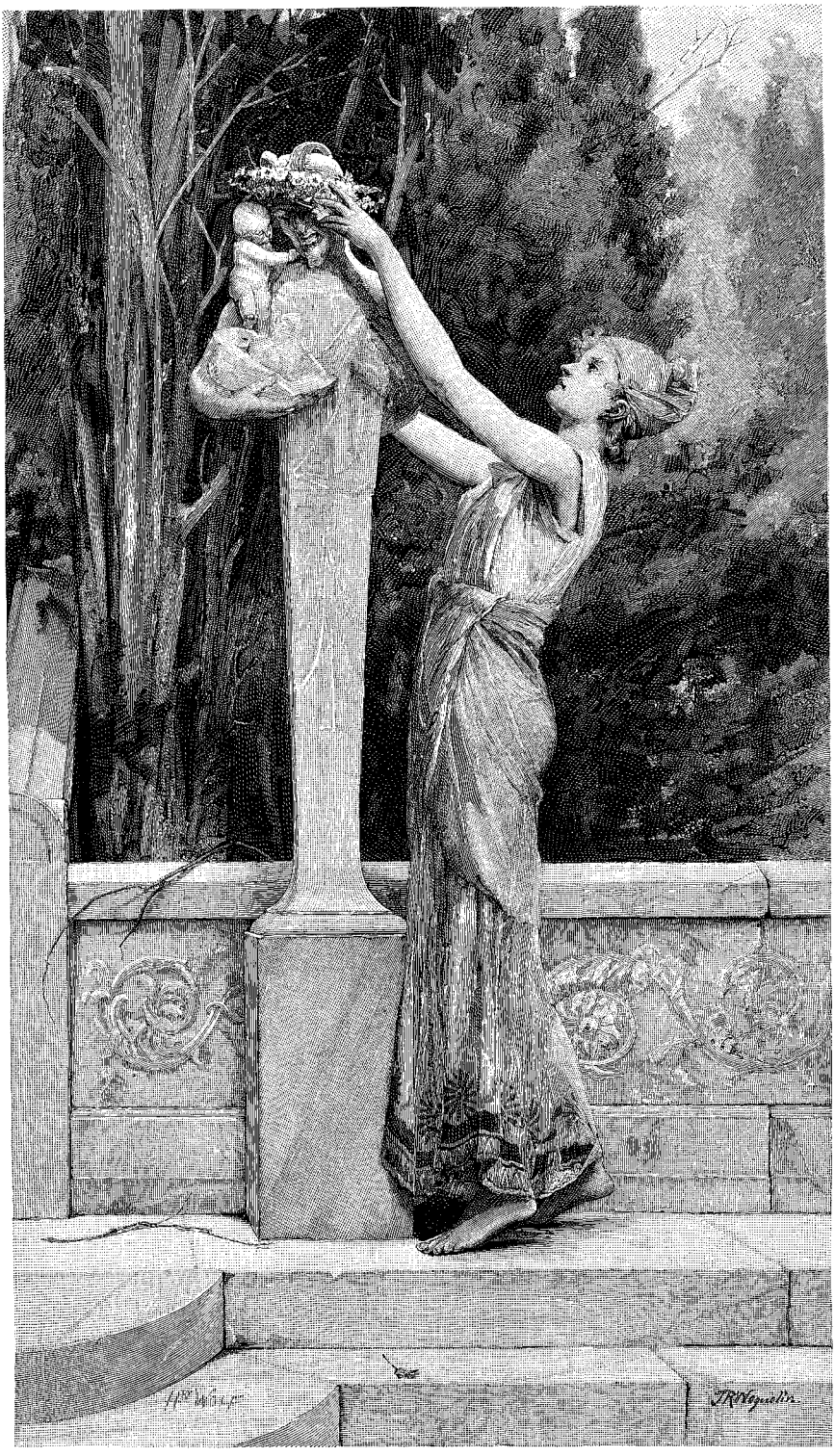

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"NOW CHAPLETS BIND."

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